


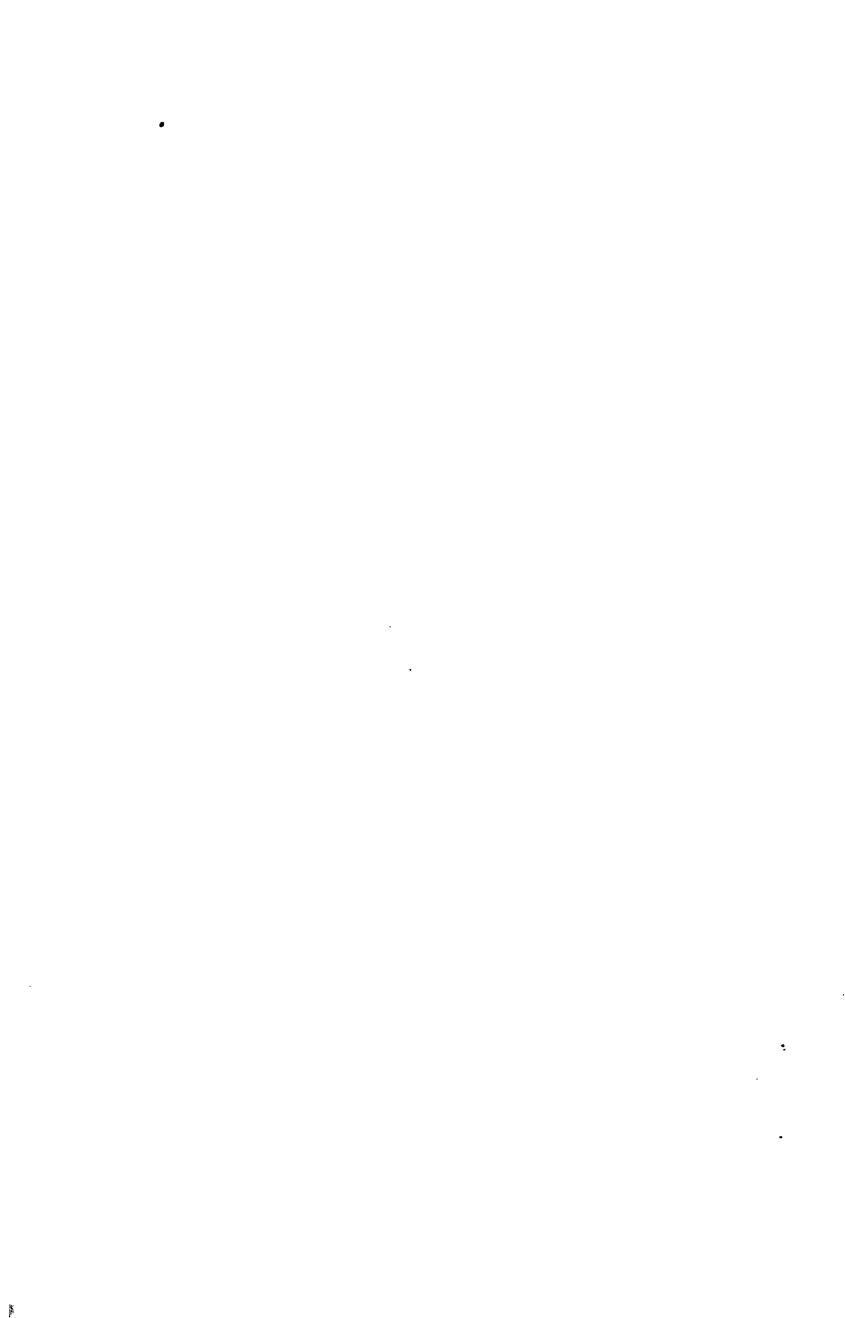
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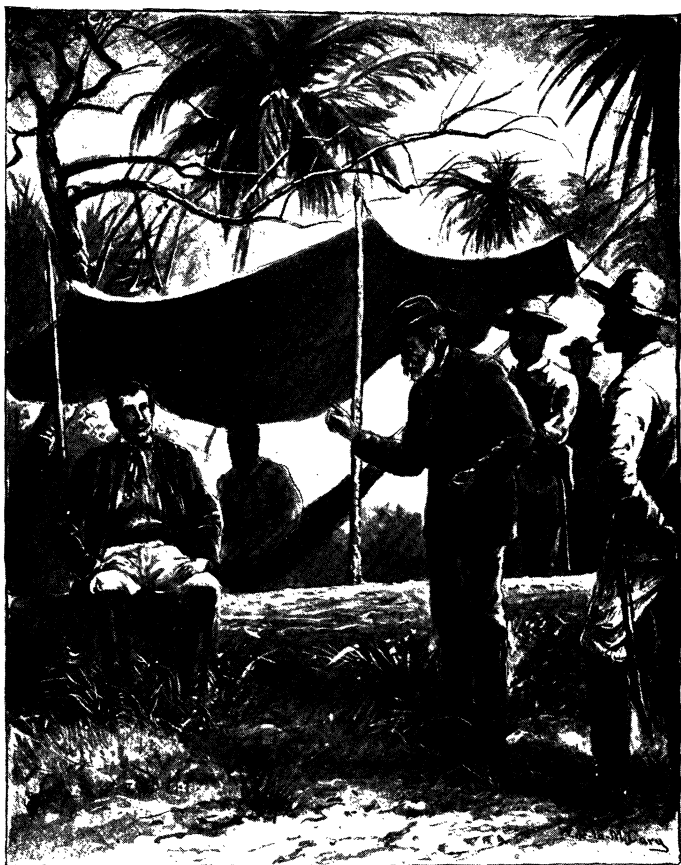
FACTS
AND
FAKES
ABOUT
CUBA

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“If you or any other American correspondent dares to enter my camp and write the truth concerning our condition, Carramba! I’ll shoot you!”

See page 334.

FACTS AND FAKES ABOUT CUBA.

A Review of the Various Stories Circulated in
The United States Concerning the Present Insurrection.

BY

GEORGE BRONSON REA,

(FIELD CORRESPONDENT OF "THE NEW YORK HERALD").

"Most modern wars may be ultimately traced to national antipathies which have been largely created by newspaper invectives and by the gross partiality of newspaper representations."

LECKY'S "*England in the Eighteenth Century*."

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM DE LA M. CARY, FROM PHOTO-
GRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.



NEW YORK:

GEORGE MUNRO'S SONS, PUBLISHERS,

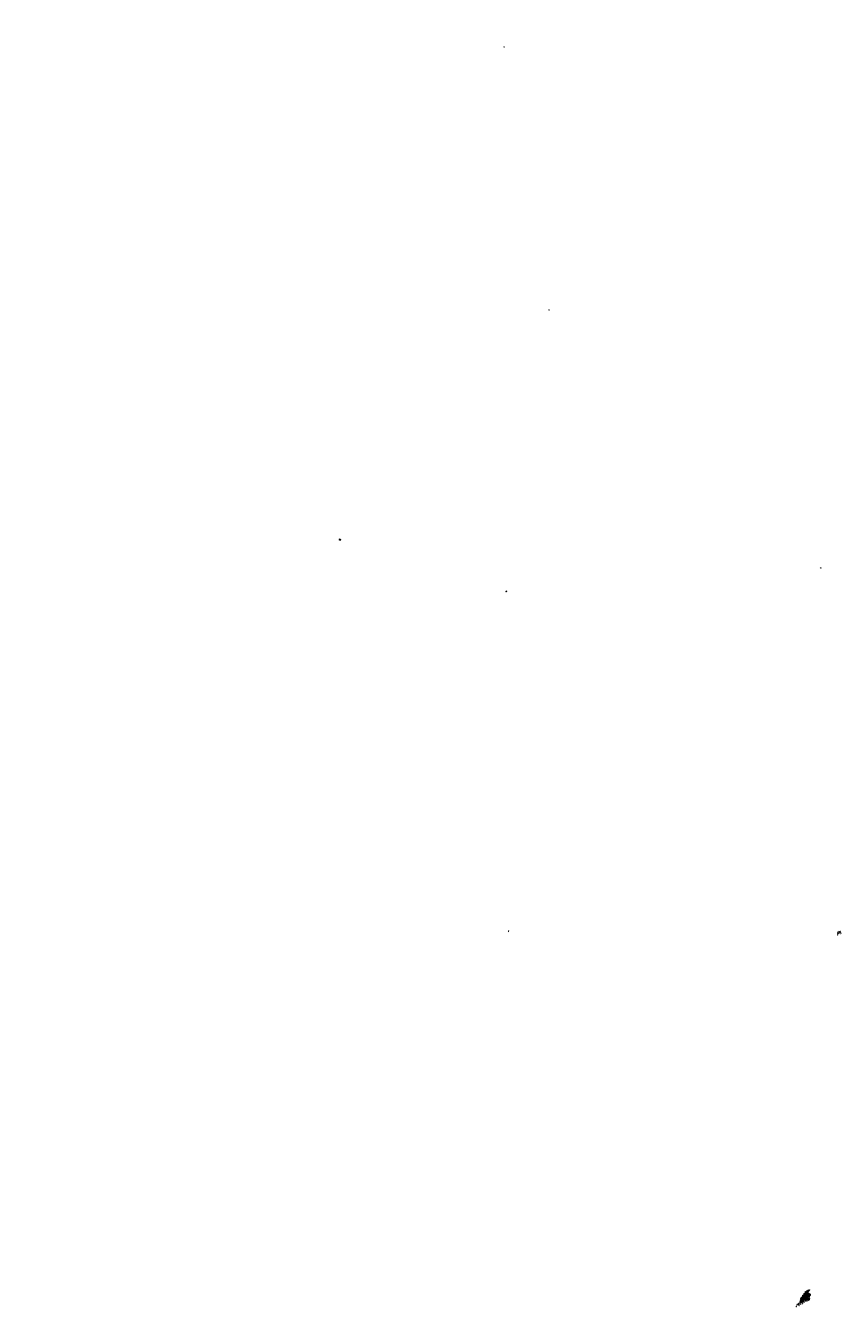
17 TO 27 VANDEWATER STREET.

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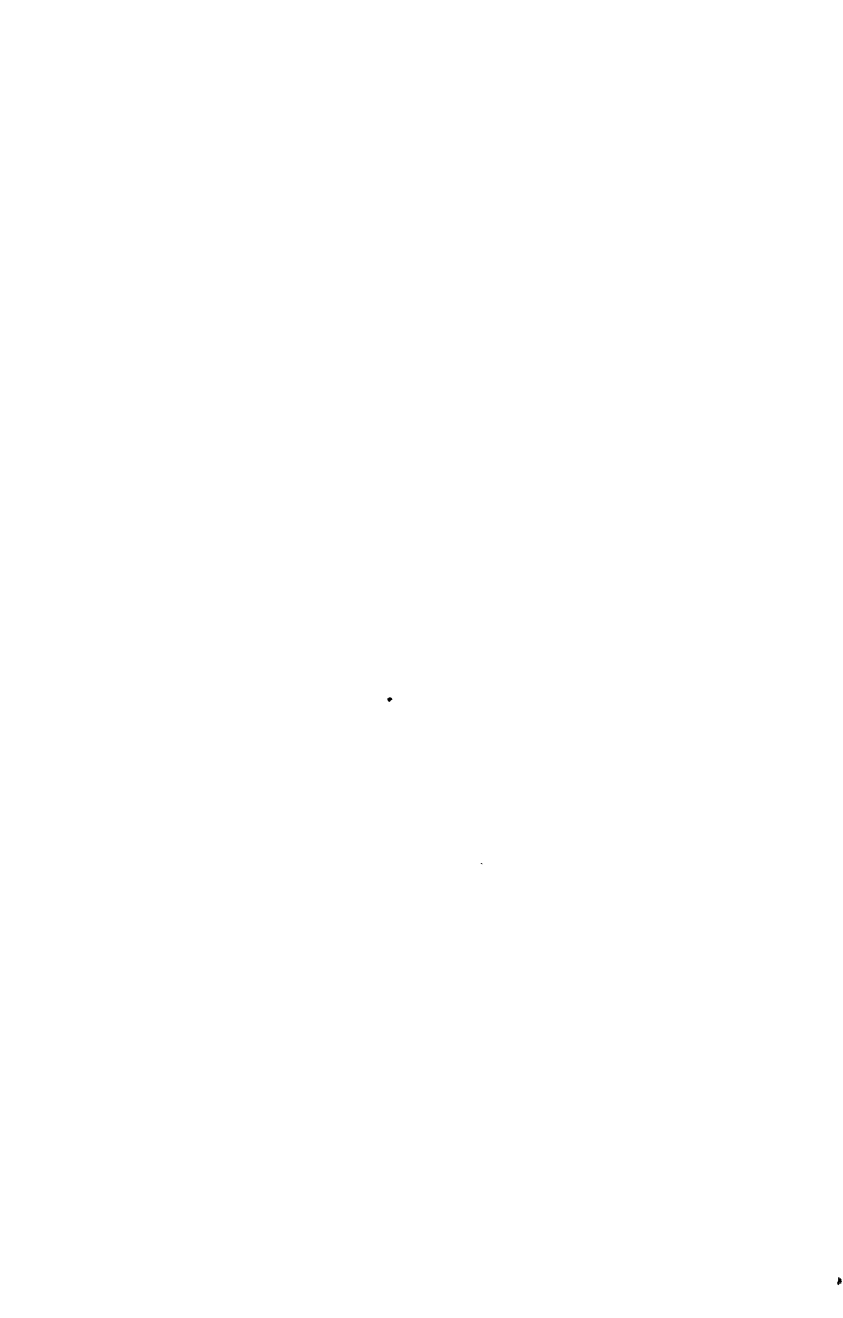
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THE author desires to acknowledge the kindness of the editor of the "New York Herald" for the use of the photographs taken in the field while in their employ; of the editor of the "Philadelphia Record" for his courtesy in permitting him to reproduce his contributions to that paper, and to the editors of the "Evening Post," "Morning Advertiser," and "Commercial Advertiser," whose editorials are reproduced throughout the following pages.

DEDICATION.

To the editors of the American press and to the Members of Congress, who have been systematically and willfully imposed upon by a clique of spurious and unscrupulous citizens, aided by incompetent and malicious correspondents, this book is respectfully dedicated. The author has acquired the right to approach the subject from the standpoints revealed in the following pages, by having exposed his life on many occasions to ascertain the truth, and the only object in exposing the utter falsity of the many stories cited, is a desire to see fair play, and to call attention to a campaign that has made our press and highest legislative body appear ridiculous in the eyes of the civilized world.

GEORGE BRONSON REA.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 15, 1897.

INTRODUCTION.

ON the 18th of January, 1896, I left Habana to join the insurgent army, under Maximo Gomez, as correspondent for the "New York Herald." I remained with the different forces of the Cuban "army" until the latter end of September, when I returned to Habana and embarked in a vessel for the United States. In these nine months of hard campaigning I witnessed many of the heavy skirmishes and guerrilla fights that have been misnamed battles. The most important of these occurred at:

Capture of train at Seborucal by Gomez. Jan. 26, 1896.

Santa Lucia. Fight. Gomez and Aldecoa. Jan. 27.

Penalver. Fight. Gomez and Linares. Jan. 31.

La Luz. Fight. Gomez and Ruiz. Feb. 1.

Quivican. Trap set to capture Scovel and myself while attempting to enter the town to dispatch correspondence. Feb. 2.

Guara. Night excursion with Col. Roque in an attempt to capture the town. Feb. 10.

San Antonio de Las Vegas. Fight. Maceo and Segura. Feb. 15.

Jaruco. Burned and looted by Maceo. Feb. 17.

Moralito. Fight. Gomez and Maceo, with 8,000 men, against several Spanish columns under Linares, Segura, Aldecoa, and others. Feb. 18.

Catalina de Guines. Fight. Gomez and Maceo, with 8,000 men, against several Spanish columns under Linares, Segura, Aldecoa, and others. Feb. 18.

El Gato. Fight. Maceo and Hernandez. Feb. 19.

Tinajita. Skirmish. Rear guard of Maceo and Spanish column in ambush. Feb. 21.

Guira. Fight with train at railroad crossing. Feb. 22.

La Perla, or the fight of Guamacaro. Maceo and Gen. Prats. Feb. 24.

Ibarra. At railroad crossing. Maceo and — Feb. 26.

Portela. At railroad crossing. Maceo and —. The author was wounded at this fight. Feb. 29.

Santa Cruz. Town captured by Maceo. March 1.

Minas. Fight with train. Maceo and —. March 2.

Nazareno. Fight. Maceo and Aldecoa. March 3.

Rio Bayamo. Fight. Maceo and Aldecoa. March 3.

Tapaste. Rear-guard fight. March 4.

Morales. Fight. Maceo and Melguizo. March 5.

Madrugá. Fight with railroad train on crossing near the town. Maceo and —. March 5.

Acana. Fight with train at railroad crossing near this estate. March 7.

San Francisco. Fight. Maceo and Melguizo. March 7.

Diana. Fight. Maceo and Vicuna. March 8.

Rio de Auras. Fight. Maceo and Molina. March 9.

Nueva Paz. Fight. Maceo and Tort. March 12.

Batabano. Town burned and looted by Maceo, Banderas, and Tamayo. March 14.

Waterloo, Toscana, Neptuno. Spanish columns in ambush. Maceo and Hernandez. March 16.

Galope. Fight. Maceo and Inclan. March 17.

Nueva Empresa. Fight. Maceo against Linares and Inclan. March 19.

La Tumba. Fight. Maceo against Linares and Inclan, re-enforced by Echavarria. March 19.

Cayajabos. Fight. Maceo and Lieut. Col. Frances. March 19.

Rubi. Fight. Maceo and Delgado against Inclan. March 21.

San Rafael. Fight. Maceo and Delgado against Inclan. March 23.

La Palma. Town entered and partially burned. Insurgents repulsed with heavy loss. Maceo, Diaz, and Ducasse, with 3,000 against 150 under Capt. Pozo. March 30.

San Diego de los Baños. Unsuccessful attempt to take the town. March 31.

El Toro. Attack on Heliograph Tower by Maceo. April 1.

San Claudio. Fight. Maceo and Devos. April 11.

Tapia. Six times within the month, the Spaniards, under various generals, undertook to defeat the Cuban leader at this encampment. April.

Cacarajicara. Fight. Maceo and Inclan. April 30. The author was two leagues distant from the scene of the fight, but arrived the following morning, May 2.

Vega de Morales, Sebastopol, Quinones. Fight. Maceo and Altamira. May 5.

El Gano. Fight. Maceo and Inclan. May 6.

San Andres. Town captured and burned by Maceo. May 22.

Consolacion del Sur. Attacked by Maceo, defended by Col. Gelabert and Gen. Molins. May 23.

Descanso de Las Lajas. Fight. Maceo and Suarez Valdes. May 25.

Plantation La Teresa. Attacked by Sotomayor. July.

La Gloria. Skirmish. Bacallao and Lono. August 1.

San Francisco. Skirmish. Aguirre and Ochoa. August 20.

Plantation Cayajabos. Fight. Aguirre and Moncada. August.

Plantation Viuda. Fight. Aguirre and Albergoitte. August.

It will be seen by this list that there was at least one Cuban general who heroically endeavored to attain his

ideal by fighting for it. As day after day I witnessed him at the head of his men, directing the fray from the front ranks of the firing line, I could not but feel a certain admiration for the man who, despite his color, was so far the superior of the many "opera-bouffe" generals in the Cuban Army of Liberation. My sympathies naturally went out to this gallant band, abandoned to their fate in the hills of Pinar del Rio, to withstand the best they could the repeated onslaughts of the thousands of well-armed and equipped soldiers dispatched to annihilate them. Their companions in the East, under Gomez, Garcia, Rodriguez, and others, apparently had but little concern about the exit of the campaign in the West, for not one move was made to send a command to that district of sufficient importance to distract the enemy's attention from the brave mulatto, Antonio Maceo, whose handful of men had so far carried the brunt of the war, leaving the other "famous" chiefs to lay around the hills and plains of Camaguey and Santiago de Cuba, where, to all accounts, they passed the time wrangling amongst themselves instead of trying to fight the Spaniards. On the other hand, Maceo devoted himself strictly to the campaign; he never refused a fight, and often when the enemy did not bother him for a few days, he went looking for them to remind them he was still alive. Even during the two months that his men followed the trails of the Spanish columns, picking up the cartridges that were dropped from their well-filled belts, to fight them with later on, he never deliberately ran away on their approach, but would wait for them to come up, and give them the best fight possible with the scanty ammunition on hand. Is it any wonder that my letters to the "Herald," while he was alive, had a tendency to favor the Cuban cause?

After returning to the United States I was once more requested to return to the field for the "Herald," to report the exact condition of affairs in the district of Las

Villas, where Gomez was at the time operating, and, according to his countrymen in Florida, making preparations for another invasion of the western provinces.

The task was not an easy one; for at that time more than twenty-five correspondents, representing papers from all parts of the country, were scattered throughout Florida, waiting for a favorable opportunity to enter Cuba and find Gomez. It is hardly necessary to add that the Spanish authorities were also very vigilant in deterring these men from carrying out their designs. I left New York on the 13th of January, of this year, entered Cuba through Habana, and arrived at Gomez's head-quarters in front of Arroyo Blanco on the 29th of the same month. During this first trip I had very little time to study the real condition of affairs, as my sole aim was to reach Gomez and return to the coast with my letters, and endeavor to send them through to New York before those of a fellow-correspondent representing another large New York daily. And, I may add, that it was the most difficult mission I ever undertook; for although I had the good fortune to catch up with him, it was only accomplished by riding night and day through a country infested with Spanish columns and guerrillas. This will explain why my first three letters still seemed to favor the Cubans; but once I had time to look around and study and investigate for myself the methods and tactics employed by the Cubans in that district, I began to see the true rottenness of the whole affair, and then when I returned to the camp of Gomez and found 150 men instead of the great army I naturally expected to see, and to find that the great westward march so much advertised was only a feint, and that the real tactics of the "renowned" leader were nothing more or less than a game of hide-and-seek in the forests and jungles of La Reforma, and, unlike Maceo, he never seemed inclined to meet the enemy, I considered it was my duty, not only to the "Herald," but to the American public, that the whole

truth should be made clear. My purpose was still further strengthened after my last trip to Gomez's camp during the month of March, when the old chief, after publicly insulting my country, my countrymen, our Congressmen and Senators, our President, the paper I represented and its owner, he openly attacked my motives for coming to his camp, and, in a manner that could not be mistaken, threatened to shoot me or any other American correspondent that dared to write the truth concerning the real condition of affairs in the insurgent camps.

Before leaving the insurgents, I sent a letter to Gomez, in which I candidly explained to him the reasons for my departure for Habana. The letter will also, to a certain extent, tend to explain the motives which have led me to take a step little in accordance with the sentiment and desires of many of my fellow-citizens. The letter is as follows:

“TO THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF LIBERTY.

“MAXIMO GOMEZ:

“ESTEEMED SIR,—When you receive this letter, I will be on my way to the United States, or imprisoned in some Spanish dungeon. I have decided to take this step, because, after the last interviews held with you in your encampment, I am convinced that further work in my capacity as correspondent is useless—more so, as you have prohibited me, under penalty of death, to write the truth about the actual campaign.

“According to your idea, I came here with the sole idea of earning a paltry salary; but I hope to be able to demonstrate to your satisfaction that there still remain a few of those ‘mercenary Americans’ who respect the truth and the welfare of their country in preference to money.

“As the American people and the journal that I have the honor to represent are classified in the same category of ‘mercenarios,’ and ‘that our only desire is to prolong the war to sell arms to the Cubans,’ you will hardly be surprised at my conduct.

“Your insults cast upon my country, the paper I repre-

sent, and upon myself, can not always remain occult, because, although I am a lover of liberty, and consequently of the Cuban cause, I am first, and above all, an American, and believe that my first duty is to tell the truth to my countrymen, before they take a step which might compromise us with the European powers.

“ I have the honor to be

“ Your obedient servant,

“ GEO. BRONSON REA.”

On my immediate return to this country, I found that instead of receiving my statements in the manner they were offered, I was bitterly denounced for having dared to speak the truth, and although the insults of Gomez were uttered publicly before his small “ army ” assembled at Los Hoyos, up to the present time I have been unable to present the facts before the American public.

Then again when I looked over the files of the papers and realized the full extent and depth of the miserable and unscrupulous attempts of other correspondents to embroil the country into a war with Spain, based on issues created by their own imaginative brains, I determined to write a book exposing the whole business; and although I feel that in doing so I will make many enemies, yet I feel confident that there are enough sensible people in the country who will accept the statements in the spirit in which they are made, and if the perusal of the following pages, will at least open the eyes of a few of the readers to the enormity of the criminal abuse the Cuban sympathizers have made of our press, then I will feel that my experience in the field has been amply repaid.

GEORGE BRONSON REA.

FACTS AND FAKES ABOUT CUBA.

CHAPTER I.

Attacks on the author.—Difficulties of American correspondents in Habana.—How great insurgent victories are manufactured.—Conduct of early correspondents.—The factories for war news in Florida.—A few examples of their work.—Failure of the “press censors” in Key West to forward Mr. Scovel’s truthful account of Maceo’s death to his paper.

IN view of the persistent campaign of misrepresentations concerning the causes of the existing condition of affairs in Cuba, I have once more determined to undertake the difficult and thankless task of making a few statements, founded on facts, which can be readily supported by a careful study of the newspaper files and by the writings of other impartial and conscientious correspondents.

My assertions will not be based on the yarns or reports of the Habana “laborantes” or interviews with unknown or unimportant persons in Cuba—a fault too much indulged in by other writers on the subject.

The question of our intervention in the affairs of a hitherto friendly government is too serious to be influenced by any lying inventions or “fakes” to further the interests of any one cause, and I hope the ensuing impartial facts will tend to open the eyes of the readers to a more thorough understanding of this perplexing question.

For a long time I entirely abandoned the idea of writing my personal experiences in the field with the insurgents, as they would undoubtedly create considerable comment

and throw a flood of light on the inside history of this much-advertised struggle, and so prove prejudicial to a cause openly espoused by the majority of my countrymen and their representatives in Congress.

My silence has been misinterpreted, and the Cubans have not refrained from boldly attacking my motives, and it is a significant fact that the truth of one of my articles has never been denied, though my former life has been greatly criticised, and the only crime I have been found guilty of was the enormous one of having abandoned my profession of electrical engineer and at one jump reaching the position of field correspondent of the "New York Herald," who printed my letters over my signature. This was considered enough to condemn me in the eyes of the "world-renowned" editor of the Cuban insurgent organ published in Paris.

The "intrepid war correspondent" of a leading New York daily, who never leaves the safe environments of the city, and who sees the most marvelous battles, and celebrates astonishing interviews with unknown Cuban chiefs, and mixes names and geography in such a manner as to cause the insurgents to jump one hundred and fifty miles in an hour, has also had the affrontery to invent the story about my being expelled from the camp of Gomez for lying.

During my last experience in the field with the Cubans, I was compelled, by a sense of justice, impartiality, and respect for the truth, to faithfully fulfill my obligations to the great paper that employed me, and to lay aside for the time my sympathies, and state in a clear and distinct manner a few facts in regard to the actions of the insurgents in the field, and to expose several downright "fakes" that had been perpetrated on our people by unscrupulous correspondents.

Whatever I have stated has been done openly and fearlessly, and the letters have borne my signature as a proof of good faith, and can be relied on as the truth, or as near

to it as is possible to approach in a question where such an extraordinary amount of prevarication is the leading and most prominent characteristic. Owing to the danger attached to finding out the truth, the American public has been grossly deceived by many of the correspondents sent to Habana as representatives of our leading journals. Some have been imposed on by the swarm of "laborantes" * who infest every corner of the large centers of Cuba. The correspondent, ignorant of the Spanish language, on his arrival in Habana has to secure the services of an interpreter, and it is a well-known fact that nine tenths of the men available for such a post are naturalized Cuban-born American citizens, and their sympathies are actively engaged in furthering the extension of the insurgent propaganda. Thus at the very outset the correspondent is handicapped in his search for the truth, and is subordinate to the will and influence of his prejudiced assistant. Any other American who goes to Cuba to investigate for his own benefit is subject to the same influence, and is thrown in contact with the large number of insurgent sympathizers who are invariably naturalized American citizens, and who haunt the hotel corridors, newspaper correspondents' offices, and the American consulates. These men are always ready to tell you of a great Cuban victory and the large number of Spaniards who were killed, etc.

Shortly after the news concerning some insignificant skirmish, some one starts the ball rolling by confiding to his neighbor that he has just heard from a very intimate friend employed in the palace, that the Spaniards lost so many between killed and wounded. Of course this is supposed to be a strict secret; but in all such cases, before the "laborantes" have finished spreading the tale, it invari-

* Laborantes, is the term applied to that class of Cuban sympathizers or passive insurgents, who, lacking the spirit to take up arms and fight, invent all manner of stories, etc., to further their cause in the cities and especially to influence the representatives of the American press. It is derived from the word labor—to work,

ably results that the whole Spanish column has been wiped out of existence, and the commanding officer taken prisoner.

In this state it reaches the newspaper correspondent and the American who is doing a little private investigation. It is sent by the secret mail to Key West, where the paid correspondents of the "Junta" add a little more from their own versatile imaginations, and then it is forwarded to their respective papers, to appear the following morning as latest news from the field.

An American who is known to be studying the situation in Habana will be sure to note one fact, and that is: while the Cubans are continually coming to him with all classes of improbable stories, he will rarely find a Spaniard who will volunteer any information.

Filling his note-book with the stock stories of atrocities, battles, rapes, and other horrors attributed to the Spanish troops by interested parties, and which every street gamin in Habana is thoroughly posted in, he returns to the United States, and in due course of time drifts into Washington, there to offer his collection of "fakes" as evidence before the committees.

These same stories have been repeatedly published by papers which have openly espoused the Cuban cause, and although they may have been convinced of their absurdity or falsity, yet for the sake of keeping the public mind inflamed against Spain, facts are suppressed, and truth and impartiality are not considered.

During the rule of Martinez Campos as captain-general, any real accredited correspondent of a foreign newspaper could have accompanied the Spanish columns by simply applying at the palace for a pass, and I candidly believe that if the then resident correspondents in Habana had shown the least desire and grit to find out the truth by seeking it in the field of battle, instead of sitting around the cities listening to "laborante" yarns, the present tone

of the American press would be more conservative on the Cuban question. But the great war correspondents preferred to accept as truths any yarn that the Cubans told them, and the Spaniards had such an established reputation for "falsifying" reports that it really wasn't worth the risk to attempt to change the current of popular opinion; so the farce was pushed along until the advent of Weyler, who strictly prohibited them from joining either side, and now the Spaniards roam around the country, and all manner of atrocities are attributed to them on the mere testimony of interested parties, and no impartial person of reputation can accompany them to prove or disprove the accusations.

When they did have the opportunity of joining the Spanish columns to find out the truth, no one had the interest to do so, probably fearing public opinion, and now, when the whole world would like to learn the truth, they are barred from doing so by Weyler's order. Over a year was given them to ascertain the Spanish method of warfare, and it was not deemed of enough importance; now that Weyler has excluded newspaper men, he is charged with trying to conceal his many crimes. Whether this be true or not it is difficult to affirm; but the fact remains, that for over a year not one newspaper sent a representative to study the situation from the Spanish side on the field of battle.

In referring to the resident correspondents in Habana at that time, it is only just to state that Dr. Wm. Shaw Bowen, of the "New York World," must be excepted from the others referred to.

Is it any wonder that Weyler prohibited correspondents from traveling through the country, and looked with suspicion on the reputable members of the press, when the representatives of two leading dailies of New York City deliberately invented the "fake" story of the great battle of Colon, and another from his room in the Hotel Mascotte

discovered the capitol of the Cuban Republic at Cubitas, and capped the yarn by an interview with the president and members of the provisional government—can Weyler be censured for expelling the latter from the country?

Weyler's order, instead of benefiting his cause, had the opposite result; for the pro-Cuban correspondents seized on every yarn, and added to it to suit their different views of the case; and as a consequence the American public has been forced to witness the most revolting and audacious campaign of systematic misrepresentations and willful lying that can be found in modern history.

The editors of hitherto impartial newspapers were grossly deceived by the stories brought in by unscrupulous Cubans, and in their desire to place "news" before the public, the yarns were bought and printed as latest news from the field.

The great factories for "war news," situated in Florida and presided over by Cubans rivaling the celebrated Baron Munchausen in the fertility and absurdity of their inventions, were kept going at full blast, though any intelligent person who would take the trouble to study their reports could readily see that names, dates, and places were mixed to such a degree that they openly stamped the productions as worthless. The newspapers made the mistake of employing Cubans as Florida correspondents, with the above result.

Last fall, when the campaign in Pinar del Rio was at its height, the "laborantes" in the great factories of "war news" were overtaxed, and it's a wonder that the insane asylum did not claim half of them as inmates, judging from the reports that poured into the editor of one of our prominent dailies.

There was not a correspondent in the field at the time, and it allowed them a wide scope for their imaginations. Victory after victory was gained by the Cubans: the column of Col. Manrique de Lara was first massacred to a

man in the hills of the Siguaneya; then he was reported to have been lost, and finally he was triumphantly found to have passed over to the insurgents. Version after version was turned out by the mill and sent to different papers, hoping to create a sensation, and after it was all over, the author was informed by the Cuban soldiers in the district of Trinidad that Lara had tired of trying to get them to fight, and had joined forces with Col. Palanca in the district of Placetas, where he had operated for forty days.

The city of Santa Clara was captured by Quintin Banderas, and another great victory scored. Even Mr. Richard Harding Davis had occasion to speak of this downright lie in one of his articles. Weyler attacked Maceo in the Rubi Hills, and a whole column was blown to pieces by the dynamite mine prepared by a Jacksonville boy, Mr. Linn, and the greatest insult and calumny perpetrated during the war now followed by the invention of the inconceivable charge of murder when Maceo fell. This was the direct result of employing Cubans as correspondents. Under the guise of the Habana postmark, this story was concocted in Jacksonville, and cabled to the papers in New York, who reproduced it in good faith.

This startling story had the desired effect, and the whole country was soon ringing with indignant denunciations of the treacherous conduct of Dr. Zertucha and his alleged companion in crime, Marquis de Ahumada. Notwithstanding that both Zertucha and Gen. Weyler wrote letters of explanation over their signatures to prominent New York papers, the calumny had already taken deep root in the minds of a public who had been carefully and studiously led to believe that the Spaniards were capable of any crime, and they chose to accept as truths the unsigned and cowardly statements of men who preferred the security of Florida hotels to the more dangerous and honorable work of liberating their country by taking up arms and fighting

in the field. Despite all future efforts toward vindication, the name of Zertucha will remain synonymous with that of Benedict Arnold and other traitors.

This is probably the most deplorable outcome of the affair, for notwithstanding that he has been vindicated by the Cuban leaders in the field in the presence of the author, the "New York Herald" alone had the courage to give publicity to the story in its news columns.

A story has recently been told me by the correspondent of one of our leading weeklies, who was in Key West during the months of December and January, and which I have ever reason to believe. It will throw a flood of light on the methods employed by the pro-Cuban representatives of our press in Florida. Mr. Sylvester Scovel, the daring young correspondent of the "New York World," after waiting several weeks in Florida for the promised dis-batch-boat to come along, finally decided to risk the danger of landing in Habana by the regular passenger steamers.

This he accordingly accomplished, and his first step was to visit the scene of Maceo's death, and hurry back with the full, impartial account gathered from the insurgents.

This story, he afterward informed me, completely exonerated Zertucha and the Spanish government from any treachery in Maceo's death. His story was sent in good faith to his paper, and he started for the camp of Gomez, where I met him, and in the course of our conversation he described his letter, and added that it ought to have been published by that time in the "New York World."

I was quite surprised on subsequently referring to the files of the "World" to find that the story had not appeared, and for a time it convinced me that the paper was not treating the question with that impartiality which it boasts of.

But my friend, who was in Key West at the time Scovel's letter arrived, assures me that when the contents were read by the coterie of "Cuban press news censors,"

it was carefully stowed away in the safe of the agent, and no account was rendered to the home office of its receipt. It was not to the interest of the Cubans at that time for the truth to be known, as it suited their ends better to have our Congress take some steps based on the infernal lying report invented by themselves. To such an extent did this story gain credence, that it is an established fact that our gullible Congressmen were on the verge of committing some hasty action in denunciation of Spain for breaking all laws of civilized warfare by assassinating ✓ Maceo under cover of a flag of truce.

But the truth is a hard thing to suppress, and will sooner or later come to light to act as a boomerang on the perpetrators of such outrageous "fakes," whose only aim is to draw this country into a war with Spain to attain their own selfish ends.

CHAPTER II.

ATROCITIES.

Efforts of Cubans to attract attention to their cause.—Scovel's account of atrocities.—Campos' humane policy.—Bad faith of rebels.—Spanish clemency.—Cubans in the East.—Their "oppressed" countrymen in the West.—Harangue of Gomez at Galeon.—The invasion.—Atrocities and crimes by Plateados and rebels.—The cruelty of Bermudez.—Incident witnessed by Mr. Scovel.—Discontent of the Conservatives.—Recall of Campos.—Cubans responsible for appointment of Weyler.—Aldecoa's generosity.—Conduct of Cubans.—Retaliations of the guerrilleros.—Charges of outrages upon women without foundation.—Incidents.—Prowess of both sides in using profanity.—Duplicity of peasants.

DURING the two years that the Cubans have been striving to throw off the yoke of Spain, they have repeatedly endeavored, with little or no success, to enlist the sympathies and the active intervention of our government in their behalf. Their first step was to excite popular sympathy, believing that this alone would influence Congress to recognize their struggling army as belligerents.

This failed, and the next scheme was to horrify us by reports of wholesale butcheries, murders, and rapes perpetrated by the Spanish soldiers on the persons of defenseless and innocent non-combatants living in the country.

With this subject I intend to deal in this chapter, and while I do not attempt to deny them all, neither will I defend one side to the injury of the other, but will try to present a few facts hitherto not generally understood in this country, and that I have learned during my long residence ✓ on the island of Cuba previous to and after the outbreak.

The blood-curdling reports of these atrocities forwarded

to their papers by correspondents who have never seen the island, or, at the best, have never left the safe environments of Habana, have been instigated by the ever-ready Cuban "laborante." I have no doubt that many of them are true; but it has been so much overdone that it is hard to distinguish between the truth and the "fake," and my experience has proved that it is very difficult to get at the truth, for in all my investigations on the island—although I am morally convinced of many executions in the field—I have never seen but two murdered "pacificos" credited to the Spaniards. I may add, that the correspondent who forwarded to his paper the long list—covering an entire page—of murdered "pacificos" found in Pinar del Rio, did not personally view one of their bodies. He petitioned Maceo for data relating to the subject. To satisfy him, the insurgent chief sent couriers to all his subordinates, ordering them to turn in statements signed by witnesses.

The order was carried out, and the correspondent was soon deluged with these documents, and as I personally aided him in translating and deciphering the hieroglyphics, I am in a position to state that whole batches of them were written, signed, and witnessed by the same identical parties. More than twenty such documents were sent to me, and as I did not consider them of sufficient importance, turned them over to my companion, and they were incorporated in the list. I believe that many of them were *bona-fide* cases; but others are doubtful, and considering the source of information, should not be taken as conclusive evidence.

These statements were to be forwarded to our State Department at Washington, as a basis on which to justify intervention; but as they were compiled by interested parties, their weight is insufficient to warrant such action.

I believe that my friend Scovel accepted the documents in good faith, and as some of them were afterward corroborated by other insurgents, he naturally concluded that they must all be true.



CAPTAIN-GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS.

During the time that Martinez Campos was supreme in command of the Spanish forces in Cuba, one of his first official acts—which will always redound to his credit—was to inaugurate a policy of clemency and forgiveness to all who would surrender to the proper authorities and return to their allegiance.

No specified time was fixed in his offer of pardon for the insurgents to come to a decision, but the decree was made a standing one. There is no doubt as to the good faith of Campos in issuing this “bando,” and the large numbers of rebels who took advantage of it were immediately set at liberty and returned to their homes unmolested.

He endeavored by all honorable means to persuade them to lay down their arms and to prevent dissatisfied ones from joining the rebels. The depleted condition of the Spanish treasury was all that handicapped him in finding work for the unemployed masses, and even then he started several important public works in which large numbers were employed. There is not a Cuban who will openly charge Campos with deception, and all coincide in that he has been honorable and impartial in his dealings with them.

So much is he respected that, in conversation with Gen. Gomez, the old chief told me that he would permit no one to utter a disrespectful word against him in his presence, and if the offense was repeated, the person would be ordered out of camp.

But was this policy of Campos appreciated and responded to in the same spirit by the insurgents? They said, while Campos was in good faith, his government was treacherous, and that, therefore, they had no scruples in taking advantage of his generous offer.

Probably one third of all the Cubans who had taken up arms and afterward surrendered to the Spaniards, did so in good faith, and accepted their pardon as a parole of honor, and returned to their homes convinced of their error. But with the other two thirds this was not the case, for not one

of them had the slightest idea of remaining quiet and accepting the pardon in the spirit it was offered. Many who had joined the rebels had left their business in an unsettled state, which compelled their return to make a final adjustment; others had a desire to see their families and sweet-hearts once more; and still others came with the prearranged mission to recruit and spy on the Spaniards' movements, or to gather arms, ammunition, or accoutrements, and, once their particular mission was performed, they promptly returned to the insurgent forces in the field, in violation of all sense of gratitude or honor. I have heard several boast of having accepted the pardon at three different times and places, and in the next breath bitterly denounce the Spaniards for their duplicity and treachery.

According to a popular adage, "All is fair in war," and in this alone can the Cubans defend their conduct in this case.

But while they were continually pursuing this line of tactics, to the certain knowledge of the Spanish military authorities, it speaks well for the latter that they refrained from inflicting the penalty which would have been employed in similar cases in any other country. Campos went further, and again proved himself as an honorable and humane chieftain by issuing orders to his column commanders to treat with clemency all prisoners taken in the field, and to remand them to the towns for trial. While Campos did not execute those who were captured with arms in their hands, or the large number arrested for conspiracy, yet many were deported to the penal colonies at Ceuta and Fernando Po, or remained imprisoned on the island. Even at this treatment the Cubans set up a howl, and loudly called on the world to witness the "barbarous" conduct of their "oppressors." What other course could be pursued? If liberated, they would soon return to the field, and if they did remain in the towns, it was only to surreptitiously carry on the insurgent propaganda. In view of this phase of the question, what method could have

been pursued to effectively and humanely crush the movement? Perhaps some of our prominent Cuban sympathizers could no doubt propose a solution to this pertinent question, based on lines entirely novel and diametrically opposite to the system employed by Weyler, which is but a repetition of the methods in vogue since the human race began to war one with another.

The rebels had no standing, either with the Spaniards or with outside governments, despite all efforts to secure their recognition as belligerents. They were considered as bandits, and treated as such, and although the volunteers and Conservative party clamored for the imposition of the death penalty, Campos steadily refused to order their executions on the charge of rebellion.

Only the leaders were exempt from pardon; and it speaks well for Campos that he regretted having signed the death-warrants of the three unimportant sub-chiefs who were captured, tried, and convicted. This pacific policy of the old marshal, while the rebellion with its combined horrors was continually spreading, is what caused the Conservative party to demand a change. The column commanders and the soldiery were also antagonistic, and desired more scope to act according to circumstances when prisoners were captured on the field. Their discontent on seeing the success of the insurgents in evading conflicts, and their negligence to fully carry out the captain-general's orders in the field, was one of the real causes of his failure in checking the westward march of Antonio Maceo.

Up to the month of December, 1895, very little was heard about atrocities, and, in fact, none had occurred. The real commencement of what might be properly termed a reign of terror, was when the Cubans broke past the Spanish columns into the province of Matanzas.

To better understand their conduct from thence on, a brief description of the distribution of population will be necessary.

In the eastern provinces of Santiago de Cuba, Puerto Principe, and the eastern half of Santa Clara, the country folk are in the large majority, Cubans. The vast central plain is thickly covered with the rich, nutritious Parana grass. Large cattle-ranches abound through the fertile country. The majority of the inhabitants are employed in some capacity in connection with this industry, and, therefore, are very hardy, excellent horsemen, and accustomed to an out-door life. Along the coasts are several very rich sugar districts, and through the mountains of Santiago de Cuba are found large coffee and cocoa plantations. If we except the two short railroads running from Neuvas to Puerto Principe, and from Santiago de Cuba to Cristo, there are practically no lines of communication, and travel is necessarily by horse. Naturally, every man has his horse, and all are expert riders, and, as a class, are very independent. They are the ones who carried on the last struggle for ten years, and who have always been first and foremost to second any uprising against the existing government.

They are to Cuba what the Western cowboy and miner are to the United States. The negro element predominates to a greater degree than in other sections, and are more intelligent, independent, and better fighters. Here the negroes have managed to shake off their dependence on the whites, and have established well-paying coffee and cocoa plantations. Many of them enjoyed comfortable incomes, and were in every respect superior to those of their race in the West. The Maceos, Banderas, and the Ducasse brothers were representatives of this class. On the arrival of Gomez and Maceo, the majority of them joined the rebel ranks, ready to repeat the work of their younger days. The hopes of the rebel leaders lay in winning over the population of the two eastern provinces, and owing to this reason, property of the families residing in the country was respected.

In the western provinces, instead of this independent

and restless class of Cubans, we find an entirely different element. Not having seen or suffered any of the effects of the ten years' war, they were naturally lukewarm and indifferent to the cause of liberty. They had drifted into a lazy and unambitious way of living, which made them the prey of the thrifty and crafty store-keepers and landowners. Their shiftless way of living added to the prevalent depression in business, and their lack of administrative ability, soon caused them to run heavily in debt to the "bodeguero" or general store-keeper, who, as a rule, was a Spaniard.

All Spaniards who come to Cuba, join the volunteer organizations to escape active military duty in Spain, or, pay the sum of four hundred dollars, which exempts him from this arduous service. It is needless to say that nine tenths enlist as volunteers, and are so much in pocket. The Cubans complained of being oppressed, and whether their plea was right or wrong is not for me to say in this article, as it would necessitate a review of the existing laws and political situation. I lived in Cuba for five years previous to the insurrection, and spent the best part of my time in the country, and I must say that if the Cubans were oppressed, I failed to discover in what manner; for in no other country is liberty of action more enjoyed than in Cuba, and in no place have I witnessed more glaring infractions of law and decency than in this much-oppressed (?) country; and I may add, that if we could transport some of the popular dance-halls to the city of New York, I am afraid our friends—Anthony Comstock and Dr. Parkhurst—would need the assistance of a dozen Chapmans to break up the indecent performances.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that all Cubans are to be included in this denunciation, for nowhere have I met a more refined and cultured people than the upper and middle element of Cuban society, who are the first to decry these dances so shamefully exhibited in full view of

passers-by. If any one is to blame, it must be the authorities, who permit such shocking and immoral exhibitions to take place. But this only goes to show that the Spaniards cater to what they believe to be an institution peculiar to the country, though having its origin in the old Congo dances so immodestly practiced by the negroes.

Suffering under these imaginary or real abuses, the insurrection came with its opportunity of revenge. Through the western provinces the Spanish element was uppermost, and their small stores were scattered through the country. Towns and villages were found at short distances from each other, and all had their garrison of local volunteers, composed largely of Spaniards. In these provinces were also the great sugar and tobacco districts, from which Spain derives the bulk of her revenue, and which the insurgents had sworn to destroy.

In the province of Pinar del Rio are found a large proportion of Canary Islanders, or "Islenos," as they are commonly termed.

This element were mainly small tobacco farmers, and scarcely without exception, staunch in their support of the Spanish crown, and were, one and all, incorporated in the "Instituto de Voluntarios."

Another important point must be added, and that is: while the insurrection had been in full blast for about a year in the East, and carried on exclusively by "Orientals," there had been no determined effort on the part of their sympathizers in the West, to second or support them. Several half-hearted, miserable attempts at uprisings had occurred, but were generally suppressed in a few days, or the leaders, finding that the persecution was too active, and that the people refused to flock to the Cuban standard with the enthusiasm expected, and having fulfilled their compromises, shortly after surrendered and were pardoned. As I was present in the western provinces before the invasion, it gave me sufficient time and opportunity to

feel the pulse of the people in regard to the war, and it was not very flattering to the Cubans. The majority were not in favor of it, and desired to be quiet, so as to grind their cane, and only joined the movement when forced to do so by lack of employment, hunger, or the burning of their homes.

The Spaniards claimed that the war was forced on the western provinces, and I must admit the truth of such a statement.

My view has been strengthened by conversations with various rebel chiefs. I am also borne out by the harangue of Gomez to his army, assembled on the borders of the swamp at Galeon, on March 7th, 1896.

He had been bitterly denouncing the cowardly conduct of two chiefs during the fight at Santa Rita the day previous, and ended by saying: "It is a shame and a disgrace that we, a handful of 'Orientals,' under Gen. Antonio (Maceo) and myself, have been forced to carry the war to the western provinces and teach these people what it is to fight for their liberty, and even then they expect that we"—here he included the name of Juan Bruno Zayas—"shall do all the fighting and bear the brunt of the war."

Any impartial person who was in Cuba during the early months of the rebellion, will have to coincide with this view of the case, for no one had the least idea that the movement would be carried to the West, where everybody was opposed to it.

Naturally, the chief aim of Gomez was to excite them into action, and the only way was to burn and destroy all their hopes of gaining a living. With this end in view, the invasion was carried out. The "Orientals" were deeply incensed at the indifference displayed by their countrymen in the West. They had suffered and borne the brunt of the last war, and were now determined to make the others feel the misery and bloodshed incidental to this peculiar system of guerrilla warfare.

I have had to digress from my subject to explain these matters, as it will help to enforce and make clear what I now have to state.

The insurgents, up to the time they entered the province of Matanzas, had comported themselves with fair discipline and credit, but once they entered the rich, populous sugar country, they seemed possessed of the very devil. Mounted on the finest horses that could be stolen from the rich country farmers, they managed to march around the slower moving bodies of Spanish infantry massed to intercept them. In this manner they avoided any serious engagements, and were able to move around at their will, though several times they met with slight checks from the many columns marching against them.

Their line of march was marked by one continual volume of heavy black smoke arising from the burning cane-fields and sugar factories, and even at a distance of fifty miles the sun appeared as seen through a smoked glass. Like the Israelites of old, their path was marked "by a column of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night," though in this case the signs were reversed, and followed instead of leading the way. The opportunity that a new, rich country offered for looting and sacking, could not be resisted, and many were the homes invaded in the search for clothes, riding-boots, arms, and money. Although the stealing of money was apparently frowned on by Maceo and Gomez, they could do but little to check such a disorderly and undisciplined horde.

The opportunity for revenge came also, and many who had long outstanding grudges against the Spaniards, now took advantage of the panic to accomplish their ends. Many peaceable farmers and persons living on the outskirts of the towns were found murdered or hanging by the road-side with placards on their breasts bearing the mark of some insurgent chief. While I do not propose to charge all the chiefs with having approved of these actions, yet

they were due to the state of anarchy caused by the sudden appearance of the rebel army, and the responsibility must be shared by all.

Independent bands of outlaws and robbers appeared in all directions, having for their only object theft, murder, and rapine. By these parties many innocent women were assaulted, and a large number of peaceable Spaniards met violent deaths. They operated under the cloak of the insurrection, and could not be distinguished from the rebels. They acknowledged no chief, and it is only fair to state that Gomez and Maceo tried hard to catch these miscreants.

When captured, the limb of the nearest tree generally claimed them as ornaments. Of course this was not known to the Spaniards, who insisted that they were real insurgents. They were dubbed "plateados," or plated Cubans. Probably the majority of the murders and violations that took place in those two terrible months and attributed to the rebels, were committed by these spurious patriots.

The vanguard of the invading army was not without its share in the general condemnation. Many farmers and members of the volunteer organization were hung on the flimsy accusation of being spies.

The Habana papers daily recorded the finding of victims with the invariable insurgent placard pinned to their clothes.

The charges were various, and ranged from "plateado" to working on the railroad in defiance of insurgent decrees.

The regiments of Bermudez and Nunez, who led the march, were charged with many crimes, and it is a current saying amongst the Cuban peasants, that Bermudez was worse than Weyler, and his trail could be recognized by following the line of his victims dangling from the trees. The climax was reached when he hanged twenty odd paci-

ficos (Canary Islanders) to one single tree in the province of Pinar del Rio. Spanish farmers and the families of the local volunteers were compelled to move into the town to escape the wrath of the rebels. The favorite charge against male members was that of conveying information to the Spanish commanders.

This was carried on "with a vengeance" by Bermudez in the southern and western districts of Pinar del Rio. As I have before stated, the majority of the inhabitants were *Islenos*, and stanch in their support of the existing government. Not being in sympathy with the revolution, they did all in their power to damage its progress, often forcing their families to act as spies.

Instead of endeavoring to win over this element by kind and humane measures, Bermudez inaugurated a reign of terror, executing many, and forcing the families into the towns.

This policy did much to damage his cause in the West. The *pacificos*, who were at first favorably inclined to join the rebels, changed their minds, and enlisted as volunteers and *guerrilleros*.

The majority of assassinations committed by them later on, may be traced directly to their desire for vengeance.

After the invasion was effected, Bermudez was left in command of the province of Pinar del Rio. Sotomayor, Gil, Socorras, Perico Delgado, and Llorente were detailed to certain districts as sub-chiefs.

Their conduct on the departure of Maceo for the East may be more readily judged, when it is known that on his return in March he made several important changes. The cruelty of Bermudez was not discovered until Maceo had been some time in the province; the *pacificos*, fearing his wrath, held their peace; but it leaked out at last.

To the credit of Maceo (who I have every reason to believe was a humane chief), Bermudez was relieved of his command and placed under his immediate orders. Col.

Juan Ducasse—a bright young mulatto, of French descent—was ordered to the command of the Southern Brigade.

The staff of Maceo were kept in complete ignorance of the charges against Bermudez; but rumors and surmises were rife as to the real cause. The writer shortly after made a trip through the district formerly under the command of Bermudez, and is in a position to truthfully state, that the rumors were not without foundation, for, I found the few *pacificos* remaining in the country, to be in mortal dread of him and his men. Many were the tales told me of his unwarranted cruelty and blood-thirstiness. So much did he fear assassination, that he never slept without his side-arms strapped on, or eat a meal in a farmer's house without his trusty Winchester resting on the table by his plate. It may not be out of place to relate an incident that occurred in the presence of Mr. Sylvester Scovel, at the insurgent camp at Punta de Palma, and it will go far toward proving the extreme cruelty of Bermudez.

I met Scovel two days afterward, and he expressed himself as being shocked at the barbarity displayed.

Surrounded by his officers in a small farm-house, Bermudez was evidently in good humor. Two guards came in leading a young mulatto charged with stealing and terrorizing the *pacificos* living in the district. He could not have been such a desperado, for he had only one arm. After his accusers had finished their tale, Bermudez ordered them to carry him away. Now, this simple command coming from him, was generally considered equivalent to a death-sentence, and the prisoner realized its full meaning. He suddenly drew his knife from its sheath, crying out: "You are not going to kill me! You will not kill me!" Everybody drew back surprised and alarmed, expecting that he was going to make a lunge at the chief; but he turned the blade on himself, and inflicted two terrible wounds in his breast, from which it was impossible to recover.

Bermudez, who had stood watching him with his peculiar cynical smile, now called the guards to carry him away and finish him.

The poor fellow begged for the few minutes that still remained of the life that was surely ebbing away as a consequence of his own folly. It is only natural to think that such a request would be granted by one having the least feeling of compassion. Bermudez simply waved his hand to the two negroes of his escort to carry him out and "machete" him. In the presence of Mr. Scovel this barbarous and inhumane order was executed. With a few blows from their machetes the tragedy was ended, and the body hauled away to be buried in a shallow hole scooped out with hoes. Scovel also got a snap-shot at the scene with his camera, but unfortunately the plate was afterward lost.

Is it a wonder that Maceo deprived such a man of his command? though it would have been more to his credit had he degraded him, instead of shortly afterward promoting him to the full rank of brigadier. Bermudez was brave, and one of the few good fighters in the insurgent army, and had quite a following. Maceo, therefore, could not afford to openly degrade him, especially when "los guapos" were scarce; and the only course left to him without openly antagonizing his large following, was to place him in command of a "flying regiment," under the personal orders of himself.

The other district commanders in Pinar del Rio were also charged with some gross violations of Cuban laws. Brig. Gil was relieved of his command and forced to retire on the charge of intoxication and general incompetency. Several ugly rumors (afterward confirmed) prevailed, charging a prominent chief with persecuting the daughters of a highly respectable family, reputed to be relatives of the old patriot, Jesus del Sol.

Two of the insurgent chiefs in the province had been outlaws for a number of years, and many crimes were laid

at their door, though I am not in a position to certify or deny these charges. They were Perico Delgado and Socorras. Federico Nunez, another chief, was also accused of being a bandit before the war.

While this was going on in Pinar del Rio, similar scenes were being enacted in the other provinces.

The invasion was carried to the extreme west of the island, and the same conduct was persisted in along the entire line of march. Insurgents have told me that even a woman was hung in Habana province. Suspected of being a spy, she was arrested, searched, and compromising papers found concealed under her garments. Her feet and hands were bound, and she was left hanging, with a notice pinned to her dress warning others not to follow her example. The manager of a large sugar estate near Bahia Honda was accused of sending information to the troops on the approach of Maceo, and was taken out and butchered. An American sugar boiler, Mr. George Saxon, barely escaped with his life. Houses and small towns were burned, and the inhabitants left destitute and dependent on Spanish charity.

While all this was transpiring in the field, can we imagine that the feelings of the Spaniards were anything but vengeful, and that they desired a change of policy?

Their complaints to the home government about Martinez Campos, and the constant clamoring for more energetic action, finally ended by the resignation and recall of Campos. Rumors were rife as to who would be his successor, and I firmly believe that the Cubans themselves were largely responsible for the appointment of Weyler. When the Conservative party insisted on the recall of Campos, the Cubans were busy discussing the merits of his probable successor. The appointment of Gen. Weyler—who was at the time an insignificant and obscure factor in reigning Spanish politics—was not anticipated at first; for although he was acting captain-general of Cataluna, he

was supposed to have Republican tendencies. The Cubans, in their loud comparisons (echoed by the press) of the various generals eligible to the post, singled out Polavieja and Weyler as the most cruel, and most to be feared. Even the newspapers openly announced that the naming of Weyler would cause all hitherto peaceable persons to take up arms or leave the country. Continual harping on what they would do if the "monster" Weyler came, I am convinced, is what finally decided the Conservatives in urging his appointment, and the Ministry overlooked party prejudices and acquiesced in their demand.

On the recall of Campos, the command fell temporarily to Lieut. Gen. Sabás Marin, pending the arrival of Weyler. The same humane policy laid down by his predecessor was adhered to by Marin, who did not wish to make any radical changes for the short time he was to remain in power.

Shortly after the recall of Campos, the author left Habana (Jan. 18th) to join the insurgents as correspondent for the "New York Herald," and is witness to the fact, that no executions or so-called atrocities attributed to the Spaniards, occurred in the districts of Habana province through which he traveled. To more fully characterize the conduct of the Spaniards in the field, I will recall an incident which fell to my notice, and which was published by the "Herald."

When Gomez broke camp at the sugar estate Santa Amalia, situated about fifteen miles to the east of Habana, he left several sick insurgents to be taken care of and cured. About a week afterward, the column of Gen. Aldecoa came marching in that direction. On learning of his approach, the sick men fled to the adjacent factory, called Portugalete, hoping to escape capture. Aldecoa learned of their presence, and his first question on arriving at Portugalete was for them. On being informed of their hiding-place, instead of ordering their capture or death, as everybody supposed he would do, he sent his surgeon to

assist them and leave sufficient medicines for their recovery. The vanguard and main body of the column passed; but when the extreme rear guard came along, they turned the rebels out, and despite the assurances of witnesses that Aldecoa had protected them, the sick men were forced, at the point of the bayonet, to hurry along and catch up with the main body to verify their statements. One poor fellow fell by the road-side and expired. When Aldecoa was at last reached, he was highly incensed at the conduct of his soldiers in daring to disobey his orders, and ended by compelling the guards to escort the rebels back to where they were found. This incident is true in all its details, as I was present when the sick men reported their kind treatment to Gomez on his next visit to the estate. It will go toward demonstrating that all Spanish generals are not the monsters they are accused of being. An incident of this kind would have been appreciated by the chief of any other army; but not so Gomez. When he saw the favorable impression I had received by the narrative, instead of lauding it, he talked and argued for more than an hour, trying to convince me that all Spaniards were rogues and cut-throats, and in the above case Aldecoa must have been actuated by some double motive. Then he tried to explain that Aldecoa was not fit to hold the command of column, for, if so, his orders would have been respected by the rear guard. His argument had but one object, and that was to prevent me from writing the truth in regard to the matter. These facts can be borne out by the manager of the estate, who was present. This gentleman is an American, and is still in charge of the factory.

Pending the arrival of Weyler, it would be well to note the progress of the rebellion, and some of the causes that soon after led to so many executions and assassinations by the guerrilleros.

As the invasion spread to the West, the territory was parceled off, and small commands were left in the dis-

tricts as a nucleus for recruits to flock to. All families living in the country that were known to be stanch Cubans were protected, and a certain respect paid to their property.

These families had the free entrance and exit of the fortified towns, and were soon actively engaged in smuggling out arms and provisions for the insurgents. The movements of the Spanish troops were closely watched and immediately reported to the go-betweens living on the outskirts. It was owing chiefly to this system of spying that various commands were able to successfully defy all efforts of the Spaniards to force them to fight.

The writer speaks advisedly from experience, in saying, that if the Spaniards had cleared the country of "pacificos" a year ago, when the Cubans initiated their policy of forcing the Tories to the towns, the rebellion would have received a severe check, for every "pacifico" that entered the towns was an insurgent spy at heart, and long before the Spanish columns assembled in the morning, the rebels were apprised of their activity, and in many cases knew exactly what roads would be marched over. It is needless to state that the advice was acted on accordingly, and while the Spaniards were industriously searching for the enemy in a certain district, the Cubans were as industriously galloping miles away in the opposite direction. In no place was the writer more impressed with these tactics than in the province of Habana, where he spent five weeks with Gen. Aguirre. In the northern district of Habana the Cuban brigade numbered nine hundred armed men operating between the capital and Seiba Mocha.

To entrap this small Cuban force, more than 7,000 soldiers, divided into eight operating columns, were stationed at Minas, Jaruco, Aguacate, Seiba Mocha, Madruga, San Jose de las Lajas, Santa Maria de Rosario, and Guanabacoa. All the other small towns were garrisoned by sufficient regulars and volunteers to prevent their de-

struction. Many sugar factories through the country were also defended by small detachments.

To a person unacquainted with insurgent tactics, it would appear almost impossible for the Cubans to escape defeat, as they would in any other country. I also had my doubts while with Aguirre, but I felt reassured by the calm, matter-of-fact way he had of directing his march. I soon learned to be as unconcerned as the others, for as I sat near the chief on various occasions, and listened to the scouts and "pacifico" spies come in and report the movements of the enemy quartered in the nearest towns, I then understood how this insignificant band could so successfully escape a fight. Aguirre's tactics were simply a game of hide-and-seek with the enemy, in which the Cubans were continually moving in the direction opposite.

The Spanish sympathizers who remained in the country naturally aided their side at every opportunity by enlightening their countrymen as to the whereabouts or location of the insurgent camps. This information was at times carried into the towns, and some Cuban would discover the offender and denounce him to the insurgents. On his return to his home he would be arrested, and his immediate execution followed. Many entirely innocent farmers were thus denounced by private enemies, and it is a fact, which can not be denied, that any person so accused received little mercy at the hands of the Cubans. They do not attempt to deny executions of this class, and, in fact, boldly proclaim them as being justified by the class of offense.

Here is where the insurgents are inconsistent, for if they are justified in executing spies, are not the Spaniards entitled to employ the same penalty? But when the Spaniards kill a farmer charged with being a spy, or, for aiding and abetting the revolution, the Cubans loudly call on the world to witness their barbarity, and boldly state that the man was killed because he was a Cuban.

Now, on the other hand, when they kill a man because he is known to be a Spaniard and a volunteer, and caught in the identical crimes, they grow angry if accused of employing the same methods as their enemies. All well-known Spaniards and lukewarm Cubans, in the face of such treatment, were compelled to take refuge in the towns to escape the fury or vengeance of the rebels. The time soon arrived when all persons obnoxious to the "Republic" resided in the fortified centers, and those who remained in the country must necessarily be Cuban sympathizers and spies.

The Royalist families ordered to the towns, were, as a rule, hastened on the way by burning their homes and all its furniture and belongings. Many also saw some male member executed as a spy.

Entering the towns destitute, and with no prospects of retrieving their fortunes, or of finding employment, and with a desire for vengeance gnawing at their hearts, is it to be wondered at that the mass of the males joined the volunteers and guerrilleros as the only means of insuring a livelihood, and of accomplishing their revenge? I feel justified in asserting that the Cubans themselves were responsible for the terrible list of assassinations that now took place. The arrival of Weyler and the change of policy that he represented was quickly taken advantage of by the guerrilleros.

In Mr. Stephen Bonsal's book on "The Real Condition of Cuba To-day," he states in various places, that the guerrilleros are a body of jail-birds, ex-convicts, and cut-throats released from Spanish prisons to do the dirty work in Cuba. I beg to differ on the question, and while I would not attempt to defend their actions, yet it is a well-known fact that seven eighths of these guerrilleros are native-born Cubans, or men who have resided a long time on the island, and are acquainted with the country. There are probably more native Cubans in this body of irregular soldiery

than in the entire insurgent army. The causes that lead them to enlist have already been explained.

At every incursion into the country these men found some victim. Every one of them had some grudge to pay off, and the first victim was the Cuban who denounced him to the insurgents, and was the cause of his family being left homeless and destitute.

All operating columns had a detachment of these guerrilleros in the vanguard acting as guides, and conveying information to the commanders regarding the Cuban insurgent families living near the line of march. I am quite satisfied from investigations—and even those of the insurgents themselves—that the Spanish line officers had little to do or say in these crimes committed by their underlings. Even in the long list of alleged murders already referred to, the crime has invariably been charged to the guerrilleros, especially so in the districts of Bahia Honda, La Palma, Consolacion del Sur, and the extreme western portion of the province. Private vengeance was also reputed to be the motive in some cases.

Many reports have reached us of the murders and outrages upon girls and women living in the country, and as far as my experience and investigations go, I must denounce the majority of them as pure falsehoods. While in the company of Scovel, in Pinar del Rio, we were informed of just three cases, and the informants confessed that the assailants were punished by the commanders of the Spanish force to which they belonged. Other cases were found to be without any foundation. Last January, Scovel and myself were absent from the main force of Cubans under Gomez for about three days, and happened to encamp in the factories Tomasito, and Penalver, shortly after the Spanish columns of Aldecoa and Linares had departed.

The neighboring “pacificos” related how the Spanish soldiers had criminally assaulted every female living in the “barracones” situated near the factories. I investigated,

and in both cases could only find a few brazen negro women, who proudly exhibited several silver pieces as their harvest for the preceding night's orgies. I have no doubt that many of these tales had their origin in similar cases. In this class of war we must expect to hear more or less of these outrages, and I think it may be safely stated that, on the whole, the present insurrection in Cuba has given rise to fewer cases of violation than any other war of modern times. If it were true that so many assaults had taken place, it is only natural to suppose that the insurgents—who are largely of the same temperament as the Spaniards—would have been equally as guilty; yet it speaks well for the “morale” of their forces, when I can truthfully state, that during my entire experience in the field, I only witnessed three negroes court-martialed for this offense, and swift punishment by death followed. No doubt many cases have occurred where the victim has been afraid to denounce her despoiler, and the miscreants have therefore escaped. I may further add, that many insurgent chiefs and soldiers have their wives and mistresses safely hidden away in the depths of the forests and hills, and the late rebel chieftain, Quintin Banderas, always traveled accompanied by several “ladies.”

As for murdering women and quartering children, such myths exist only in the imagination of the Cubans whose connection with the war consists in making cigars in the big factories of Florida, paying over a certain per cent. of their earnings to help support others in comfortable positions, and, above all, to vie with each other in seeing who can invent the most improbable stories of Spanish “barbarity.” Acting on the old adage that “the pen is mightier than the sword,” the emigrant “patriots” seek to impose their stories on the American press for a gullible public to read and believe. It would seem that the Cubans who are in charge of the campaign at this end of the line, are working on the principle laid down by Barnum, in that

the American public likes to be humbugged, for it is hardly probable that they expect us to implicitly believe all their yarns. During all my experience in Cuba, I can not even recall one single instance where the Spaniards have been charged with a crime of this sort by their enemies in the field, or by the people living in the country. I have often heard that the women were at times subjected to harsh treatment and to insults. This was invariably charged to the soldiery, and it should not be considered strange, nor should we be surprised that such is the case. Any war will furnish the same stories, and as far as insults are concerned, we have only to pass through any rough section of one of our large cities to hear just as bad. Soldiers have never had a very high reputation for using choice vocabulary, and the Spaniards are no exception to the rule. In this question it is hard to say whether they can claim any superiority over the Cubans or not.

I have several times witnessed a wordy war between the Spaniards in a fort, and the Cubans off in a secure place behind some rocks in the bush. Neither seemed to have the courage to take any decided step; the Cubans would not advance to make an assault, and the Spaniards wisely refrained from making a sally. The interchange of shots and "compliments" forcibly reminded me of two West Street truckmen when they get in a tangle. The effect of the comparison is heightened as each side invites the other to come out and show themselves: "Come out of there, you blankety, blank, blank, blank cowards, and see how we will 'machete' you!" etc., etc., etc., shout the valiant rebels. "Get out from behind those rocks, you — 'mambi,' and see how quick you will swallow some 'pills' of Dr. Mauser! Do you think we are — fools? If you want to give 'machete,' come over here and do it, you — cowards!" The daring attack on some fort passes into history, and it is announced as another great victory gained. As the first streaks of dawn appear, the "besieging army"

is seen hurriedly making its way toward the nearest hills, and as the distance between them and the fort widens, the far-away echo of choice "compliments" and mutual invitations to come around again, is wafted to one's ears by the morning breeze.

As for swearing, it would tax a saint to refrain from using expletives if he was forced to march day after day in pursuit of an enemy whose acknowledged tactics are to wear him out by long marches across a country whose climate is more deadly than the enemy's bullets, and then to arrive at some farmer's house from where the insurgents have just decamped, leaving their fires burning and huge chunks of fresh meat scattered around to further prove their proximity, and upon questioning the farmer, he replies that he is in complete ignorance of when they left, or which road they took, and all the time he is lying. Is it any wonder that he and his family are treated harshly, and are bundled off to town and their house burned? When the Cubans have compelled all Spanish sympathizers to live in the towns, and only permit such as acknowledge their authority to remain in the country, and who are nearly all connected in some manner with their civil government, is it any wonder that the Spanish commanders, tired of the eternal duplicity of this class, have become enraged at times, and convinced that the farmer is an insurgent spy or letter-carrier, and who deliberately lies about the movements of the rebels, causing the column to march many weary miles in vain, can he be censured for using his prerogative as general in time of war by taking the law into his own hands and ordering the culprit to be shot? How many of our generals in the late civil war would have put up with so much nonsense, because England or France might have been shocked at so much bloodshed? There has been too much sentiment wasted on the present rebellion in Cuba, for war can only be answered by war, and if the rebels chose to initiate it, and also take the first step in

committing these atrocities, then they should be content to suffer the inevitable consequences, and when the enemy retaliates, they should remain quiet, and not call on the world to witness the suffering they have brought on themselves.

CHAPTER III.

ATROCITIES.—(*Continued.*)

Proclamation of Gomez. — Incident at Jaruco. — Incident at La Palma. — Nunez hangs prisoners. — Maceo relieves Bermudez. — Murgado hangs “*pacificos*.” — Letter of warning from Ducasse. — Maceo’s letter to the volunteers. — Disobedience of the order. — Ducasse’s letter to Vigoa. — Diaz and Ducasse liberate prisoners. — Nunez’s “*generosity*.” — Towns captured by insurgents. — Cubans do not capture prisoners on the field. — Aranguren’s meritorious action. — Maj. Rojas kills prisoners. — Pedro Diaz at San Pedro. — Cuban clemency.

DURING the early part of the war, the Cubans recognized the necessity of taking some action toward gaining sympathy for their cause in this country, and one of the most effective steps was to issue a proclamation by which all prisoners captured from the enemy were to be liberated. The following general order was therefore prepared and circulated by Gen. Gomez:

[*Translation.*]

“ART. 1.—All prisoners taken on the field of battle, or who shall fall into the hands of the troops composing the Army of the Republic, shall be immediately liberated and returned to their commands, excepting in cases where they voluntarily desire to enlist in the Army of Liberty.

“The wounded abandoned on the field shall be recovered and cared for, and the unburied dead shall be interred.

“ART. 2.—All persons arrested for violating the order of July 1st shall be tried by a summary court-martial.

“The General-in-Chief,

“M. GOMEZ.”

The part of the circular relating to the release of prisoners has invariably been obeyed by the higher chiefs, when, on rare occasions, they have been fortunate enough to capture a fort.

The good effect produced amongst the Cuban sympathizers in this country, was calculated to aid them in pressing their claims for belligerency, and, on the whole, the insurgents deserve considerable credit for their conduct in the few cases where they have actually succeeded in taking a few prisoners.

Owing to the peculiar class of warfare waged in Cuba, large numbers of the enemy are never captured, and we must not be led into comparing this struggle with others we are accustomed to read about, where the contending parties face each other and occasionally get mixed up in hand-to-hand fights, and really take each other prisoners. It is a very rare occurrence in the Cuban insurrection, for a Spanish soldier to fall into the clutches of the rebels, and while we can safely applaud their action in liberating the unfortunate individual, yet it would be also fair to take into consideration, that, despite all reports to the contrary, the Spaniards have pardoned and liberated probably ten insurgents to every prisoner freed by their antagonists.

During my experience in Cuba, I have witnessed about sixty-five good fights, and I can only recall but two instances where the insurgents captured any one belonging to the enemy, and then they were not troops of the line, but volunteers, anxious to be captured so as to get clear of the fight.

INCIDENT AT JARUCO.

At the burning of Jaruco, Maceo's men made overtures to the small garrison of six volunteers defending one of the block-houses. As they were Cuban-born, and only wanted such an opportunity to join their countrymen, the propositions were accepted, and they surrendered and gave up their arms. They were led to where Maceo stood

watching the fight, and he ordered they should be held till morning, and then they could either remain or return to the town.

These men plainly demonstrated the difference between the Cuban and Spanish soldier fighting under the flag of Spain.

While the Cuban volunteers miserably allowed the enemy to intimidate them, their companions in the other forts repeatedly rejected all overtures, and heroically held out against overwhelming odds until morning, when the fear of re-enforcements compelled the rebels to abandon their diabolical work of destruction.

INCIDENT AT LA PALMA.

During the attack on the small town of La Palma, garrisoned by one hundred and fifty regulars, under command of Capt. Pozo, the insurgents, on entering the main street, were fired on from behind the windows of the houses. From all places of concealment the Canary Islanders—who form the majority of the inhabitants and belong to the volunteers—resisted the entrance of the insurgent fire-bugs. The rebels suffered severely that night, and some of them entered a house and dragged out a poor fellow clad in his night-clothes, and trembling with fright. He was led up the hill to Maceo, and charged with being a volunteer, and of having fired on them from the house. On examination, he proved to be an “Isleno,” and a member of the volunteer company located in the neighboring town of Vinales. I stood by Maceo while he examined the man in an under-tone, and while he admitted his connection with the volunteers, he stoutly persisted in stating that he was only on a visit to La Palma, and did not have his rifle to engage in any fight, and that his accusers were mistaken in their charge.

Some of the men belonging to the brigade of Banderas had made the arrest, and the poor fellow no doubt had heard

the many tales of cruelty attributed to them. Fully believing that he would be killed, he implored Maceo to spare his life. He was told that the Cubans did not execute prisoners, and therefore he had nothing to fear. But on looking around at the stern, hard faces of the motley crowd, lighted up as they were by the bright glare of the burning town below, he evidently thought that they were only deceiving him, and redoubled his protestations of innocence and pleadings to be spared.

I had moved over to ask him some questions regarding the strength of the garrison below, and other data necessary for an accurate description of the fight. When I had finished, Maceo beckoned to two brawny negroes of his escort, who led him away.

Maceo informed me he was to be held prisoner until the morning, and would then be liberated. Whether he intentionally deceived me or not, I can not say, but one thing is certain, after that night, my suspicions were aroused, and I never afterward put much faith in the stories told me by insurgent chiefs.

Perhaps the two negroes misunderstood his sign, or were filled with a desire to avenge the deaths of their comrades below, for shortly after they conducted him aside, my eyes caught the flash of an upraised machete a few rods away in the high grass, and a swift downward cut, followed by a hoarse, gurgling ugh-h, could be heard amidst the crackling of the rifles.

The negroes afterward laughingly told me that the man fell with his head split clear down to the shoulders, and that they rolled the body down the hill so his friends would find him in the morning.

In justice to Antonio Maceo, I must say that he always appeared to me as the most humane and forgiving of the Cuban chiefs; for only twice during my stay with him did I witness an execution, though many occurred in near by districts where his sub-chiefs held sway.

Shortly after the construction of the Mariel Trocha, six Spanish cavalrymen ventured too far outside the lines on a foraging raid, and while asleep in the dwelling house of the Susi plantation near Cayajabos, the rebels, under Federico Nunez, pounced down on the house and captured the unguarded Spaniards without firing a shot. After various letters had been sent to Gen. Arolas on the subject, they were taken out and hung by the road-side.

Maceo was, to all appearances, very indignant when he learned of the affair, and ordered Nunez to report and explain matters. I believe that the officer was reprimanded and temporarily deprived of his command for his conduct. Like Bermudez, he was too valuable an officer to lose, as he was the only one who thoroughly understood the enemy's position along the "trocha," and his services were necessary in passing parties through the swamp.

In the last chapter I had occasion to refer to the cruelty of Bermudez and his subordinates. Maceo ordered Juan Ducasse to supersede him, on account of his terrible reputation. Some time elapsed before the new chief could notify all his subordinates of the change in commanders, and that in the future, all matters of life and death must be referred to him for the final decision.

One of Bermudez's underlings—Major Tomas Murgado—whose "patriotic" duty consisted in loafing around the Rangel hills, levying contributions of food and other supplies on the few farmers in the district, and enjoying the society of the peasant belles under the plea of sickness, had completely terrorized the "pacificos" by his high-handed actions. Several were hung by his orders on trumped-up charges, and when Ducasse was informed of the proceedings, he sent the following letter of warning to his subordinate.

This document will bear out what I have already said on the subject.

[*Translation.*]

“LIBERATING ARMY OF CUBA.

“SECOND BRIGADE. GOMEZ REGIMENT.

“No. 102.

“Having received advices that several executions have taken place in the district under my command, without my previous knowledge, by the forces under your orders, I hereby direct the present letter to you, so that in the future you will abstain from doing so, without filling the required legal forms necessary in such cases.

“Kindly acknowledge the receipt of this communication.

“ ‘Country and Liberty.’

“Head-quarters in the field, May 10, 1896.

“The Colonel (Chief of the Southern Brigade),

“J. DUCASSE.

“TO MAJOR TOMAS MURGADO.”

A copy of this letter was given me by Col. Ducasse, who was complaining of the cruelties practiced by his predecessor. As stated, the majority of the inhabitants had fled to the towns to escape the persecution of Bermudez. To belong to the volunteer organization—and in some cases to be even a relative of a volunteer—was considered by him as sufficient crime to warrant the death penalty, or some other severe punishment.

In dispatching Ducasse to this part of the province, Maceo hoped that his young and humane lieutenant would be able to counteract the bad example of Bermudez. Ducasse set out to reorganize the forces in the district, and win back the confidence of the “*pacificos*,” who were Cubans at heart, and only needed benign measures to win them over heart and soul to the cause. It was an uphill task, but he partially succeeded in the end. His attention was then directed toward inducing the volunteers to desert.

Many of these only needed some assurance of protection to join their countrymen in the bush. Maceo had already fully realized the amount of damage to the revolution caused by Bermudez, and had issued a special order offering privileges and guarantees to those of the volunteers who would desert and join the rebels.

The following translation of the document will also bear out my statements regarding the former conduct of the Cubans, for if the volunteers were not afraid of the vengeance of Bermudez, this circular would have been entirely uncalled for.

[*Translation.*]

“REPUBLIC OF CUBA.

“INVADING ARMY. HEAD-QUARTERS OF SECOND IN
COMMAND.

“No. 806.

“This head-quarters authorizes you to offer all classes of guarantees to those individuals of the Volunteer Corps that may present themselves to you, and also to shelter their families from the persecution of the Spaniards by placing them under the protection of our civil authorities. Procure by all means that when a volunteer deserts and joins our forces, he will bring with him arms and ammunition, and will drag with him as many companions as possible.

“‘Country and Liberty.’

“El Toro, June 2d, 1896.

“A. MACEO.

“To COL. JUAN DUCASSE, Brevet Chief of the Southern Brigade of Pinar del Rio.”

A copy of this was handed to me by one of Maceo's aids shortly after it was written at the Toro encampment. This circular did not have the effect desired, for, although a few took advantage of it, they feared to take a step that would

end in death if their plot to desert was discovered by the ever-suspicious Spanish troops.

A Cuban is the last one in the world to retain a secret, and, like the women of the paragraphers, they are restless until the news is imparted in "strict confidence" to some one else, and for this reason they probably could not rely on each other to concoct any large plot to desert and carry over their arms to the rebels.

As a result of this circular, I am only aware of about twenty who succeeded in escaping from San Cristobal, Artimisa, and Candelaria, nearly all joining the camp of Col. Bacallao at La Gloria. Others were deterred by the harsh treatment received by one of their number at the hands of a Cuban prefecto, who was either ignorant of Maceo's order, or willfully disobeyed it, by threatening to kill the volunteer, who, responding to the circular, deserted, and presented himself in good faith to the nearest Cuban authority.

This incident was also reported to Ducasse, and to his credit, he ordered the following communication to be sent to the prefecto.

[*Translation.*]

"No. 108.

"An individual of the Volunteer Corps who is to-day under our protection, has come to my presence complaining that he has been threatened by a sub-prefect, or a soldier in your district. This is brought to your notice to investigate the charge and remit to my head-quarters the delinquent, to impose on him the corresponding punishment.

"You will also be held responsible for any future actions of this class committed by individuals under your orders.

" 'Country and Liberty,'

"Puerta de la Muralla, June 17, 1896.

"J. DUCASSE.

"TO THE PREFECT, FRANCISCO VIGOA."

It will be seen that Ducasse had a difficult task to repress the blood-thirsty habits of men accustomed to holding full sway in matters of life and death; and when we consider that this is but a representative case of others that occurred in the province, it is not difficult to believe that the reign of terror already described has not been over-exaggerated.

During the skirmishes that took place at Balisa and Atica del Cura (province of Pinar del Rio) on the 13th and 14th of June, 1896, Pedro Diaz and Vidal Ducasse claimed to have captured eighteen prisoners of war, and after taking away their arms, gave them their liberty. I have every reason to believe in the truth of this report, as I have also read several letters from insurgents who took part in the fight, and all the reports coincide. I believe that this is the only instance where the Cubans have actually captured prisoners on the field of battle, and was effected by surrounding a detachment of 125 soldiers and volunteers, the insurgents outnumbering them three to one. The majority of the Spaniards escaped through a ravine, thanks to the intelligence of their guides.

Antonio Nunez, another rebel leader, once captured six poor devils who were trying to earn a living for their starving families by repairing the railroad near Manacas (Santa Clara.)

This victory over six unarmed men was considered of great importance, as it gave the Cubans another opportunity to display and advertise their unbounded "generosity." The men were turned over to the Spanish lieutenant commanding the detachment at the factory Gracitud. A receipt drawn up in due form was exacted, and the Spanish officer, to save their lives, signed it.

The document was considered as valuable evidence in their favor, and Nunez took great pains to see that I copied it for publication in the United States. It is sufficient to say, that when I thoroughly understood the details,

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his little bid for notoriety was squashed; for in this case, I can not see how the Cubans deserve any extra credit for their conduct, as the men were unarmed, and their only crime consisted in trying to stave off the starvation and misery that had already appeared in some districts as the result of the rebel raids. As this is one of the few cases where the rebels claim to have delivered over prisoners of war, the facts should be well digested, as other claims are probably founded on similar achievements.

It is true that the insurgents captured the small town of Guaimaro after a "siege" of four days. And why shouldn't they? The strangest part of it, to an American, is that they didn't capture it the first day, instead of presenting the ridiculous spectacle of 4,000 men lying around behind trenches and breast-works, afraid to expose themselves, and waiting patiently for a few Americans, who manned the artillery, to shell the block-houses garrisoned by the "enormous number" of 150 men.

Any other army would have stormed the town and had it over with in half an hour.

It is also true that many towns were entered during the invasion, and a few of the garrisons, composed of local volunteers, surrendered and delivered over their arms. But these exploits can hardly be classed as military achievements, as the towns in question were not even fortified, and the insurgents could come and go at their pleasure; and the volunteer garrisons were largely composed of native Cubans, secretly in favor of giving in to escape a fight, and when the insurgents demanded their surrender, they quietly complied without firing a shot, and afterward defended their action on the plea of being outnumbered.

These are the only occasions where the Cubans have been able to display their boasted generosity. When the towns were once fortified and garrisoned by detachments of regulars, we have never heard of them surrendering (ex-

cept at Guaimaro). On the contrary, it has been demonstrated time and time again that a dozen determined Spaniards, protected by any rude block-house or breast-work, have not only been able to hold out against overwhelming odds, but have as persistently defied their adversaries when threatened with dynamite and artillery.

As a further illustration of the regard in which the Cubans are held by the Spaniards, it is only necessary to recall that the few officers who have surrendered to them have been summarily tried by court-martial, and either shot or sentenced to imprisonment by their superiors. I recall an incident that occurred on the 28th of February, 1896. Maceo had eluded the pursuing Spanish columns and gained the northern coast of Habana province. Midway between Habana and Matanzas is situated the small village of Santa Cruz del Norte. Near by is a large sugar factory owned by D. Marcelino Gonzales, whose brother-in-law, Capt. Villanueva, was the military commander of the district. The property in the village, as well as all other edifices in the vicinity, were owned by the same party. To protect these interests, a garrison of eight weak-minded country bumpkins, under command of a corporal of the civil guard, was quartered in a small frame house, surrounded by a high stone wall. Maceo, at the head of 4,000 armed men, appeared suddenly in front of this fort, and demanded its surrender, threatening, in case of refusal, to burn the village and put the garrison to the sword. It was simple folly for this handful of men to offer resistance, and they accordingly surrendered. The corporal was afterward arrested by the military commander, and remanded to Habana to be tried for cowardice.

With the exception of the above-mentioned cases, I can not recall where the Cubans have actually captured any number of prisoners on the field. It is possible that I am in error; but during my twelve months' experience with their principal chiefs, I failed to witness or hear of any

other like events. All fights are reported to the chief of the department and division, and as I also failed to hear of any such feats from the various prominent chiefs, it is only safe for me to deduce that none had occurred.

It would indeed be unjust to omit the incident of the capture of several Spanish officers by Nestor Aranguren. This really meritorious action took place within sight of Habana, on the railroad to Guanabacoa. A train was held up, and the officers belonging to the near by garrison were taken prisoners, and the following morning were all liberated, with the exception of one, who was a native Cuban. He was hanged as a traitor by the rebels. This episode may be classed as the most daring in a war famous for its dearth of heroic achievements, and is also a redeeming feature of this otherwise carnival of blood and crime.

All Cuban chiefs have not liberated their prisoners, as we have already seen in the case of Federico Nunez and Bermudez, and while present in the insurgent camp near Sebabo, I overheard Maj. Rojas openly boast of having executed several prisoners. It seems that the late Gen. Zayas captured a small detachment of eight civil guards, and selected Rojas for the delicate task of conducting them to the vicinity of the nearest fortified town to be turned over to the Spanish authorities. Some of the prisoners grew very insolent, and mocked their captors while on the march. The fiery temper of the young Cuban resented the insults, and he openly bragged how he ordered five of them led aside and put to the machete.

He also related how he had refused to lead his troop during the night raid on Esperanza if prohibited from using his machete on all male "pacificos" found in the town.

It speaks well for his superior, Gen. Zayas, that he ordered the blood-thirsty young officer to remain with him during the attack. The troop was led by the second in command.

For some time the Cubans have been gradually working up to the point, where all males not in the revolution, are looked upon as being as much of an enemy as the Spanish soldiers and volunteers.

During the various night raids that I have witnessed—notably at Jaruco, Catalina, Batabano, La Palma, San Andres, and Consolacion del Sur—the insurgent soldiers invariably have been ordered beforehand to burn, loot, and destroy all the houses in the town. The order to loot, “*arrasar con todo*,” was more forcibly dwelt on than the others, so that the soldiers could supply themselves with clothes, shoes, and other little delicacies only procurable during such attacks. It has always been strongly urged to respect women and children, but whether this command has been faithfully obeyed can only be ascertained from the victims themselves.

As I never had the opportunity to converse with the inhabitants of a looted town immediately after the affair, I am unable to make any statement on this phase of insurgent behavior. A night attack offers an excellent opportunity for all classes of crimes and outrages without the fear of discovery and punishment. The history of the war, no doubt, can supply many such instances.

On my return from the camp of Gomez to Habana, during the month of March, I had occasion to halt at the Cuban prefectura of Pitajones, situated in the Trinidad hills. While swinging in my hammock, enjoying the cool shade of the thick forest, I overheard my servant and two wounded rebels engaged in a rather warm and excited narration of their exploits. The two soldiers related how they were wounded during the night raid into the near by village of San Pedro. Pedro Diaz led the attack, at the head of the Trinidad brigade. In the course of their story, they made the rather startling announcement, that just before the attack, the officers gave orders to the effect, that all male “*pacificos*” were to be put to the sword, once the

village was entered. As this was in direct variance to all that I had seen and heard of their humane measures, I called the two men and requested a repetition of their story.

They probably mistook me for one of the Americans known to be fighting with Gomez, and therefore considered me as one of their officers. Their statement was made with a certain show of pride and brag, and did not vary from what I had previously overheard. I told them they certainly must be mistaken, for I did not believe that Diaz had issued any such order, and if they circulated such a story I would have them arrested, and sent to him to be punished for spreading lies injurious to the cause. I candidly believed them lying at the time, and used the threat to see what effect it would have. I was considerably surprised to find that the soldiers did not flinch or appear at all disconcerted; on the contrary, they persisted in asserting that they had spoken the truth, and therefore had nothing to fear. They also said they were willing to accompany me to Diaz's camp to verify their statements.

In view of their attitude and the free manner which characterized their story, I was forced to arrive at the conclusion that at last one Cuban chief had determined to throw off the mask and treat as enemies all those not with the rebels.

From the above instances it would seem that the insurgents have captured very few prisoners on the field of battle, and therefore have little to brag about. Their failure to distinguish themselves in this line is due to two causes—first, that instead of being in a position to accomplish such a feat, by pursuing the enemy and engaging in a pitched battle, the exact reverse condition of affairs are found, for the insurgents are generally the pursued, and will never stop and present a front for more than a few minutes, and then *only* to check the advance of the Spaniards long enough to allow their companions to make a

safe retreat, and in many cases the "impedimenta" is abandoned completely, and owe their escape to Providence, while the fighting men disperse and every one looks out for himself.

This will explain why so many fall into the hands of the Spaniards, and are either sent to prison or killed on the spot.

This last, is also the second reason why the insurgents have failed to announce the capture of prisoners on the field of battle, for, if by any chance they are in a position to do so, it can be safely wagered that they will not take advantage of the opportunity, but will dispatch the victim then and there, so as to make it appear he has fallen during the fight.

This argument has often been advanced as an explanation why the Spaniards never report prisoners taken on the field.

The same rule will work both ways, with the difference, that while the Spaniards occasionally succeed in capturing some of their slippery antagonists and afterward sending them to the towns for trial, I have never heard of but one or two cases where the Cubans have actually captured any Spaniards on the field of battle.

It may be safely stated that nine tenths of the Spaniards reported captured by the insurgents have really surrendered when unable to hold out longer in their besieged fort. Now, in all countries it is an established law that such prisoners shall be respected.

If we examine the question from this standpoint, we find that the Cubans have been claiming an unnecessary amount of credit for their boasted humanity. They claim the praise by alleging that the Spaniards kill all prisoners, while they release them. The failure of the Cubans to report prisoners captured on the field, and the fact that in sixty so-called battles, witnessed by the writer, not one regular Spanish soldier of the line was captured, gives rise

to two logical conclusions—that the Cubans prefer to kill them on the spot, or they have never been in a position to really play the part of captors.

Such being the case, then why such a clamor over the “atrocities and barbarity” of the Spaniards, who have steadily pardoned and liberated all insurgents who have voluntarily surrendered to the proper authorities?

It is also true that many who are captured with arms in their hands are tried and executed on the charges of rebellion and incendiarism, but still, many escape with a term of imprisonment.

Are the Spaniards justified in treating these Cubans as traitors, and applying the full penalty of the law in such cases?

What would the United States government do if placed in a similar condition? For it must be remembered, that the rebels will not face a battle, but hide and roam round the hills and forests to emerge at night, when they are positive that the enemy is not near, to burn and loot the near by town and village, leaving hundreds of families homeless and destitute. How did our soldiers treat the Indians, who carried on the same class of warfare? Our statesmen can well study out and suggest some radical measures to be applied in Cuba, but it would be well to first consider the origin of that saying so current in the West: “That a dead Indian is a good one.” And when they have thoroughly studied the subject, and are satisfied of the causes that gave rise to the saying, then if they can consistently rise up in Congress and deliver a speech condemning Spain, let them do it. How easy it is to see the mote in our neighbor’s eye and overlook the beam in our own.

CHAPTER IV.

REBEL JUSTICE.

Gomez orders the execution of four men for stealing wearing apparel.—The cold-blooded execution of a negro at Jamaica.—Rebel general the executioner.—Another soldier hung for stealing.—Murder of Don Sebastian Ulacio.—Murder of Don Isodoro Alren.—Incident at Jiquiabo.—Apezteguias' reply to Gomez.—Desire to kill Mr. O. B. Stillman, of Boston.

As is already well known, when the rebels first entered the province of Matanzas, and were not actually engaged in showing their heels to the pursuing Spaniards, they devoted their spare time to burning and looting houses, and raising "Old Harry" in general. This was in part authorized by the leaders, and to an impartial observer it seems strange that after these outrages had been going on for over two months, Gomez should suddenly take a notion to stop them by executing some of the offenders.

He no doubt realized that the policy was working great injury to the cause, both in Cuba and the United States.

So at the first opportunity he arrested four poor devils of his command, charging them with the enormous crime of stealing female wearing apparel and money. Mind, that no penalty was attached to stealing men's apparel, for this was the only manner by which the insurgents could procure a change of clothing. The leading officers, with money at their disposal, could send to the towns and procure clothes, while the poor soldier had to do the best he could. When all the men's clothes had been appropriated, there was nothing left but those of the other sex, and as a skirt or dress would easily make two shirts and a crude pair of pantaloons, they were eagerly sought after.

The unfortunate victims were tried, and, as usual, when

Gomez is the accuser, he oversteps all ideas of justice and decency, by openly charging the court to bring in a verdict of guilty.

His subservient subordinates meekly complied with his wishes, and the death-sentence was imposed. This occurred on the estate Luisa, near Guira de Melena, during the month of January, 1896. Gomez now had an excuse to display his unlimited authority, and he determined to make the most of his opportunity.

The execution was widely advertised amongst the "pacificos," so that the news would reach Habana, and incidentally the newspaper correspondents.

Early the following morning the army was assembled in hollow square formation, and the condemned men were led to the place of execution. Now was the chance for Gomez to deliver one of his favorite harangues, and he went at it with a vim. The evils of stealing were loudly condemned, and as these victims were caught transgressing this fundamental law, their blood must atone for the stain cast upon the insurgent banner.

The old hypocrite seemed to forget that from himself, down to the most insignificant soldier in the files, they were all as morally guilty of the crime as the poor fellows singled out to be sacrificed to the savage Dominican's vanity.

The firing squad was told off, and the stain on Cuba's banner was soon purged. The men were buried where they fell, and scores of insurgents have since told me that the affair was an outrage, and no chief but Gomez would have dared to order such an execution.

There is no doubt Gomez honestly endeavored to make an example, to check the disorder and lawlessness prevalent at that time; but it would have been more forcible, had he started in with some of the higher chiefs who openly countenanced such proceedings.

The most tragic and theatrical scene that was my fortune to witness during my experience with the Cubans, was

the cold-blooded execution of a negro at Jamaica, situated on the San José highway, about twelve miles from Habana.

Gomez had accomplished one of his so-called startling marches by encamping for the night at the factory Portugalete. This "audacity" was due to the fact that Weyler had not yet initiated his active campaign, consequently, there was not a Spanish column nearer than Habana. This situation was perfectly understood by Gomez, who took advantage of it to draw near the capital, and give the correspondents another chance to hysterically declare that Habana was in imminent danger from an insurgent attack, and represent his army as knocking at the gates of Habana with the pommel of their machetes. Twelve miles is rather a long distance away to knock on a gate; but such a trifling matter never bothered our pro-Cuban representatives of the press.

While encamped at Portugalete, a young negress made the complaint that a soldier of her own color had made improper advances and had attempted to assault her in her own house. From the description given, the offender was apprehended during the night, and conducted to the dwelling-house where Gomez was quartered. A court-martial was hastily convened, and it was decided to execute him if he proved, on identification, to be the guilty party.

The march was resumed the following morning to the east (or away from Habana), and the column halted at the Jamaica cross-roads to await the coming of the negress, who had been sent for to further identify the accused.

The inhabitants of the little village had all vacated their houses to get a glimpse at the renowned rebel leader. A group of them had pressed close to the column in their eagerness to hear the words of wisdom for which Gomez was so celebrated. Far down the road could be seen the forts of San José. The negress, escorted by two rebels, appeared coming in our direction. The prisoner stoutly protested his innocence, and begged to be liberated. Gomez

paid no attention to his supplications, and the occasion offered another fine chance for a flight of oratory for the benefit of the groups of gaping and awe-struck inhabitants. As the negress drew nearer, the culprit, evidently fearing her testimony, threw himself on his knees, and raising his hands in entreaty, craved forgiveness, and committed himself by saying:

"My general, pardon me this time, and I will never do it again!"

"He confesses!" shouted Gomez, as he stood up in his stirrups and waved his machete toward the column, stretching away in a broken line down the road.

"Have mercy, my general! I didn't wrong the woman!" implored the now terrified soldier, as he groveled in the dust at the feet of Gomez's charger.

"He confesses again!" shouted Gomez; and turning to his men, he asked: "What shall we do with such a reptile?"

"Kill him—kill him!" came back from a dozen hoarse throats.

"Kill him!" came like an echo from Gomez. "Shoot that miscreant, and be quick!" thundered the old chief, as he made a move to draw his revolver.

With his eyes almost bulging from their sockets, and trembling like a palsied person, the doomed negro tried to move back, but his legs failed to support him. His last heart-rending cry for mercy dwindled to a hoarse moan as Gomez again thundered out:

"Kill him!"

I was suddenly startled by seeing my friend, Col. José Roque, whose face was livid and distorted with passion, dig his heavy spurs into his charger, causing the animal to snort and bound forward like a shot out of a catapult; at the same time the rider drew his heavy forty-five caliber, Smith & Wesson, and fired two shots in quick succession into the terror-crazed wretch.

Both bullets took effect in the negro's breast, and he sunk to the ground without uttering a groan. Roque again spurred his horse, causing him to paw the air over the prostrate body, and after emptying the revolver into the unfortunate victim, he allowed his charger to come down with both fore-feet on to the mangled and bleeding mass. The animal kicked and pawed the remains before Roque drew him away.

All this occurred so rapidly that everybody was stupefied with horror for the moment, and a deep silence prevailed. As Roque saluted his general, the old chief once more raised himself in his stirrups, and again waving his machete, shouted:

"Long live Col. Roque, the man without fear!" ("Viva el Colonel Roque, el hombre sin miedo.") From far down the macadamized road came the answering vivas of Gomez's army. The irony and satire in this cheer was probably not noticed by many, but Gomez himself must have been aware of it, for before the last echo had died he once away, more shouted:

"Long live our unstained banner!" ("Viva nuestra bandera sin mancha!")

Cheers for Gomez, the government, the Republic, and everything conceivable now followed in great confusion.

The bugler sounded the call to march, which was repeated by the others at the head and rear of the column.

The scene seemed so cruel and barbarous, that I was completely shocked for a minute, and as Roque returned to my side and expressed himself as being greatly satisfied with his deed, I could not but feel a momentary repulsion, and I told him that I was surprised to see a person who I had always held in the highest esteem as a refined and cultured gentleman, to stoop so low as to take the place of a common executioner. I expressed myself to him very freely at the time, as I thought it would have been far more to the credit of himself and the Cuban cause, if the

man had been led to one side and properly executed by a squad of soldiers detailed for the purpose, instead of being shot down in such a manner by one of the foremost Cuban chiefs.

Roque defended his action by saying that when he thought of his own wife and family, who were still in the country, and the possibility of their being insulted in a similar manner, he could not control his feelings from gaining the upper hold on him. He admitted that he was temporarily blinded by passion; but now that it was over, he didn't care what the people of the United States would think about it, and I could so write if I chose to. Col. José Roque is a graduate of a dental college in Philadelphia, and is considered as one of the most intelligent and able officers in the Cuban army.

Just as Gomez was about to start, two soldiers were ordered to see if the negro were really dead, as the muscles were still twitching. These "learned" doctors came to the conclusion, that although he had been shot through with six ounces of lead, there were still signs of life, and before the rest knew what they were about to do, they placed the muzzles of their rifles to the man's head, and literally blew it to pieces. The brains and clots of blood were spattered over the ground, and the crowd of awed and horrified villagers drew back at the sight of such a butchery.

Gomez now determined to once more resort to his "oratorical powers," and addressing the "pacificos," said:

"Tell Gen. Weyler that the Cubans do not allow violators of women to remain in their ranks to stain our pure and spotless banner by their deeds. When the Spanish columns pass here to-day or to-morrow, show them these blood-stains and the place where you will have buried this rascal, as proof of what Gomez has said to you."

He finished by commanding the "pacificos" to bury the body and report the fact to the Spanish authorities.

The column now moved down the small lane that entered the highway at this point. I waited to see the negress who had made the accusation. On arriving at the corner and seeing the terrible punishment that had been meted out to her assailant, she nearly went into hysterics. I tried to ask her some questions, but could not obtain a rational answer; and at last I was compelled to hurry along to overtake the rear guard, which was disappearing down the lane.

On a subsequent visit to this neighborhood, I learned from the farmers that the negress had afterward said, "That the dead man had not violated her, but had only made certain improper advances, and fearful that he might kill her if she refused, she fled and reported the matter to his superiors.

On another occasion, a few days later, at Rio Bayamo, a young mulatto was led into camp charged with stealing money from a "pacifico's" house. Gomez ordered him to the escort to be held for execution. I will never forget the look on the condemned man's face, and his brother came to me and begged me to intercede with Gomez to spare his life. "You are an American, and the general will listen to you. Tell him my brother is innocent, and that the charge has been trumped up against him by an officer who wishes to hide his own crimes. Oh, *senor*, my brother is innocent, and even if he were guilty, is he alone to be condemned? Are not many of our officers and men equally as guilty as he? For you can see for yourself—look! and see all the gold, silver, and jewelry in the possession of various officers. You know that they didn't have them when they came to the war. They have been taken out of houses in the country. Do talk with Gomez, and see if you can save my poor brother's life."

I was greatly stirred by the man's appeal, and promised to see the old chief in his behalf; but when I arrived at head-quarters, Gomez was taking a nap and could not be

disturbed. I made some remarks to several of his staff on the case, and they said he would probably be liberated. Shortly afterward I left camp with the regiment of Roque, who were going to make a night attack on the town of Guara. Two days afterward, while passing along the same road, we found the body of the condemned mulatto hanging by the road-side, with the placard, reading, "for plaitendo" pinned to his clothes.

I was indignant at this, and told Roque so, and also added that if the law was enforced, many otherwise reputable officers would justly merit the same fate.

I have seen insurgent officers gambling at cards, and the money that passed over the table during a sitting, has frequently passed the five thousand dollar mark. Not one of the men had a cent when they took up arms, and the only way they could procure it, must necessarily be by looting and stealing from the houses in the country.

Most of these executions have been carried out for the effect produced amongst a certain class.

While writing on the subject of atrocities, it would not be out of place to relate the circumstances of various cases that have been brought to my notice.

The information comes from sources that can not be challenged. I intend to select only a few of the most important, and which may be taken as samples of what has occurred.

I will first take the case of Don Sebastian Ulacio, whose death at the hands of Aranguren caused a profound sensation throughout Cuba and Spain.

The following facts have been given me by the principals themselves. Both Aranguren and Aguirre in turn told me the same story, and the insurgent sympathizers can not possibly find any fault with such authority.

It was during the month of February, 1895, that the sugar-planters in the provinces of Habana and Pinar del Rio, were in that unsettled state as to whether they could

grind cane or not. Don Sebastian Ulacio—formerly a very rich planter and manager of the Jesuits' sugar interests in Cuba—had been forced by reverses of fortune to sacrifice one piece of property after another, until at the time of the outbreak only the estates Calderon and Tivo-Tivo remained in his possession. Tivo-Tivo is the first small estate that catches the traveler's eye on the east-bound train from Habana, and is situated near the railroad station of San Miguel. This factory had ceased to make sugar with its own machinery, and the cane was shipped to the larger factory of San Miguel for elaboration.

His other factory, "Calderon," or San Juan de Dios, situated near Jibacoa, in the province of Habana, was also a very small, old-fashioned affair, and barely paid expenses.

The order of Gomez prohibiting the planters from grinding cane was only obeyed by the few who were without sufficient capital to pay for fortifications. Ulacio determined to cut his crop and send it to San Miguel, and actively engaged in making the necessary preparations. His tenants ("colonos") were not of the same opinion, and refused to aid him, fearing insurgent vengeance.

Aranguren informed me that Ulacio then threatened to denounce the "colonos" as insurgent sympathizers if they did not get ready to work by a certain date.

The rebel leaders were at this time in the eastern part of the province, and on being informed of the attitude on his part, Aguirre ordered his subordinate to make an investigation.

On the 20th of February, 1895, Aranguren arrived at Tivo-Tivo, and sent in a messenger to request Ulacio to come out and talk matters over. On receiving the message, Ulacio jumped up excitedly, and picking up his rifle, said:

"Tell him that I will make no compromise with any d——d rebel, and will not permit anybody to dictate to me in my own house, much less a boy like Aranguren!"

In the face of such an answer the young chief ordered eight men to disarm and bind the old Spaniard securely. He made a brief but ineffectual struggle, and was secured by the overwhelming number of his foes. Without any ceremony he was led out, a rope placed around his neck, and finally hung in his own yard.

The tragic ending of this old planter caused a wave of indignation to sweep over the entire island; and it will be well to bear in mind that his only offense was his refusal to acknowledge the ludicrous and self-important decrees of a Cuban leader, who did not dare remain in one place long enough to assert his authority and see that his orders were carried out.

It was only on the persons of unprotected and isolated planters like Ulacio that the insurgents could show their authority, for wealthier ones had forts and garrisons to defend them against such attacks.

This unnecessary murder was applauded by the mass of the insurgents, and when Gen. Gomez was informed of the fact, he is reported to have said, that he was sorry the Cuban laws provided for only one lieutenant general, for he would like to promote Aguirre to this rank for authorizing the execution, and if Maceo should die or be killed, he would be ordered to fill the vacancy.

These words were told me several times by young Carlos Aguirre, who accompanied Gomez at the time, and when I first met him at Galeon, on March 7th, 1896, he laid great stress on this fact, so I might boom his uncle in the "Herald."

There is no necessity of criticism in this case, as all fair-minded persons who read, can judge for themselves of its merits and justice.

Another unfortunate case was that of Don Isodoro Abreu, the aged and inoffensive manager of the large sugar factory Loteria, situated near Jaruco, and owned by Rafael Fernandez de Castro, a prominent autonomist deputy to

the Spanish Cortez. Gen. Aguirre informed the writer that Castro and his manager were implicated in a plot to assassinate him through the medium of an ex-bandit called Machin, who was to join the rebels, gain the good-will of Aguirre, and drop poison in his food.

The plot was so absurd, that the writer is inclined to believe that the story was only an excuse to hide the real cause, which Aguirre unguardedly let drop on another occasion.

Castro had gained the enmity of the Cubans by his refusal to espouse their cause, and also by fortifying his property to prevent its destruction. It seems that Aguirre had repeatedly endeavored to appoint an interview with the deputy, for the purpose of extorting a payment of taxes for the Cuban treasury. His letters were ignored, and when finally the estate was defended by troops, Castro sent word that he would not listen to any more propositions.

Aguirre longed for revenge, and openly stated that if he caught Castro in the country he would hang him; and one night the innocent manager, Don Isodoro, was captured, and, without any ceremony, was hung by the road-side.

Machin was afterward caught and executed in the same manner; but the deputy has not ventured to leave Habana, and so escaped a like fate. The high reputation enjoyed by both Castro and Abreu is sufficient to offset the absurd charge put forward by the Cubans.

Another similar case was that of the factory Jiquiabo, situated a few miles from Loteria, and owned by D. Carlos Pedroso.

Located in the factory-yard was a detachment of twenty civil guards, and the owner relying on their protection, disregarded the circular of Gomez. The old chief was frantic with rage when informed of the fact, and ordered Aguirre to destroy the buildings and put everybody to the sword found working there.

The small garrison surrendered to the overwhelming

forces of the insurgents; but instead of carrying out the orders from Gomez, Aguirre entered into negotiations with the owner for the payment of a sum of money to spare the property. A large amount was agreed upon, and one half was to be paid the following day, and the rest within a specified time. The first half was promptly paid, and, according to Aguirre, when the time expired for the other payment, the owner pleaded for more time.

In the meanwhile, the Spanish columns were frequently using the place as an encampment, which greatly angered the Cubans, who could not pass through the valley without having a skirmish with the enemy.

Maj. Valencia was ordered to watch his opportunity to encamp on the place, and if the money was not forthcoming, to apply the torch. While here, he detected the owner's cook placing a white powder in his food. Nothing was said at the time, and when the meal was served, the cook was ordered to take a seat, and the poisoned food set before him. On being commanded to eat, he turned pale, and commenced to tremble, and after a short cross-examination, finally admitted his guilt, saying, that he had been hired to do it, but refused to implicate the person who had instigated the proposed crime. He took his sentence very coolly, and did not flinch when Valencia ordered him to be killed. Two stalwart negroes of the major's escort led him to an adjacent cane-field, and with a few blows from their heavy machetes his body was soon hacked into pieces.

The factory was then burned. The owner, who was in Habana, was ignorant of the fate of his property, and, it is said, he was making arrangements to pay the balance of the money the following day.

It is hardly probable, under the circumstances, he would risk his valuable possessions to instigate the poisoning of the rebel officer. But Gen. Aguirre claimed that he was at the bottom of it, and threatened to hang him, if he caught him in the country.

Another prominent Cuban planter who would fare harshly, if caught by the rebels, is the Marquis of Apezteguia, the leader of the Conservative party, and a large owner of shares in the magnificent sugar central, Constancia, located near Cienfuegos. The cost of protecting his vast interests has amounted to more than \$30,000 per month.

Gomez was furious at this decided stand, and sent a letter to the marquis, saying that he was coming to hang him to the highest limb of a "guasima" tree. It is reported that he answered Gomez by telling him he was very discourteous, but that he would be very glad to have him come, as all the "guasima" trees had been cut down, and the lofty chimney of his factory had been prepared with a block and tackle to hoist him up with. It is needless to say that Gomez has never succeeded in carrying out his threat, and the only damage done to the property was the burning of outlying, unprotected cane-fields.

Two of the most prominent American land-owners in Cuba, are Mr. O. B. Stillman, and Mr. Atkins, of Boston, owners of the estates Trinidad and Soledad, the former situated in the valley of that name, and the other near Cienfuegos. During my last trip to Gomez, and shortly before returning to Habana, I met a young rebel lieutenant in the hills near Trinidad, who gleefully explained to me how he had placed a dynamite bomb under the furnace of the factory managed by Mr. Stillman.

The explosion, fortunately, did little damage, owing to ignorance displayed in placing the bomb, and the factory was soon again in running order. From the peak of a neighboring mountain we were gazing on the beautiful panorama of the valley below us, and my Cuban friend called my attention to the smoke curling up from the lofty chimney.

"There," said he, "is a place worked by one of your infernal countrymen. He is a very 'shameless fellow,' for I have twice endeavored to blow up his factory, and

each time he goes to work, and in a few days it is again in perfect running order. On my next attempt, I will be sure to catch him and his manager, Mr. Turner, and blow them up with the house, and then we will have no more Americans to contend with, and the place will be abandoned for us to encamp in." He then wanted to know, if I thought that some other American would come down to manage the estate if Mr. Stillman and Mr. Turner were hung?

I told him that as it was a stock company, the others would undoubtedly send new men to fill the vacancies. This had a powerful effect on him, for he cursed and grumbled, and finally concluded that the Yankees were a set of "sin verguenzas" (shameless rascals) to persist in disobeying the laws of the Cuban Republic.

CHAPTER V.

THE STARVATION FAKE.—AN ANSWER TO “THE REAL
CONDITION OF CUBA TO-DAY.”

Fertility of the “Florida War News Co.”—Initiation of the starvation campaign.—Programme of Estrada Palma.—Why property was not destroyed in the East.—Motives for destroying property.—All misery attributed to Weyler.—First stage in the drama of annihilation.—Charity of the authorities.—Gomez’s raid of fire.—His circular prohibiting further destruction.—Second scene in the drama.—Spanish soldiers feed the “pacificos.”—Mr. Bonsal’s error.—What the fakirs can not tell us.—Number of “pacificos” in country.—Order of Maceo to destroy property.—The concentration in Las Villas.—Gen. Gomez warns the author.—Text of Weyler’s decree.—Enforcement of the decree.—Gomez issues counter-order.—Rebels responsible for suffering.

THE comparative inactivity of Gomez during the last two campaigns, and the total absence of any striking military operation on the part of the insurgents in general, temporarily diverted the interest from this feature of the question—at least, until the “old dodger” should once more carry out some of the daring movements he is always bragging about, but never accomplishes.

The great “war news factories” in Florida were at a loss to find some new fields for Gomez to conquer, and as they had already run the gamut of all the principal towns and villages in Cuba, there seemed to be no other way but to attribute glowing descriptions of columns cut to pieces in the mountains and out-of-the-way places, where it was certain that no one could easily corroborate or deny their yarns.

It was at this stage of the game when the author of this

book and the correspondent of the "New York World" (Mr. Scovel) arrived at Gomez's camp, and by their letters, completely disclosed the systematic campaign of lying that had been carried on by the "war correspondents" of Habana and Florida.

It was learned that Gomez had not done any fighting of consequence since parting with Maceo, and that instead of the glorious victories attributed to him, his time had been chiefly occupied in wrangles with the provisional government, revealing a desperate effort on his part to impose his views and authority on the members of the assembly. In these internal dissensions Gomez at last came out victor.

The letters of the author to the "Herald," in which the rottenness of these stories were exposed, coupled with the description of the real condition of affairs, to all appearances, had the beneficial effect of terminating, for a time at least, the wonderful Munchausen-like stories of great Cuban victories and heroic "machete" charges.

The Cubans who carry on the war from the United States immediately set up a great howl, and deluged the "Herald" with letters, asking if their correspondent was not paid by the Spanish government to write such articles. There is no doubt in my mind that many of the Cuban emigrants to this country have been as completely misled by the "fakes" as our own countrymen.

Accustomed as they are to finding the average American correspondent so pliable in their hands, allowing his sympathies to gain the ascendancy over his appreciation for the truth, and when some one more independent than the others writes the plain unvarnished facts, they can not understand it, and immediately charge him with doing it from a double motive, and with them, this always takes the form of trying to blackmail the Junta, or to accept a certain remuneration from the other side; it never occurs to them that a man could speak the truth, for truth's sake.

Seeing their hopes blasted of attributing to Gomez any other great victories while there was a correspondent on the spot to write the truth, the "laborantes" (Cuban and American) looked around for some new sensation to keep the mind of the American public inflamed against Spain.

The topic was soon found, and everybody started in to boom it along. The starvation campaign was now initiated, and so well did it take, "that one newspaper correspondent in Habana received telegraphic orders from his home office to 'work up' American starvation in Cuba."

"Accordingly, the word was passed around, and the correspondents in Habana began to see horrible scenes of suffering in the interior, where all of them took precious good care never to go." *

The fact that a certain amount of misery existed in Cuba was not sufficient to meet the ends of these correspondents, and they proceeded to "investigate" the records, to see how they could plausibly lay the blame on the Spaniards, and once more revel in their favorite theme of Spanish brutality and barbarity.

Whether they did investigate, is open to grave doubts, and the sequel would indicate that they were once more either imposed upon by the "laborantes," or they willfully distorted facts, and ignored the previous history of the war by "raking up" the decree of reconcentration issued by Weyler, and calling on the world to behold the most iniquitous proclamation of modern times.

Not satisfied with this, they began to discover multitudes of American citizens starving to death in this war-worn isle, and even our consuls were dragged into the scheme to make it more effective. The sequel is still fresh in the minds of our public, who will remember that our Congress was so imposed upon by these misrepresentations that they were led to appropriate the sum of \$50,000 to succor and aid the starving "Americans."

* Extract, editorial "Evening Post."

If we recall the notices sent from Habana at the time, we may well be astonished to find that there are a few people still living in Cuba, and they do not show any inclination to "shuffle off this mortal coil" and be carted to the cemetery in the "lechuza;" on the contrary, they are still as sleek and comfortable-looking as "boniatos," Spanish beans, and garlic can make them.

That there is misery in Cuba is beyond question. All who have visited the island during the last twelve months, and have carefully studied the progress of the campaign of both Cubans and Spaniards, have come away convinced that the manner in which the war was being carried on, would, sooner or later, lead to a famine—the inevitable result of so much wanton destruction.

This long-anticipated calamity, precipitated no doubt by Weyler's decree of reconcentration, has at last commenced to be felt, although not to such an extent as many would have us believe, and while its effects may be more keenly felt in the large centers of population in the western provinces, it is because these districts have been in a precarious condition for over a year.

Now, the inside history of the causes of the misery existing in Cuba to-day, can be readily studied by a perusal of the files of the very newspapers which have unjustly refrained from referring to facts, and have laid the blame on Weyler.

While I do not pretend to pose as a defender of Weyler and his methods of carrying on the war, neither can I champion the cause of the insurgents in the part I will attempt to explain, and which will irrefutably fasten upon them the "barbarous crime" charged to their chief antagonist.

Facts have been overlooked in the prevalent desire to censure the Spaniards. The Cubans, who have repeatedly gloried in announcing their determination to destroy the island, have naturally remained quiet, and silently chuck-

led in their sleeve, when they saw the success of their scheme to attribute to Weyler the awful results of the policy initiated by themselves.

Let us take, step by step, the various stages that have led up to this phase of the present situation in Cuba, and the following statements I defy any one to contradict, and adhere to the truth.

To begin with, the Cubans started their campaign by proclaiming that all cattle, horses, and food products were to be confiscated for the benefit of the Republic, and on these grounds everything is supposed to be at their disposition.

All Cubans were expected to place their property and interests at the service of the insurrection, as the rather autocratic programme of their delegate in New York clearly states.

This document is peculiar in its details, as it contains information not generally understood by the majority of Americans. The following is a literal translation of this interesting circular.

“ PROGRAMME.

“ DIRECTED TO THE CUBANS, SPANIARDS, AND FOREIGNERS.

“ BY ESTRADA PALMA, THE SUCCESSOR TO MARTI.

“ ART. 1ST.—All Cubans are obliged and in duty bound to contribute to the independence of the island of Cuba, either with their interests or with their person. All those who take up arms in favor of Spain will lose their property, and he that has no property shall be expelled from the island of Cuba, and those who emigrate through cowardice, and have interests in Cuba, the Cuban government will confiscate the half of their estate, and they will only be allowed to return when the government sees fit.

“ ART. 2D.—Those who contribute to the independence of the island of Cuba, from the time they enlist in the

Cuban army will begin to earn their salary, payable on the triumph; and if they should die, their families would collect the benefit the same as though in active service.

“ART. 3D.—The Spaniards who do not take part against the independence of the island of Cuba will have their persons and property respected; but he who even serves as volunteer, or protects the Spanish government with his interests, will be expelled from the island, and his estates confiscated.

“ART. 4TH.—The Cubans will not be responsible, neither before nor after the triumph, for the property of foreigners that may be destroyed during the war.

“ART. 5TH.—All soldiers of the Spanish government who cross to the files of the Liberators shall enjoy the same rights as our own soldiers.

“New York, August 15th, 1895.

“T. ESTRADA PALMA.”

It will be seen from this that after inaugurating their campaign of destruction they emphatically refuse to be responsible for any property destroyed during the war. This plan was premeditated and carefully planned during the early months of the war, as the date attached to the document clearly proves.

The work of destroying sugar estates and property in general, did not extend to any great proportions while the outbreak was confined to the East. The reasons are clear—for the majority of the inhabitants living in the country were Cubans and negroes who favored the cause, and either took up arms in its favor, or remained in their homes to be of service in the more difficult rôle of go-between or spy. Their property was therefore respected.

As already explained, their countrymen in the West were composed of a different element, and were lukewarm in the question of their country's independence. This feel-

ing on their part is also readily accounted for, and may be explained by going back to the original claim of the Spaniards—that the insurrection was not the outcome of a popular dislike for the government, or a general desire to be free, but was nothing more or less than a movement plotted and carried out by a number of discontents living in the United States, who, when they saw that liberal reforms were likely to be granted to the island by Spain, seized the opportunity to foment the present insurrection. By sending various expeditions commanded by men of prestige amongst the Cubans of the last war, they were able to give it a decided impetus in the East, where were found the few remaining veterans of the last war.

Those in the West, on the contrary, seemed to have little interest in the outcome of the struggle, and only desired to be permitted to take off their crop in peace, and, with their gains, secure their families against want during the hard times sure to follow.

The crop previous had been an exceptionally poor one from a financial standpoint; because, for the first time, the powerful effects of the beet-root competition had made itself forcibly felt, causing the price of crude sugar to fall to four reales per twenty-five pounds (two cents a pound.) Many poor planters and factory owners who had not the machinery or administrative ability to make sugar at this price, were forced to the wall and failed. Those who did struggle through, were considered very fortunate if their expenses had been covered, and all looked forward with bright hopes to the time when they could start the next crop, and perhaps gain something from the slightly advanced price of sugar.

To prevent these people from working, and to force them to join the insurgent standard, the western raid, or “invasion,” as it is pompously called, was accordingly planned and carried into effect.

Spain also drew the bulk of her revenue from the sugar

and tobacco industries centered in these provinces, and the insurgents fondly believed, that once this source of revenue was destroyed, it would be a question of but a few months when the Spaniards would quietly give up the struggle. At least these were the arguments openly put forward by the Cubans, and as they profess to thoroughly understand the Spanish character, it does not reflect much credit on their vaunted knowledge, for we have all seen how the "mercenary" Spaniards have positively refused to evacuate on losing their income. It seems to have produced the opposite effect, and created a strong desire to retain possession of the island as a matter of pride and honor.

Another motive, and probably the most important of all, was to force the intervention of foreign powers by destroying the property of their citizens. The nationality of the planter did not save his crops, as the torch was applied indiscriminately to American, English, French, and German property.

The Cubans labored under the delusion that some of these governments would insist on immediate indemnification from Spain. The Spanish treasury was known to be in a rather depleted condition, and therefore it would be impossible to meet these demands, and the rebels confidently expected that it would result in some controversy or conflict that would redound to their benefit.

When Gomez entered the sugar-cane district, or that part of the island situated between Sancti Spiritus on the east and Artimisa on the west, he ordered all cane to be destroyed.

The plan at that time, as explained by Gomez, was to burn only the cane-fields, hoping that by removing the prime material, it would accomplish the end he was striving for, and preventing the successful outcome of the crop, deprive the government and planters from any pecuniary advantage that might accrue to them, and at the same time destroy all hopes of the poor farmer gaining a live-

lihood, and thus add recruits to his army. We have all seen how this policy was successfully carried out.

Thousands of acres of the finest sugar-cane were thus completely ruined.

This burning of the crops blasted all the hopes of the poor peasant or planter to again regain his former prosperous condition.

Thousands, unwilling to join the rebels, and finding themselves without any prospects, and with little or no money, moved their families into the towns, in the vain hope of finding employment.

It will now be necessary to refer to a recent work purporting to explain the causes of the present situation. "The Real Condition of Cuba To-day," from the pen of Mr. Stephen Bonsal, is a striking example of the style of current literature on the Cuban question; and while I entertain the highest respect for the author in person, I can not but feel that it is my duty to correct certain misleading ideas which a perusal of the book in question is sure to create.

Mr. Bonsal has graphically described what he saw while on the island. With that part I have nothing to say. The idea is given us that the "pacificos" are herded together like sheep in low-lying, swampy outposts, far away from the reach of charity, and where they can not obtain employment.

That they are in a pitiful condition can not be denied; but the writer has made the mistake of attributing all this misery to the reconcentration decree of Weyler, without referring to the previous causes that led to the present situation. As his statements have been considered as valuable evidence for our Senators to base their actions upon, I feel justified in calling attention to the following facts, which can be borne out by the writings of any newspaper correspondent who has gone into the country to see for himself, or to simply go over the files of our newspapers.

In the question concerning the destruction of villages and towns, I would also like to refer to another work by one of our foremost journalists. The "Story of Cuba," by Mr. Murat Halstead, contains, among other inaccuracies, a list of towns and villages destroyed, and they are all charged to the Spaniards. It seems hardly probable that an experienced newspaper man like the author would allow himself to be so imposed upon, for I can positively state that all these towns were burned by the other side, and as still another proof, I may add that I personally witnessed the insurgent night attacks on several of these towns, and overheard the orders of Maceo to his soldiers.

Let us now return to the subject, and turn back to the months of December, 1895, and January, 1896. As we have seen, the insurgents were then at the zenith of their power, and the work of destruction was going merrily on. Homes and fields, factories and stores, all disappeared before the devouring torch. The families who had seen their homes, with all their clothes and belongings, destroyed by the rebels, what became of them? As this was the first stage in the drama, it is highly important that this question should be answered correctly. Did they remain in the country and seek refuge in the hills or forests, or did they flock to the towns held by the Spanish soldiers? The correspondents who were in Habana at the time, wrote to their papers, and described the pitiful condition of the thousands who flocked, terror-stricken, into the cities by every train, and called attention to the throngs who swarmed along the highways, fleeing from their burning homes. They told us the story that moved us to compassion, of how young girls, women, and aged grandmothers came into the towns with hardly any clothes with which to cover their nakedness, and the writer adds that there were many who had to remain on the outskirts until some friend sent them sufficient wearing apparel to permit them to enter.

Surely our Congressmen and people have not forgotten these circumstances.

The plan of the insurgents was well laid, as many of the unfortunate peasants, after depositing their families in the towns, and unable to secure work to keep the wolf from the door, bid adieu to their families and joined the rebels, where they at least were sure of food for themselves, and the possibility of looting some town or store, the proceeds of which they could send to their neglected ones, starving or living by charity in the towns.

So was caused the first rush of the country people into the cities. How did these people live, and how did they obtain food? If it was in any other country, we might think that the women obtained some remunerative employment, but in the Latin countries their sphere is very contracted. The majority can not aspire to anything higher than seamstress or washerwoman.

They were all destitute, and needed the assistance of charity.

Mr. Bonsal says, in speaking of the towns of concentration, that they were situated at "strategic points, and not towns, where possibly work might have been obtained or charity active in assisting them." From this we infer that charity was a virtue unknown to this present generation of Spaniards.

Let us see how much charity was employed in succoring these unfortunate victims of insurgent barbarity.

When the thousands were pouring into the towns, how did they live? If we again turn back to the writings of reputable correspondents, we will find that in each town a "Junta de Socorros" was formed—generally under the presidency of the mayor—and each day huge caldrons of beef and vegetables were cooked and distributed to the famished people.

There was no distinction shown in this estimable charity. It was a current saying at the time that many Cubans de-

serted their families and expected their enemies to care for them. The writer insists that such was the case, for he traveled through the country towns at the time, and invariably found the authorities dealing out rations to all persons, irrespective of political creed. It sufficed that they were known to be without resources.

But is this not a very remarkable proceeding on their part? For we are given to understand by other writers that the Spaniards' only desire is to exterminate the race, and here we actually find them giving nourishment to the very people whose existence so greatly disturbs them.

But this is not all. The other part is still more surprising, and I hope that my pro-Cuban confrères will not feel hurt when I call their attention to the files of the New York papers of January 13th, '96.

We find here the announcement that Capt.-Gen. Campos has called on all people to subscribe to a fund for the relief of the sufferers, and, wonder of wonders! he heads the list with \$2,000, and is followed by Lieut.-Gen. Arderius with \$1,000, and the Spanish Bank with \$6,000. But he does not stop here, for he further requests the officers and soldiers of the army to contribute one day's pay toward the fund, and, will wonders never cease?—the “barbarous, blood-thirsty murderers” actually complied with his request. Think of it! Hispanophobes, the “dirty, low, ignorant” Spanish soldiers showed themselves to be better Christians than the multitude of native Cubans here in the United States, who, from the secure precincts of our country, were sending out expeditions, in violation of all law, to help destroy the homes of their less fortunate countrymen, and their much-abused enemies were generously contributing to succor the victims!

I say less fortunate, because these poor farmers had not the few dollars necessary to pay their passage to Key West, and so escape the horrors of the war. How many Cubans have left their country on the outbreak of the war to

escape fighting for its cause, and how many once here have gone back in the various expeditions? It is all very nice to lay around Florida and New York inventing great victories in favor of their cause, but it is an entirely different thing to go and face the bullets.

Of course, the fact that the Spanish army had generously aided the suffering Cubans, was not commented on by our pro-Cuban press. The Spanish government furthermore showed their interest in the situation of the unfortunate families, by allowing them to make the uniforms for the army. These were formerly made in Spain, and gave employment to many women whose sons, husbands, or fathers were fighting for their country's integrity in far-off Cuba.

How many governments would take work away from their own worthy people and bestow it on the families of their enemies to keep them from starving? Does this conduct tend to convince us, as Mr. Bonsal would have us believe, that the Spaniards' desire is to exterminate their Cuban-born subjects? In the face of such conduct, is it just to overlook the crimes of the rebels, and censure only those that are imputed to the Spaniards? Under the auspices of the government, other work, at sewing, etc., was found for thousands of needy females, and, as far as possible, this system is still carried on in various towns. These plain facts ought to counteract any charge of uncharitableness against the Spaniards.

Let us again return to Gomez, who was now (Jan. 1896) roaming around the province of Habana, destroying the fields and country houses. The Spaniards were not pressing him as actively as before, owing to the political crisis in Habana. Thanks to their superior cavalry, they managed to frustrate all the plans of their enemies to force them to fight. When closely pursued, the torch would be applied to the cane-fields as they passed through, and the Spanish columns would be forced to make a wide détour

to again overtake their elusive antagonists. For two months this campaign of fire was carried on without interruption. It is folly to believe that any army, however well organized, could have prevented this destruction.

The planters were filled with consternation at the rapid spread of the movement, and the devastating policy so persistently pursued by the rebel leaders. A meeting was called in Habana to devise a way to financially aid those who had lost their cane. Business was at a standstill, traffic was blocked, and a feeling of insecurity pervaded the community from the awful effects of the reign of terror.

The success of their movement had far surpassed the wildest dreams of the rebel leaders. Flushed with success in eluding the pursuit of the Spanish columns, and swelled with importance over his few farcical and bloodless victories, Gomez imagined that his triumph was near at hand. He mistook the consternation and alarm of the people, with the incidental paralyzation of business, as a direct acknowledgment of his supremacy. He believed that the planters would now implicitly obey his different proclamations and decrees, issued at every stage of the game. Accordingly, he graciously condescended to prohibit the further destruction of cane-fields, if the planters would obey his orders. On the 12th of January, 1896, at the sugar factory Mi Rosa, situated in the southern part of Habana province, he issued the following:

“CIRCULAR.

“REPUBLIC OF CUBA. LIBERATING ARMY.

“INASMUCH as the work of grinding sugar is now suspended in the western provinces, and consequently the burning of cane-fields is no longer necessary, I hereby order as follows:

“ART. 1ST.—‘The burning of cane-fields is positively and absolutely prohibited.

M. J. O.

“ART. 2D.—Any person, whatever his rank or position in the army, who disobeys this order, shall be treated with the utmost severity of military discipline and of the moral order of the revolution.

“ART. 3D.—The boiling-houses and machinery of sugar estates shall be destroyed in the event of their owners or managers attempting to resume work, notwithstanding this order for their protection.

“ART. 4TH.—The persons and agricultural property of all peaceable inhabitants of the island of Cuba, whatever their nationality, shall be respected.

“Head-quarters in the field, Jan. 12, 1896.

“The General-in-Chief,

“M. GOMEZ.”

It would seem from this order that the insurgents refrained from any further burning of cane. For awhile Gomez himself adhered to his own order; but the same can not be said of his subordinates, who never lost an opportunity to burn some outlying place, just to let the people in the towns think they were accomplishing some great movement, and to set the “laborantes” spreading their wonderful tales of how “los muchachos” captured the garrison of some sugar estate, and then set the place on fire.

I think that I am justified in saying, and the statement can be borne out by others, that, notwithstanding this circular of Gomez’s, not a day passed when the smoke of some burning field could not be seen from Habana. From actual experience the author can state that fields were fired on the flimsiest excuses, and very often from sheer wantonness or deviltry.

Gomez overlooked the fact that men with huge capital at stake, would resort to any extreme measure in order to protect their interests. All planters with sufficient ready cash to pay for fortifications and the maintenance of a body

of troops, silently laughed at his proclamations, and went ahead with their customary arrangements to work, and have made sugar despite all his anathemas, decrees, circulars, and armed efforts to the contrary.

Some planters did not have the foresight to call on the government for troops, but went ahead with their preparations, completely ignoring Gomez's ultimatum.

The second act in the drama now appears, and those who have been misled by other stories should follow closely, as the following facts have never been presented in other works where the Spaniards are represented as being responsible for all the misery.

Enraged at the open disobedience of their orders, the insurgents now commenced the second step in their policy of annihilation. Sugar factory after sugar factory was burned; the outlying farm-houses of the "colonos" and the homes of all persons obnoxious to the cause met a like fate. Families driven to town by the persecution of the rebels were warned not to return to the country. The farmers were prohibited from carrying their products to the markets.

The object was a double one, and reveals to us the same identical spirit of "barbarity" attributed later on to the Spaniards.

The insurgents hoped by refusing to allow food to enter the cities, the government would be forced to expend large amounts to feed the needy people. This was only another of the many methods devised by them to hasten the hour of Spain's bankruptcy.

Now again comes another pertinent question.

How, then, did these people manage to exist at all? They did not dare to venture into the country in their search for food, for fear of the vengeance of the insurgents. How were the Spanish authorities able to continue the work of feeding the unfortunates?

Our rabid "Hispanophobes" will again be surprised to

learn that the "barbarous" Spanish soldiers spent a large part of their time roping-in cattle and driving them to corrals located near the towns, for the benefit of the peaceable inhabitants. Suppose they did capture some cattle whose owners were still living in the country, and refused to pay for them except in notes payable some time in the future? The insurgents call this a high-handed outrage. But the Spaniards have at least given some show of legality to their actions, even if they should refuse to recognize their notes later on. As their government is the one acknowledged by foreign nations, who has a better right to levy a forced contribution? If, when the Spaniards take the cattle to feed the families of their enemies, and are called thieves and other harsh names for doing so, by what name shall the insurgents be designated when they commit the same actions? If the Spaniards are despotic in this question, what can be said of the actions of the rebels, who have publicly announced that all cattle shall be considered as the property of the "Republic?" And even then they are not as decent about it as their enemies, for they give nothing in return.

When the insurgents hang a poor farmer for driving his own cattle to town to realize a few dollars to cover the nakedness of his family, according to many, they should be placed on a pedestal and worshiped; but let a Spaniard so much as confiscate the cattle that are running wild around the country, and authorize the starving "pacificos" to lasso them and lead them to town for the public benefit, the insurgents are again horrified, and their general-in-chief writes to our President, informing him how the "demoralized" Spaniards are teaching the people to steal.

When they have announced that they will not be held responsible for property destroyed during the war, is it logical to suppose that they will indemnify every poor farmer whose oxen have disappeared down their voracious throats?

We have seen that the towns were already overcrowded with unfortunate refugees from the outlying districts. Public and private charity were active in supplying their wants, despite the assertions of other writers to the contrary. Owing to the reign of anarchy, business and trade were at a stand-still, and no work could be secured for the sufferers. Charity could not always stand such a drain.

Seeing that their little game of bankrupting Spain did not have any immediate results, the rebels now initiated the third and most appalling stage of their terrible campaign against the suffering non-combatants.

To accomplish their end, all small towns were entered, the torch applied, and once more we were forced to witness the pitiful spectacle of thousands left destitute and homeless in one short hour. There was no possible excuse, from a military standpoint, by which the rebels could defend this policy, except the general desire to destroy and lay waste the island. These small towns were not even garrisoned, so they can not justify their actions by claiming that they were strongholds of the enemy. The only advantage to be gained was in taking away a possible encampment that might be utilized by them. But the Cubans did not seem to understand that they were as free to use the villages for the same purposes, providing the Spaniards did not come and drive them out.

Mr. Bonsal speaks of but eight towns of concentration in the province of Pinar del Rio, and goes on to explain that these were selected because they were strategic points. If he had given the subject a little more study, he might also have added, and at the same time given it a touch of impartiality, that these eight towns were the only ones that could have been selected, for all the others had been destroyed by the Cubans. The "New York Herald," of October 15th, 1896, published an article and map forwarded by the author from the field. This was some time before Weyler issued his "bando." A glance at it will

clearly prove that the misery existing there to-day can not be justly imputed to Weyler's order; for we find, out of a total of about sixty towns and villages, only eight have escaped from any effects of the insurgent torch. About twenty have been only partially burned, while forty, or two thirds of all the towns and villages in the province, have entirely disappeared.

No warning was given the unsuspecting inhabitants to vacate their homes and carry their valuables or clothing with them; but, like lightning out of a clear sky, the rebels would swoop down—generally under cover of darkness—and burn, loot, and destroy the peaceful little town. The inhabitants were then sternly ordered to seek shelter in some fortified center, where their pitiful condition would cause another drain on the Spanish treasury.

When speaking of the overcrowded condition of the cities, did any of our starvation "fakirs" refer to this incident to explain the situation when they industriously endeavored to influence our Congress to intervene in the question on the strength of their distorted assertions? Is it right and just that I, as an American, should stand by without uttering a word of protest, while other unscrupulous citizens are trying to place our country in a false position? For I claim the right to be heard in this question, by having exposed my life a hundred times, to be able to write the truth, and therefore my statements should have more weight than others who have remained in Habana enjoying themselves, and, at their best, have only made a trip over the regular lines of travel, to return to the United States later on and pose as authorities on the Cuban question. What have these men seen? What can they tell us? Suppose they essay to enlighten us on the subject of atrocities. I am confident that not one American correspondent, outside of Mr. Scovel and myself, can truthfully state that he has actually seen a dead "pacifico" in the country, and therefore all the atrocity rot is but a

cock-and-bull story learned by rote from the "laborantes." Suppose they tell us about the starvation in the country. They have already worked our Congress up to a high pitch by the exaggerated yarns of thousands of Americans starving to death, and we have all witnessed the outcome of their lies; for, hunt as they may, our consuls in Cuba have been unable to expend more than \$7,000 in relieving distressed Americans.

In connection with this great bid for intervention, I will refer to an editorial that appeared in the "Evening Journal" of August 18th, 1897:

"Gen. Lee's report of the distribution of part of the money appropriated by Congress to relieve distressed Americans in Cuba substantiates all that the 'Evening Journal' said at the time the money was voted. By the utmost diligence, Consul-General Lee has only been able to spend \$10,000 of the amount, and it is reasonable to believe that he has raked Cuba with a fine-toothed comb."

These correspondents will not inform us, that when all the small, undefended towns were destroyed by the insurgents, and while thousands of helpless families were huddled in the fortified centers, how the fire-bugs, not satisfied with the misery already caused, initiated another campaign against these towns.

They will not inform us how the insurgents give such places a wide berth during the day-time, and, when the peaceful, unsuspecting families are soundly sleeping, about midnight, the rebels will steal between the forts, like our creeping Indians, and once more strike terror into the hearts of the people by their unearthly yells and indiscriminate shooting, how they break into the stores to get the petroleum, how the cans are hastily distributed, and how the midnight marauders delight in their diabolical work of burning. These Hispanophobe writers will not tell us that, for some time past, the authorities have ordered all the oil

to be stored in one of the forts, and is only served out when they are positive that the purchaser is absolutely in need of it.

They will not tell us (probably because none of them have ever witnessed such a scene) how the insurgents, once inside the forts of a town, burn, plunder, and destroy, and have absolutely no commiseration for the pitiful condition of the pleading women and children. Neither can they tell us how these same unfortunate victims, roused from their sleep by the terrible sound of musketry and by the stifling smoke from their burning houses, have barely escaped cremation. Can they tell us how these poor women have been forced to gather up their children and fly naked through the blazing streets, many of them wounded by the cross-fire between the forts and the demons who run hither and thither armed with fire-brands? Can they tell us how these poor creatures have vainly appealed, with heart-rending agony, to the inflexible insurgents to be allowed to save at least some wearing apparel, and how, after the town is once ablaze, many of them drop in the middle of the street, overcome by the heat of the fiery furnace? Can they tell us how the insurgents, on burning a town, instead of trying to capture the forts, devote all their time to looting and stealing whatever valuables they may find, and how this same looting is not confined to the stores, but the houses of the unfortunate families who are living on charity are entered, and clothes and every article of value taken?

No. These starvation "fakirs" can not enlighten our people on these matters, for the simple reason they know nothing about them except what is told them by the lying "laborantes" in Habana.

But the author, who has witnessed several such scenes while with the insurgent chief Maceo, can testify to their truth, for he has entered three towns while the insurgents were at their diabolical work. Unarmed, and at the immi-

nent risk of being shot from the forts, I have left Maceo and his staff, and run the gantlet of the forts for the express purpose of ascertaining the truth.

I think if some of our reputable correspondents could have witnessed, as I have, the midnight attacks on Jaruco, Batabano, La Palma, San Andres, Consolacion del Sur, and other places, they would not have charged the Spaniards as being the only barbarous and cruel people in existence.

Mr. Bonsal says: "It is upon the aged mothers and fathers, the helpless wives and sisters, and the innocent children of those who are fighting for their liberty, that Gen. Weyler is waging his most successful warfare."

On whom was the war waged during these night attacks on towns?

According to the idea prevalent in this country, the answer would be, "Against the Spanish forts." But I say—and my statement is backed up by experience—that once the rebels enter a town, they give no attention to the enemy's forts. If they did, we would probably have heard of various towns captured outright, for the insurgents can fight, and would fight, if more discipline was enforced. While we hear of towns being raided and burned, we have never heard of but one that surrendered. Such being the case, what kept the insurgents there all night if they were not occupied in looting?

Again, I have heard people decry the valor of the Spanish soldiers because they did not leave the forts and chase the marauders out. Under similar circumstances, I think our own soldiers would act in the same manner; for, owing to the darkness, it is difficult to estimate the number of the foes, and as it is well known that the insurgents execute such operations in force, it would indeed be foolish for the handful of Spanish soldiers to leave the protection of their forts and run the risk of being cut to pieces by overwhelming numbers. By remaining inside their works

they are safe until morning, when the midnight "fire-bugs" depart, and disappear once more in the hills and forests. There is little danger of being captured, for the history of the war does not record an instance where a place has been taken by assault.

We have seen that all the small towns and portions of the larger ones had been destroyed by the rebels. The pertinent question again arises of how and where were these people housed and fed? Did they return to the country, or did they still remain in the towns? This is another important point, for Mr. Bonsal informs us that over 400,000 people were suffering from the effects of Weyler's order. I call attention to this statement, for if such was the case, then the majority of the townspeople must have moved into the country, where they subsequently died and were buried, and again resurrected by the promulgation of Weyler's decree of reconcentration. As this is quite improbable, then perhaps they were hibernating in some out-of-the-way corner of the mountains. As the author has penetrated into the innermost recesses of these hills and mountains in company with the insurgents during their desperate efforts to locate (?) the Spaniards, and has never seen any trace of these "pacificos," it is only logical for me to come to the conclusion that Mr. Bonsal has made the mistake of summing up all the "pacificos" that had been burned out previously by the insurgents, and has taken advantage of Weyler's decree, to fasten upon him the responsibility of all the suffering. Now I wish to state in all seriousness, and I believe that Mr. Scovel will coincide with me, that in the province of Pinar del Rio, at the time Weyler issued his order, there could not have been more than 2,000 "pacificos" living in the country, who could have been affected by its enforcement. I have traveled for days through this province, and many a weary league has been covered before arriving at an inhabited house where a square meal could be procured. The fam-

ilies residing in the hills could not have exceeded fifty, and their ranches were miles apart. The larger portion lived near the towns, where they went regularly to buy supplies. I also journeyed through the province of Habana, where the proportion of the inhabitants still remaining in the country was larger than in other provinces. Even here their number was relatively small, and all were in a state bordering on destitution; for, although they seemed to eke out a fair living, despite the drains and exactions of the rebels, they were forced to make trips to the towns for salt, clothing, coffee, soap, and other indispensable articles, which invariably found their way into the insurgent maw later on. The townspeople were already suffering from the lack of food, and noticeably so in the identical centers of concentration afterward discovered by Mr. Bonsal.

How was this scarcity of food brought about? This is another question that should be answered correctly, and only those who have had experience in the field can undertake it. As is already well known, the insurgents subsist entirely on the products of the peaceable farmers; and in many cases the operating columns of Spaniards have to follow suit, especially so when they are out in the field for any length of time. Although the Spanish forces always carry a certain amount of dry provisions, it is not to be expected that they are going to deny themselves a little legitimate foraging in the shape of cattle, pigs, or sweet potatoes—more so, when they are confident that if they should respect this class of property, the insurgents would only come after them and would not be so considerate. I have often heard insurgents, on stealing the last pig of a poor “*pacífico*,” justify their conduct by telling the farmer that he was a bad Cuban, and ought to be hung for trying to preserve the animal for the Spanish soldiers to take away when they came along. The peasants and insurgents are notoriously improvident and wasteful. They have been living off their crops since the commence-

ment of the war without making any determined effort to supply the deficiency. Except in a few places located in the hills, the rebels have made no attempt to systematize their commissary department; and even then the civil officials intrusted with the supervision of this work, entirely ignore the wants of the fighting element, for as long as they have sufficient food for themselves, little thought is given to the others. In my idea, the "pacificos" are infinitely better off leading their precarious existence in the towns than they would be in the country, where they are the prey of the rebels, who force them to work and plant vegetables, and when the crop is ripe, instead of the poor farmer deriving any benefit from his labor, the insurgents, or "majas," swoop down on him and do not leave until the last potato is consumed, and then the ignorant dupe is told to plant some more, as in that manner he can contribute to the cause of "Cuba Libre" without fighting. Nine tenths of all the people living in the western provinces previous to Weyler's order, were in some way connected with the insurgent civil government, holding positions as "prefectos," "sub-prefectos," "inspectores de tal y cual cosa," or one of the many offices created under their elaborate system.

All cattle was claimed by the "Republic," and woe betide the unfortunate individual caught killing an animal for his own consumption, although said animal may have been his personal property. The beeves were slaughtered by a regular butcher appointed by the "prefecto," and portions were distributed to only those who recognized the rebel authority and served it in some capacity.

As a further proof of the insane desire of the rebels to lay waste the island, I may cite the order Maceo issued to his subordinates. The following is the translation of the one sent to José M. Aguirre, the chief of the Habana district. Aguirre personally gave me a copy of it while I was in his camp:

[*Translation.*]

“REPUBLIC OF CUBA. INVADING ARMY.

“HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE SECOND IN COMMAND.

“Allow me to impress on you the necessity of employing all means to destroy the railroads in your district, and to blow up trains and bridges with dynamite.

“It is also convenient to destroy all edifices that may offer refuge or shelter to the Spanish troops, and at the same time render useless all corn and tobacco found deposited in your territory.

“El Roble, June 9th, 1896.

“A. MACEO.”

Here is a cold-blooded authorization to blow up trains with their freight of innocent humanity, and also free license to burn every house in the country, for the order can be twisted by an unscrupulous official, and made to justify his actions when destroying the property of some personal enemy.

The situation when Weyler began his first active campaign in Pinar del Rio against Maceo was simply this: The insurgents under arms numbered about 6,000. They were well supplied with ammunition, and had sufficient food in the hills to last them a long time.

Scattered throughout the country were some 2,000 “*pacificos*,” who were insurgents at heart, or they would not have been there. They made their trips into the towns, smuggled out provisions and other articles for the use of the rebels, and also acted as spies. Every move of the Spaniards was immediately communicated to the rebels. On the other hand, if the Spanish soldiers requested information as to the whereabouts of the enemy, they invariably professed the most profound ignorance, or, what is still worse, sent them off on a wild-goose chase. The insurgents would not present a front, nor would they venture from the secure shelter of the hills or swamps.

Let us drop sentiment and sympathy for awhile, and try to see what any other general would have done if placed in Weyler's position.

His first step to insure the success of his movements would be to eliminate all possible spies from the country. As all who remained outside the towns were long since recognized as such, they were ordered to concentrate in the fortified centers within a specified time, or be considered as enemies, and dealt with as such. At the expiration of the time, many who still remained in the country in open defiance of the edict, were captured and sent as prisoners to the towns. Notwithstanding all reports to the effect that they were butchered, I feel confident in denouncing them as vaporings of correspondents who have repeated the yarns of the Cuban descendants of the celebrated Baron Munchausen. As a foundation for my assertion, I will have to digress a little from the subject on hand, and relate an incident connected with my last trip to the camp of Gen. Gomez during the month of March. The camp was located at the grazing farm of Los Hoyos, in the eastern part of the province of Santa Clara. The word "camp" must not be taken in the sense generally understood in this country. Resting-place would be more appropriate. While I was present in the province, the reconcentration decree was put in force, and I had ample opportunity of studying the situation at close quarters. The majority of the inhabitants, on being informed of the order, quietly obeyed, and those who disregarded it were rather roughly hustled into the towns on the passing of a Spanish column. Notwithstanding their exertions, it was almost an impossibility to round-up all these country men. Quite a few families took refuge in the depths of the thickest forests, building for themselves a rude hut of palm branches, and leading a life exposed to many hardships and privations. For three months I made constant trips through that section of the country between

Trinidad and the Trocha of Jucaro-Moron, and came to be personally acquainted with the majority of the families living on the route. When the decree went into operation, I was near Trinidad, and on my return to Gomez's camp, I found all the houses of my former friends deserted. The local rebel "prefectos" led me into the woods, and there I found various families. On questioning them, they stated that they preferred to remain in the field, to be nearer some relative who was with the insurgents. I closely cross-examined them as to the conduct of the Spanish troops while enforcing the order of reconcentration.

In all that district, I could not find one single case where the insurgents charged the Spaniards with cruelty or with killing the "pacificos." I heard of where they had surprised an encampment up in the Trinidad hills, and captured eleven sick insurgents, who, according to my informants, were subsequently killed. I also shortly afterward viewed the body of a dead rebel found in the highway near Arriero, which was shockingly mutilated. This episode was the basis for my charge of barbarity against the Spaniards.

During my next trip, I continued my investigations on this line; but, despite all my efforts, I could not hear of an authentic case where they had killed the peaceable people. When I again returned to Gomez's camp, I had occasion to converse with two of the leading officers of his staff, and the topic turned on the reported slaughter of "pacificos" in Pinar del Rio. Among other things that I said was: "Gen. Weyler must be given credit for not killing the 'pacificos' in the district of Sancti Spiritus. No matter what his reputation may have been in other places, I am certain that in this section, the atrocities attributed to him have not occurred, for I have traveled through every corner of it, and have not heard of a case." My insurgent friends (Col. Fermin Valdez Dominguez and Dr. Abreu) probably repeated my words to Gomez, for during a heated tirade



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL VALERIANO WEYLER.

against Americans in general, and myself in particular, he suprised me by asking: "What do you mean by saying that Weyler has not caused any 'pacificos' to be murdered in this district? What do you mean by trying to paint that monster as an angel, when you know it to be different? I will have you to understand that the district around Sancti Spiritus is reeking with the blood of his victims. Young man, you have got considerable nerve to come into my camp and attempt to contradict the reports of my subordinates, who have written to me about these atrocities."

I told Gen. Gomez I didn't care a rap for the reports of his subordinates, and if they stated so, they had willfully lied, either to him or to me; for my assertion was based on a thorough study of the question, and the very officers who had made these reports to him had previously stated to me that they were ignorant of any such outrages. I have called attention to this, as I believe that if this condition of affairs existed in Sancti Spiritus, it is only logical to presume that it was the same in other parts; for if the Spanish soldiers committed themselves to these bloody excesses in Pinar del Rio, it is only natural that they would continue to do so in Santa Clara, more especially as the same columns carried out both campaigns.

It may not be out of place to again dispel another erroneous idea, gathered from the work of Mr. Stephen Bonsal.

The celebrated decree that has caused all the trouble is here reproduced from this author's book, with some other conclusions of his own that follow it.

"I, Don Valeriano Weyler y Nicolau, Marquis of Tenerife, Governor-General, Captain-General of this island, and Commander-in-chief of the Army, etc., etc., hereby order and command:

"1. That all the inhabitants of the country districts, or those who reside outside the lines of fortifications of the

towns, shall, within a delay of eight days, enter the towns which are occupied by the troops. Any individual found outside the lines in the country at the expiration of this period, shall be considered a rebel, and shall be dealt with as such.

“ 2. The transport of food from the towns, and the carrying of food from one place to another, by sea or by land, without the permission of the military authorities of the place of departure, is positively forbidden. Those who infringe upon this order will be tried and punished as aiders and abettors of the rebellion.

“ 3. The owners of cattle must drive their herds to the towns, or to the immediate vicinity of the towns, for which purpose proper escort will be given them.

“ 4. When the period of eight days—which shall be reckoned in each district from the day of the publication of this proclamation in the country town of the district—shall have expired, all insurgents who may present themselves will be placed under my orders, for the purpose of designating a place in which they must reside. The furnishing of news concerning the enemy which can be availed of with advantage, will serve as a recommendation to them; also, when the presentation is made with fire-arms in their possession, and when—and more especially when—the insurgents present themselves in numbers.

“ Habana, October 21, 1896.

“ VALERIANO WEYLER.”

“ With the exception of the foregoing document, which I was able to copy from the archives of the general staff in Habana, these ‘ bandos ’ have not been publicly published and promulgated as is required by law. It is only charitable to suppose that even Weyler and the palace authorities have some sense of shame, and had no desire to attach their names to a document which was, as they knew it would be, the death-sentence of thousands and thousands of innocent people, particularly of women and children.

“ In Havana, Matanzas, and in Santa Clara, the ‘ bando ’

was sent to the governors of the various military districts, its contents made known to the leaders of guerrillas and columns in the fields, who were intrusted with the task of informing the country people that they must leave their homesteads and all their belongings, and remove to the appointed stations of concentration. They were not allowed to bring with them any property but what they could carry on their backs, and before starting for the stations—where they were destined to die from starvation and epidemic disease—they saw their homes go up in flames, their crops burned down, and their cattle and oxen confiscated. In some places the peasants very naturally resisted such an inhuman order, especially as it was not delivered in due legal form, and in many instances they were shot down.

“Inhuman as has been the treatment of these non-combatants at the hand of the local guerrillas—who are, as is well known, composed exclusively of convicts and jail-birds from the Spanish penal settlements, liberated for the purpose of doing the butcher’s work in the war—together with the local scamps, who were enlisted for their local knowledge of the country and the people, there are instances where the fear of them has caused even greater atrocities than their acts.”

In making the above assertions, Mr. Bonsal seems to have entirely ignored or willfully neglected to take into consideration the following facts. He says that the order was not publicly published. How, then, does he explain that the day following its creation the full text was published in the leading papers of this country? As he did not arrive in Cuba until three months after its promulgation, he may be excused for not seeing its publication in the different papers of the island. Now, in speaking about its enforcement in the province of Santa Clara, I wish to state that he is quite in error. The papers there all reproduced the “bando;” and as for the assertion, that the “pacificos” were in ignorance of it until they were savagely notified by the “unspeakable guerrillero,” it is simply ridiculous, and denotes a great lack of knowledge as to how news travels in the interior of Cuba. The day

following the first notice of its enforcement in Santa Clara, every "pacífico" in the country knew of the details, and they were already scheming out the most feasible way to circumvent the order. Many did not wait to be officially notified, but packed up and made tracks for the nearest town. Those who are thoroughly acquainted with insurgent tactics are well aware that one of their favorite schemes on the issue of some order by the Spaniards is to offset it with another—one whose text is in direct opposition. So it happened in this particular case, for Gomez issued stringent orders, that any "pacífico" caught nearing the towns on any pretext should be made prisoner, and although I can not say that I ever heard of the full penalty being imposed, yet it was thoroughly understood that the punishment was death. No one but those authorized by the highest insurgent chiefs were privileged to make these trips. To enforce the order, pickets and guards were stationed at convenient points overlooking the various approaches to the towns. These squads even attempted to prevent me from holding communication with my courier, and would have done so if I had not shown them a letter I had received from Gen. Gomez, which he kindly condescended to sign for publication in the "New York Herald." This letter, and another one signed by Cisneros, acted as an open sesame. When these guards made such a fuss over a person known to be a correspondent, what would they not do to a poor "pacífico" who had no redress? So we see that Mr. Bonsal is again mistaken in his conclusions, for even if they cared to see the publication of the decree, they were prevented from so doing by the rebel guards. Those who did manage to enter the towns in obedience to Weyler's orders did so before Gomez had the trails covered with his pickets. How were those who remained in the country to be notified?

The few newspapers that found their way to the country were immediately gobbled up by the insurgent chiefs, and

those that contained anything that might prove in any way prejudicial to the cause, were suppressed, especially in any case relating to the concentration of the "pacificos," or to the surrender of the rebels.

So we see, that even if Weyler did instruct the "guerilleros" and column commanders to notify the inhabitants, he was taking the only sure method within his power. Now, Mr. Bonsal again leads us to believe that these people were the possessors of considerable household furniture, but had to limit their load to what they could carry on their backs. If he had ever visited these "bohios," he would have seen that the people had barely any furniture to speak of, and then it was of the rudest home-make, and was hardly worth the trouble to cart to town. As a rule, the furnishing of these huts consisted of one cot for the man and wife, worth three dollars, and two or three chairs, worth about seventy-five cents apiece. In many, a few boards were arranged on "horses," and served as a table; in others, this luxury was dispensed with, and the meals were served on the floor. Where the family was very large, the best part of them slept in hammocks made from sugar-sacks. Knives, forks, spoons, plates, and cooking utensils were at a premium, owing to the repeated pilfering of the insurgents. To such an extent has this stealing and looting been going on, that at the present time there remain but few cooking-pots and kettles in the country, and the majority of both rebels and "pacificos" have been forced to cook their food by roasting it over the coals. Of clothes these people had barely enough to cover their nakedness, for, if by any chance a farmer was known to have more than one change of clothes, some half-nude rebel would demand it.

Blankets and bed-clothing had already been transferred to a secure place on the pommels of the insurgent saddles. When Mr. Bonsal says, they only brought with them what they could carry on their backs, he speaks the truth; and

if my experience counts for anything, I can help out his assertion, by stating that I have often witnessed these same people with all their earthly possessions tied on their backs and moving to a new place in the woods.

That their houses have been burned, is also true; but this is another thing that does not disturb the average Cuban, for, armed with a machete, they can build another one just as good in two days. "Their crops were burned down, and their cattle and oxen confiscated." This statement appears rather startling, after what has already been said on the acknowledged policy of the rebels. It is safe to state, that when this order was enforced, precious few crops remained standing, and as for the confiscation of the cattle, the insurgents had already declared that all cattle should be considered as the property of the "Republic." If this is not confiscation, what is it? If, according to the insurgent creed, these cattle were theirs, can we censure the Spaniards for capturing the property of their enemies, especially when the cattle are to be employed to feed their rightful owners and keep them from starving?

I think I have conclusively shown that Mr. Bonsal is mistaken in his interpretation of the decree and of the manner of its enforcement. I might continue to prove where he is wrong in other places, but the above is sufficient to dispel many of the absurd charges against the Spaniards, and to fasten on the other side their just share of popular censure for the many crimes they have been guilty of.

I have said that any general would take the precaution to clean the country of spies. If in doing so, he has to injure some very obnoxious enemy, can he be blamed for so doing? Remember that Weyler only ordered this to protect himself, and it can not be considered as a direct retaliation, for we have seen that the rebels had been enforcing their concentration orders for over a year.

The country once rid of these dangerous characters,

what would be the next move? The enemy refuses to fight, so all hope must be abandoned of terminating the war by force of arms. What remains for a general to do in such a case? Our Cuban friends would like to have us believe that Weyler should then give up the struggle, and grant them independence. But this is not war. War is a profession, and a general that would give in so quietly, and consent to be beaten without even suffering a defeat, would not be worthy to wear the stars. They will not fight; the only road left open is to starve them out. This is the only vital point of any enemy of this kind. How is this to be done? The insurgents have already driven off the bulk of the cattle to secure hiding-places in the hills and forests. They have made midnight excursions to the corrals, located near the towns where the cattle destined to feed the unfortunate non-combatants were inclosed. What has been their conduct in such cases? Whenever possible, they have driven them off to their fastnesses in the mountains, and again they have killed the animals then and there, allowing the meat to become putrid before it can be used to feed the unfortunates. There was still a large number of cattle roaming around the country, set free by the rebels to insure themselves against starvation.

Now comes the Spanish soldiers, and when they are unable to lasso one of these animals they shoot him, and the carcass lies there and rots. Many cattle have disappeared in the face of such a campaign.

The rebels will never sacrifice one of their beeves if they can capture one from the enemy's corral. They do not seem to think, when they are doing this, that they are hastening the hour when their neglected families in the towns shall be without food.

But that is the situation in a nutshell—by their own wanton destruction of crops, and by persistently making raids on the corrals, they have placed their peaceable countrymen in a precarious condition. The Spanish soldiers

can not bring in any more cattle, for there are but few left, and so the miserable and unfortunate townspeople are suffering, and there is no doubt that many have died from hunger. Yet, in the face of these historic facts, we find writers—like Mr. Bonsal and others—who deliberately and willfully present the situation from a false point of view, and attempt to influence our Congressmen to compromise themselves, by acting on unreliable and prejudiced information. It may not be policy for me to take a view diametrically opposite to the prevailing drift of popular sentiment or sympathy, and appear to side entirely with Spain in this matter; but when I am morally certain that I speak the truth, gained from personal experience (and that is more than any of the “fakirs” can say), and when I see how my country is being imposed upon by a gang of utterly irresponsible people, I feel it is my duty, as an American, to state my experiences for the public good, and I do not care for public sentiment in the matter either, for I know that this sentiment is but the creation of misstatements published by our sensational press.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW AN EDITOR AND AUTHOR WAS IMPOSED UPON BY THE "LABORANTES" IN HABANA.—CORRECTING CERTAIN MISLEADING IDEAS IN "THE STORY OF CUBA."

Mr. Halstead's high reputation.—Some striking truths.—The legends of the machete.—The real sphere of the machete in this war.—Terrible charges are myths.—Correspondents who have seen fighting.—The only "charges" of the war.—The Amazon myth.—None with the Cuban army.—The few women with Maceo.—A real live Amazon.—Spaniards guilty of fostering myths.—The destruction of towns according to Mr. Halstead.—List of towns burned.—Spaniards not guilty.—Experience with the "laborantes" in Habana.—"Fake" letters of Mr. Mannix.—Mr. Ewing.—The champion liar (Walter S. Whitcomb).—Other errors.

FOREMOST amongst the different works that have been published purporting to explain the conditions underlying the present situation in Cuba, is the rather misleading compilation of Mr. Murat Halstead.

In "The Story of Cuba," Mr. Halstead frankly tells us what I have tried to enforce in this work—that the atmosphere in Cuba is so charged with lies and incredible inventions of the imaginative Cuban and Spanish brain, that it is indeed almost impossible for a fair-minded person to escape from their influences.

To one who has studied the question in the field, and is thoroughly conversant with the situation from an experience of this kind, it is clear, that while Mr. Halstead has been keen enough to see the impossibility of the various feats attributed to both Spaniards and Cubans by their partisans in Habana, yet he has not entirely escaped from

being imposed upon by unscrupulous "laborantes," and of giving space in his otherwise meritorious work to various yarns that only a person who has been on the field for a long time can contradict.

Mr. Halstead has long enjoyed a high reputation for his excellent work as a writer and editor, and his established character for impartiality is high above the accusation of having treated the subject from a prejudiced point of view. The following rectifications are therefore not intended to cast any reflections on his personal views, but to prove how even our best writers have been influenced and imposed upon by the lying agents of a cause, whose sole aim is to further their own interests by inveigling our Congress into a false position by recognizing their belligerency.

I feel that I am justified in approaching the subject from this standpoint, so that the author and the many readers who have perused his book with interest can appreciate some of the difficulties a newspaper correspondent has to contend with in his struggle to ascertain the truth in the island of Cuba.

I am also further justified in doing so, by the fact that our Congressmen and Senators, relying on the established reputation of the author, have been influenced to a certain extent by the contents of his book, and as we have already witnessed the deplorable spectacle of our legislators rising to make a speech or submit a resolution based on utterly unreliable sources, I feel that the true facts concerning the cases in point should be made clear.

The most striking truths pertaining to the present trouble are found in the seventh chapter. Mr. Halstead wisely says:

"There is something touching and pathetic in the credulity of the Cubans regarding the matters most vital to them. I say Cubans without qualification, for they are all—with such rare exceptions that we do not need to quote them—against the continuation of the rule of Spain.

Their distinctions are in degrees of desperation. The present generation, at least, has grown up in an atmosphere of rebellion, and politics means conspiracy. They have not lived generously on the news of the day, as the Americans and Englishmen and Frenchmen do, also the Germans, Austrians, and Italians in a lesser degree, and their faculty of discrimination is not trained. The space that should be occupied exclusively by fact is largely reserved for fancies.

"I was present when some shocking news was told by an eye-witness, who had been personally engaged in a bloody affair, and there were those at hand filled with excitement, asking leading questions, when a cool gentleman, an American, with perfect command of the Spanish language, interposed, saying: 'Let us get this story as it is; do not try to get him to tell it any worse than it is; it is bad enough.' Nothing can be stated too wild to find believers, and exaggerations are heaped upon each other until the truth is lost even in outline. A romance that the Spanish minister had used money to get up a riot in Washington found ready believers; so will the wild fancy that Senator Sherman was once in the slave trade. There were full particulars one day of a furious engagement near Havana. There had been a heavy government train, so the tale was told, on the way through the disputed country, attacked and captured by Maceo, when a Spanish column came along and the insurgents retired with cartridges and other spoil, but left thirty wounded in the hospital, all of whom were murdered. All the details any one could desire were furnished. There was no train, no fight, no murder—nothing at all. 'Perfectly trustworthy' correspondence by secret lines of communication arrives stating highly important matters altogether imaginary. There is so much confidential information, 'highly unimportant if true,' that the human understanding is bewildered, and a great deal of it finds its way into print.

"The Cuban stories are rather more fantastic than the Spanish official reports. This is the result of military repression, with its smoldering hates and rivalries and jealousies, and the elaborate hypocrisies, the sinister finesse of malignant politeness—a part of the penalty of tyranny.

"It is the Cuban custom when stating the grievances that caused the war, to neglect the more substantial

grounds of dissatisfaction with the Spanish form of government, and tell of personal affronts and outrages, and both sides are free in charging against antagonists the supreme crime of barbarous and fiendish treatment of women. Gen. Weyler has, above all, been assailed with accusations of brutalities that are incredible. It would be indelicate to hint the class of crimes that one is assured have more than anything else distinguished his career, and the Cubans are surprised if you dare to doubt the authenticity of their animosity. They go on to implicate entire Spanish regiments in criminalities so hideous that to the sober understanding they seem preposterous, and yet are insisted upon to the last detail of infamy. Consideration for human nature invites incredulity.

“The Spaniards are equally facile in their accusing conversation, and with the list of offenses the Cubans charge upon them they return upon the Cubans, and the first thing in the indictment on their side, too, is that women have been abused.”

The author of this book, in another part, has fully explained that the majority of these stories are purely imaginary, and the result of his investigations convince him that the Cubans are as much to be condemned in this matter as their enemies. While there are but few authentic cases that can be charged to the Spaniards, the evidence against the other side is strikingly brought to light in the condition of many females who are found in the hills and escorted to town by the Spanish columns.

“Gen. Weyler invited questions and answered freely touching the tales told of himself. I do not refer now so much to the general tempest of detraction, but to the special wonders of cruelty; and he was fiercely earnest in denouncing all representations of his enemies as false, and said it was strange indeed that he should be attacked by the American newspapers for what he did not do, and at the same time those papers had only sympathy for the rebels who committed all they imputed to others. They were themselves the fire-bugs, the murderers, the destroyers, the ravishers, and the pretense of patriotism covered it all. He was charged with having dozens of prisoners

shot every morning—the rifle-firing heard just at day-break—a crash of rifles—a morning ceremony—the bodies of the dead had been seen—the disposition of the bodies had been made known. ‘All this was imposture, and false entirely,’ said Weyler. ‘Why,’ said he, ‘Campos killed three, and I have killed none—not one. And I shall kill no one, unless it may be some guilty leader who has been proven to deserve death.’

“I could not doubt the truth of what the captain-general told me about the killing of prisoners; for those who said there were dozens shot daily named no one, and could not tell what prisoners, if any, were missing. There could be no reason for shooting obscure men in secret, save mere killing, and it has not come to that. The prisoner-shooting stories located at the fort were not so, and yet they turned up every day, always about the same.

“The foundation for the persistent rumor seemed to be that loaded rifles were discharged in the morning. Gen. Weyler said that not only had he not ordered any executions, when no one else had a right to do it, but he would deal severely with officers who killed prisoners without his express order. There have, however, since been executions by shooting at the fort, not consistent with Weyler’s statement. But one who meant to have men shot as a daily lesson would be unlikely to assume the personal responsibility for the executions, and proclaim it to the newspapers of the United States and all civilized lands. The monster Weyler is said to be, would boast of his bloody work—make a merit of assassination, never deny a crime, but with the fallen fiend declare, ‘Evil, be thou my good.’”

It will be seen from the foregoing that I am not the only one who has attempted to place in evidence this phase of the question. If a person of the high qualities of Mr. Halstead, who does not have to stoop to inventions for the purpose of calling attention to himself and adding to his reputation, is made the dupe of these “laborantes,” can it be expected that the young and inexperienced foreign correspondent will escape the same influences?

In the same chapter, Mr. Halstead takes up the subject of the celebrated Cuban arm—the machete. Here is one

instance which clearly proves that the "laborantes" have succeeded in impressing upon him the oft-repeated legends of deadly machete charges and hand-to-hand conflicts. The result of their work is seen in the following:

"The 'machete' is the sword of the Cuban soldiers, and will be famous forever. The Cubans handle the 'machete' so constantly that they do it gracefully and deftly, cutting open green cocoanuts with a single blow, and without spilling a drop of the milk or touching their fingers; and, it is said, in battle the Spanish rifle-barrels are sometimes clipped off, while it is a common incident for a soldier to lose an arm at a blow. The most dreaded cut, the one when the blade rises—the same motion as in trimming thorn bushes—is the more terrible blow, because it is queer and seems uncanny, and to be a diabolically cunning and tricky style of fighting.

"There is a peculiar wild, shrill cry the Cubans give that announces a machete charge—a 'rebel yell,' sure enough, fierce and prolonged—and it means going in at the high speed of horses for war to the knife, and there is no doubt and no wonder that the Spaniards are alarmed always by that battle-cry.

"There has been more hand-to-hand fighting in Cuba than in any war of modern times."

"The stroke of business that it is the joy of the Cubans to perform is to harass and develop the Spaniards with a skirmish fire, picking off the officers by sharp-shooting, and if a favorable opportunity offers, to ride in, sword in hand—and the sword is the dreadful machete. On a horse, with this tremendous knife uplifted, the Cuban rebel is at his best, and there never was cavalry more formidable.

"It is this horseback and machete method of fighting that the mulatto brothers—the Maceos—prefer, and that has made them terrors as well as heroes.

"The nature of the warfare between many columns of Spaniards and squadrons of insurgents, cavalry and companies of footmen, is such that there are numerous incidents of ambushade and skirmishes that are games of hide-and-seek, and of deadly encounters hand-to-hand, and also of long-range firing, when the Spaniards have the advantage,

through abundant cartridges, of making the most smoke and having the greatest obscurity in which to prepare picturesque reports. The insurgents have become experts in barricades and devices of rough fortifications for their protection, which may be forgiven them as fighting men, for there never was a war not utterly savage in which the wounded were so ill-cared for."

The insurgent soldier—whether he is a fighting man, or belongs to the civil government, or to the impedimenta—as a rule always carries his machete. Every farmer and laborer living in the country is also armed with this weapon. In fact, it may be said that every Cuban is in possession of a machete.

The last time I saw Gomez and Maceo together (their last meeting), on the San Gervasio estate, near Galeon, in the province of Matanzas, their combined forces numbered about 10,000 men, representing the local commands of Las Villas, Matanzas, and Habana. Of this number probably 4,000 were armed with rifles, the rest with machetes and revolvers. These 6,000 men in any other army would have been prized as a valuable cavalry adjunct, and would have been profitably employed to throw against the enemy's squares and other important maneuvers where cavalry is indispensable.

If these legends of celebrated machete charges had any foundation, is it not probable that Maceo, the prince of the machete, would have felt proud to be in command of such a splendid force?

But I noticed that before he started on his westward march through the swamp, he ordered aside about 1,000 of these useless "impedimenta," forming a command pompously called the "Sanguilly Regiment of Sappers and Miners." Lieut.-Col. Ferier was placed in command, and ordered to use the swamp as a base of operations to destroy the neighboring railroads. On Maceo's arrival in Pinar del Rio, all the rest of this useless force was ordered to be

dismounted and to continue the campaign on foot, as he was disgusted with the laziness of the undisciplined mob, who rode their fagged-out horses until the poor beasts dropped from sheer exhaustion.

In all the various fights I have witnessed while with Maceo and Gomez, I have never had the fortune to see a hand-to-hand fight, for the simple reason that none had taken place.

Notwithstanding that the insurgent forces were invariably composed of more than one half cavalry armed with the machete, it is a notorious fact, that at the first sound of firing, these "valiant chargers" are inspired with the all-pervading desire to explore the country in the direction opposite to where the enemy is known to be advancing, and the paths, trails, and roads are soon filled with innumerable small "exploring parties," who never cease to urge ahead their drooping steeds until the rumble of the rifle discharges die away in the distance. This habit of clearing out when the enemy is known to be near grew to such proportions, that the mere rumor of their approach was sufficient to throw them into paroxysms of fear, causing them to pack up hastily and make for that end of the camp furthest from the expected attack.

While Maceo and his men were encamped at Las Lajas, situated on the slope of the hills behind Consolacion del Sur, this circumstance occurred so often, that Maceo was compelled, on two occasions, to mount his fleetest horse, and ride for about a league to beat back the terror-stricken crowd with the flat of his sword.

Some cowardly idiot, who had been out foraging, had spread the news that the "gringos" were coming, and the others had acted on the wise principle, that "he who (hears) and runs away, lives to—do the same another day."

If the great number of men armed with good machetes, and relegated to the impedimenta, where they were looked down upon, cursed at, and compelled to stand all sorts of

indignities, could have been led by some enterprising officer of dash into a few light charges, to break them in, the Cuban army might have been proud of this otherwise useless body. But the prevalent idea to prolong the war without fighting, and to save their precious skins to better enjoy later on the "liberties" of the "Republic," has had its effect in the disgraceful conduct so often witnessed on the so-called fields of battle.

While I have been speaking of the impedimenta in general, it must not be thought that the regular fighting men are spared in this criticism; for although I have seen many excellent examples of long and short-range fighting where the soldier was in comparative safety, I have never seen and have heard of but few authentic cases of hand-to-hand fighting; and when Mr. Halstead makes the remark that no war has seen so much of this class of combats, it is only further evidence that he has been made the dupe of interested parties in Habana. I do not pretend to say that none whatever has occurred, for then I would be as guilty as those who claim so much of it; but, taken on the whole, I think I may be pardoned in correcting Mr. Halstead's assertion, by saying, that no war of modern times has seen so little of hand-to-hand fighting than the present farce in Cuba. When I state that I never witnessed a charge, I wish to except the unsupported dash of Maceo and his escort at the fight of Galope, where the bulk of his army were cowardly running away, while Maceo was holding in check eight times his own number.

Mr. Sylvester Scovel, who accompanied Gomez and Maceo for some time, has had the same experience; for although he has witnessed two or three unsuccessful starts, they were never carried to the extremity of engaging the enemy at sword's length.

Mr. Grover Flint, of the "New York Journal," graphically described the fight at Saratoga between the Spanish column of Gen. Jimenez Castellanos and the insurgents

under Gomez. As I have heard several other accounts of the same affair, I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Flint was fortunate enough to witness one of the really meritorious fights of the war, and although his story is considered by many as slightly exaggerated, owing to the fact that he had accepted a commission in the Cuban army, it must stand as the best account of a "battle" in Cuba, as depicted by an eye-witness, and as such should command attention.

There are just two more American correspondents that have seen any fighting in Cuba. Mr. T. Robinson Dawley, Jr., the correspondent of "Harper's Weekly," spent a few weeks in the province of Santa Clara during the early part of this year, and witnessed two or three unimportant skirmishes, and Mr. Karl Decker, of the "New York Journal," who succeeded in reaching the camp of Gomez about the middle of March, and remained there two or three days. Whether he saw any fighting or not he has failed to state in his letters.

Mr. Grover Flint, of the "Journal," Mr. Sylvester Scovel, of the "World," and the author of this book, are the only ones who have actually witnessed the hard campaigning in Cuba while the insurrection was at its height last year, and, as far as I am informed of their experiences, they have never seen any of these famous charges so persistently recorded by the pro-Cuban press of our country.

I may state this advisedly, for between the three of us we have witnessed all the celebrated fights of the war.

The "machete" charge that occurred at Mal Tiempo during the invasion, was the only real action of the kind that can be truthfully claimed by the rebels as a victory. In any other war this would be classed as a skirmish, but the Cubans and Spaniards like to speak of it as a great battle. It is strange that the insurgents, after making such a dash, have not repeated the performance.

But an explanation is necessary. The battalion of Canarias was composed of raw recruits, who were given their

Mauser rifles on disembarking at Cienfuegos, and, without any drilling, were hurried off to the field to check the march of the rebels.

When Gomez and Maceo charged upon them they did not have sufficient training to form a square properly, and this, added to the fact that the "new-fangled" mechanism of their Mauser rifles bothered them, gave the rebels their only opportunity of the war to carry out their charge successfully.

Gomez and Maceo were highly elated at the outcome of this fight; the army was enthusiastic on their victory, and eagerly anticipated their next meeting with the enemy. This occurred at El Colmenar, and Gomez rashly essayed to repeat the charge of Mal Tiempo. But instead of a column of raw recruits, he found he had to deal with the hardened veterans of the enthusiastic young general, Garcia Navarro, who received the rush with composure. Gomez attributed his failure to a ditch that crossed the field near the enemy, and had escaped his notice; but other trustworthy Cubans frankly admit that the Spanish line was perfectly formed, and characterized the order of Gomez as a ("locura") crazy idea.

The only other instance that I am positive of where the insurgents have inflicted any real damage with the machete, occurred near the city of Santa Clara during the month of February, 1897.

This was not a charge, but an ambushade, and not directed against troops of the line, but against inexperienced volunteers.

Maj. Carlos Mendieta, of the Cuban brigade of Santa Clara, and his troop of ninety men were in ambush awaiting the enemy.

On passing, the hidden Cubans sprung up and succeeded in killing sixty-four with the machete. Owing to the number of men slain, this affair ranks next to Mal Tiempo, where the Spaniards lost nearly 200. It will be seen from

these two instances that the celebrated machete charges, at their best, are extremely unimportant from a military point of view.

There is also an old tradition handed down from the last war, that an insurgent, with one blow of his machete, cut through the rifle-barrel of a Spanish soldier. The legend also states that said rifle is guarded amongst the relics in a military museum in Spain.

Nearly every one who has been in Cuba has had this story dinned into his ears, and generally accepts the statement with a grain of salt. I am quite confident that the present "trouble" does not record a similar instance, for the simple reason that the steel barrels of the Mauser and Remington rifles are just a trifle too heavy to allow of being cut off like slices of Bologna sausage.

There is a number of very thin-barreled sporting rifles which have found their way into Cuba in various expeditions, that might possibly be cut part way through by some muscular rebel, but it is very doubtful. There is little doubt, however, of the terrible havoc caused by these heavy blades when either side comes near enough to permit their use.

In speaking of Maceo's fondness for the machete, it is a significant fact that the brave mulatto never carried one during this war, but took special pride in a fine old Toledo saber blade, with the old-fashioned Cuban finger-grips for a hilt. A machete greatly prized by the Cubans is the Paraguey model, from the factory of Collins & Co., at Hartford, Conn., and without doubt it is the best blade used in Cuba. The majority of the machetes in possession of the insurgents are of such poor quality, that a good blow is sufficient to snap them off at the handle.

In another part of his book, Mr. Halstead again demonstrates that he has been led to giving credence to the popular myth concerning the existence of Amazons in the ranks of Cuba's army.

“WOMEN IN THE CUBAN FORCES.

“There has been so much that is imaginary in regard to the Cuban war made to serve as true to fact, that some of the really queer things occurring are not respectfully received. At first no one believed, who had not seen them, that there were women in the Cuban army; but there is no doubt about it. They are not at all mis-called Amazons, for they are war-like women, and do not shun fighting, the difficulty in employing them being that they are insanely brave. When they ride into battle, they become exalted, and are dangerous creatures. Those who first joined the forces in the field were the wives of men belonging in the army, and their purpose was rather to be protected than to become heroines and avengers.

“It shows the state of the island, that the women find the army the safest place for them. With the men saved from the plantations, and the murderous bandits infesting the roads and committing every lamentable outrage upon the helpless, some of the high-spirited Cuban women followed their husbands, and the example has been followed, and some, instead of consenting to be protected, have taken up the fashion of fighting.”

Further on, Mr. Halstead reproduced a letter written by Mr. Grover Flint to the “New York Journal,” which shows that even this daring correspondent has also fell a victim to the yarns circulated in the bush. As I happen to be fully informed on this subject, I take the liberty of correcting these misstatements.

When I joined the Cuban army under Gomez, I did not see a female with his forces. To all my questions on the subject of Amazons, the Cuban officers would simply answer, with a smile, that too plainly gave me to understand that I had been made a dupe of the Habana “patriots.” On my arrival at Maceo’s camp, near San Antonio de las Vegas, I beheld a very handsome-looking woman dressed in a short riding-habit, and as my eye caught a glimpse of a fine horse bearing a richly decorated lady’s side-saddle, I came to the conclusion that at last I was to see the far-famed Amazons. My hopes were further strengthened

when the beautiful horsewoman turned and exposed a fair-sized revolver strapped to her waist. Surely this must be the chief of the savage regiment that had acquired such renown through the efforts of our "war correspondents;" but her regiment must be encamped in some other direction, for I had failed to see it as I came through the camp to Maceo's head-quarters. After holding a short interview with the mulatto chief, I requested him to introduce me to his fair follower. This he accordingly did, and at the same time he surprised me by also introducing her husband, Dr. Hernandez. My "dreams" of witnessing these terrible chargers led by the beautiful "Amazonas Cubanas" were soon dispelled, for I learned that the lady had insisted on joining the rebels only when she found that her husband was determined to accept a post on Maceo's staff as assistant surgeon. They had joined his force in Pinar del Rio, and far from taking part in any of the fighting, always found a safe place in the rear, where she assisted her husband to bandage the wounded. Maceo was opposed to allowing women to accompany their husbands or lovers on the march; but in this particular instance he was considerate enough to overlook the fault, as the parties were refined, and did not annoy or attempt to force themselves forward. As a rule, they dined at his table, and he never permitted any talk that might be offensive to his fair guest. He finally left the couple in charge of a hospital located in the swamp near Galeon. It is clear that the informants of Mr. Flint have confused the two Mrs. Hernandez reputed to be with the insurgents.

The escort of Antonio Maceo really contained that greatest of curiosities—a live, fighting Amazon. She was a little negro girl, about eighteen years old, and, far from being ferocious, was a tender and compassionate little soul in her way. She had followed her lover to be near him, and to do so more effectively, had taken her place in the ranks, and actually carried a machete and a small nickel-

plated Remington carbine. The boys created her an honorary captain, and addressed her as "mi capitana." When the time came to fight, she was always found at her post in the firing line, "pegging" away at the enemy with as much enthusiasm as the others.

During one of the many fights at Tapia, a bullet shattered her arm, compelling her to go to the hospital to be cured. This seemed to take all the spunk out of the brave little fighter. When she returned to her command and hunted for her old lover, she found he had been killed; but like a great many others, instead of mourning his loss, she quickly found another, and the pair escaped from camp without a pass, crossed the "trocha" through the swamp, and made their way to "Cuba Libre" in the East, where they could live happy together without the constant fear of being captured by the "gringos."

In all the forces of Maceo in Pinar del Rio, there was not another female who could be called an Amazon, though several dissolute women followed the commands of Banderas and Ducasse, and many more had secure hiding-places in the hills, which were only known to those who had placed them there and supplied them with the necessities of life. With the few exceptions already noted, I can state positively that few women have ever joined the insurgents to follow their fortunes in the field.

Gomez and other officers will not allow them to remain in camp. In other parts of the country are also found many women living in out-of-the-way and obscure places, whose husbands, lovers, or some male relations are fighting with the insurgents; but to state that whole companies of Amazons are enrolled in the regular forces, and to attribute to them such feats of daring as have been published in our country, is the height of exaggeration, and would indicate that our people have no idea of the character of the Cuban women. To any one who has traveled or lived in Cuba, it is almost impossible to conceive these refined, deli-

cate, beautiful, and tender flowers transformed into the blood-thirsty Amazons so vividly portrayed by many versatile writers. A more lovable or devoted type of womanhood can not be found in all the world, and while many of them have made many sacrifices, and undergone many hardships for the cause that lies nearest their hearts, it is almost a calumny to depict them as common soldiers, mingling freely with the most vile and brutal elements, with all the contamination that such association implies. The same modest, retiring, womanly characteristics of the wealthy class of Cuban ladies are found to the same extent in the wives and daughters of the humblest "colono or guajiro;" so that it is impossible to claim that they are recruited from this source.

Mr. Flint was also led to believe that in the regiment of Antonio Nunez there were two pretty women who were armed, and even done some fighting. As I met this particular regiment about two weeks after the date stated (Jan. 7th, 1896), and failed to see any "beautiful Amazons," I feel perfectly safe in stating that Mr. Flint was imposed upon. Mr. Scovel accompanied this regiment, which was a part of Gomez's army during the "invasion," and was with them up to three days previous to the date, and also failed to see any such female prodigies. Mr. Flint also describes the case of Cristina Lazo, who is represented as being locked up in the Jaruco jail. He says: "On the 19th of February, the forces under Maceo invaded the place and liberated the prisoners. Cristina burned the prison, made a speech to the townspeople to prevail on them to join the rebels, and then marched away with the Cuban troops."

As I happened to be present during the night attack on Jaruco, and witnessed all the proceedings of that terrible night's work, and did not see or hear of this mysterious female heroine, neither before nor after the attack, I may be pardoned for again stating, that the correspondent was

once more imposed upon by the omnipresent Cuban novelist.

Mr. Rappelye is also quoted as having stated in one of his early letters: "There are four women with Gomez. They are white women—one of them an American. They are the wives of some of his officers. They are dressed in masculine attire, as a pair of bloomers have never been landed in the island of Cuba. They ride horseback with Gomez's staff, and each carries a Mauser rifle and ammunition. They have taken part in several engagements, and so far they have escaped being wounded."

Mr. Scovel and myself were the only two American correspondents who had reached the head-quarters of the old chief at the time Mr. Rappelye was in Habana, and as neither can recollect of having seen nor heard of the appearance of this gentleman in the rebel camp, it is again apparent that this story was either an invention of his own brain or was inspired by some "laborante" in Habana.

The Spaniards are guilty of having fostered and given weight to this myth, by reporting the capture of some Amazon during their fights, and of keeping up the farce by occasionally stating that they have been seen riding at the head of the insurgent forces. It is again safe to say, that the officers making these reports were troubled with a very elastic imagination. The affair, if sifted down, would probably show that some "ranchero's" wife has been taken, and led to town in obedience to the concentration order.

From my experience in the field, I feel entirely justified in asserting that all the stories regarding the existence of Amazons with the Cuban insurgent army are downright "fakes," and have been invented by unscrupulous correspondents, or inspired by Cubans, who have nothing else to occupy themselves with.

There is another topic which Mr. Halstead has touched upon that would indicate his source of information was en-

tirely untrustworthy, and which is found in the chapter dedicated to the destruction of property, and entitled, "The Record of Desolation and Despair."

The opening words credited to Maximo Gomez, if true, goes to further demonstrate the cunning of the old chief in attempting to shift the blame on to the Spaniards for what he is guilty of having ordered to be done. He says: "Cuba to-day presents pools of blood dried by conflagrations. Our enemies are burning the houses to deprive us, according to them, of our quarters for spring. We will never use reprisals, for we understand that the revolution will not need to triumph by being cruel and arbitrary."

This is a rather queer statement for Gomez to make, in the face of such irrefutable evidence of his policy of annihilation that has been recorded in the reports of our State Department and the columns of our reliable newspapers.

The list of sugar estates, furnished by the Spaniards, as having been destroyed by the Cubans, is in the main correct; but as I have noted in another part of this book, the list of burned towns charged to the Spaniards is another evidence of the misleading statements our correspondents in Cuba have to contend with.

To further prove the unreliability of this list at the time Mr. Halstead's book appeared, I will reproduce the list, with corrections of my own. As I was in the field at the time, and witnessed the attacks on some of these towns, and as I have had occasion to be correctly informed of the location and situation of all the various towns in the West, to be able to send through my letters to the "Herald," I can vouch for the accuracy of the following, which can be corroborated by the official records in Habana, or by the letters of other correspondents. The burning of all these towns was charged to the Spaniards.

* Los Arroyos, Pinar del Rio. Destroyed by Western Brigade of Pinar del Rio.

* Still used by the Spaniards as fortified centers.

* San Juan Y Martinez, Pinar del Rio. Partially burned by Western Brigade of Pinar del Rio.

* Vinales, Pinar del Rio. At time of writing had not been burned.

* San Diego de los Banos, Pinar del Rio. At time of writing had not been burned.

Torriente, Matanzas.

Aurora.

Flora. Not a town. (In all probability is meant to be a sugar factory near Bolondron.)

* El Cristo, Santiago de Cuba. Destroyed by Cubans.

* Ranchuela, Santa Clara. Not burned.

Salamanca.

Boniato.

* Bejucal, Habana. Destroyed by Gomez (partially).

* Catilina (de Guines), Habana. Destroyed by Gomez (partially).

* Jaruco, Habana. Destroyed by Maceo.

Los Abicus.

* San Juan de las Yeras, Santa Clara. Destroyed by Zayas (partially).

* Paso Real (de San Diego), Pinar del Rio. Destroyed by Bermudez (totally).

* Los Palacios, Pinar del Rio. Destroyed by Bermudez (totally).

Santa Cruz (de Los Pinos?), Pinar del Rio. Destroyed by Bermudez (totally).

* Bahia Honda, Pinar del Rio. Destroyed by Sotomayor (partially).

Roque, Matanzas. Destroyed by Lacret, or forces under his orders.

Maia.

* Los Abreaus, Santa Clara. Destroyed by Cubans (partially).

Dos Vacos.

* Cayajabos, Pinar del Rio. Destroyed by Delgado (totally).

* Cabanas, Pinar del Rio. Destroyed by Maceo and Delgado (totally).

San Diego de Nunez, Pinar del Rio. Destroyed by Sotomayor and Gil (totally).

Quiebra Hacha, Pinar del Rio. Destroyed by Delgado (totally).

* San Jose de los Ramos, Matanzas. Destroyed by Lacret (partially).

Puerto Piton.

San Ramon de los Yaguas, Santiago de Cuba. Destroyed by José Maceo, or forces under his orders.

* Bainoa, Habana. Destroyed by Cardenas (partially).

* San Nicolas, Habana. Destroyed by local bands (partially).

* Ceiba Mocha, Matanzas. Destroyed by Rafael de Cardenas (partially).

Benavides, Matanzas. Destroyed by Rafael de Cardenas (partially).

Ibarra, Matanzas. Destroyed by local bands in Matanzas.

* Navajos, Matanzas. Destroyed by Lacret (partially).

* Corral Falso, Matanzas. Destroyed by Lacret (partially).

Cartagena, Santa Clara. Destroyed by local bands.

* Moron, Puerto Principe. Not burned.

* Melena del Sur, Habana. Destroyed by Diaz and Castillo (partially).

It will be seen by this list, that instead of the Spaniards, the rebels are guilty of causing this unwarranted destruction.

Mr. Halstead clearly states that the burning is charged to the Spaniards. It is hardly probable that any Spaniard would accuse his countryman with having committed these

acts, so we must fall back once more on the "reliable and conscientious" know-it-alls in Habana.

When people of this class will willfully deceive such a person as Mr. Halstead, can we ever expect to get at the truth of what is passing in the interior of Cuba? Here is a country that lies within a few hours' sail from our shores, and yet we are more accurately informed of what occurs in Central Africa, than we are of what really happens in Cuba.

There is a certain class in Habana who profess to have direct communication with the rebel chiefs, and occasionally give to our correspondents some letter purporting to come direct from the camps of Gomez or Maceo. Some correspondents, in their anxiety to make a "scoop," do not wait for the "laborantes" to furnish them with such documents, and as the editors of their papers and the American public have no feasible way of discovering the truth, they coolly invent a letter from Gomez out of their imaginations, and the innocent public marvels at the enterprise of their favorite sheets.

During the latter part of the month of March, 1897, I was in Habana awaiting a steamer to take passage for New York. The rebel leader, Juan Rius Rivera, had been captured the day before, and, according to Spanish custom, he was incarcerated "incomunicado," meaning that no one was to hold communication with him.

While sitting in the office of one of our American newspaper correspondents, I noticed a young Cuban come in, take a seat, and devote himself to writing. For more than an hour he industriously plied his pen, and then calling the interpreter aside, held a mysterious conversation with him for a few minutes, and on leaving, he handed over his manuscript, neatly done up in a blue envelope. I inquired who the mysterious gentleman was, and the interpreter came over to my side, and after glancing furtively around, to see that no one was within earshot, he told me in a

whisper that he was one of the leading Cuban delegates in Habana.

In a short time, my friend, the correspondent, came into the office, and the interpreter handed him the blue envelope. After reading its contents, he turned to me, and said: "Well, Rea, here is some 'great stuff.' An interview with Rius Rivera, who was only captured yesterday! That is what I call good work."

I then explained to my friend that a leading Cuban delegate had been in here for over an hour inventing the yarn, and demonstrated the utter impossibility of its containing a word of truth.

"Oh, that's all right," answered the other; "the other fellows haven't got hold of it, and it's very good reading, and will make a good story." I do not know whether the story in question ever reached the composing-room; but I cite the instance, as it is a fair example of the manner in which "important" insurgent letters reach Habana.

Mr. Halstead's book contains several such letters, foremost amongst them being part of the celebrated "fake" interview originating in the brain of Mr. Mannix, the correspondent of the "New York Times" and other papers.

Further on we find: "A letter from Gen. Gomez, dated March 15th, said to have been written near the Matanzas border, was secured by John T. Rays, an American on the staff of the rebel commander-in-chief, and delivered by him to an insurgent mail-carrier at a point not more than twelve miles from the city of Habana."

I met Gomez on the 7th of March, and there was no such person connected with his staff. I have met him since then, and did not hear of the American officer named above. It is just possible that some Cuban got the spelling of my own name mixed up, and brazenly charged me with receiving the communication. If such is the case, then it would also bear the stamp of falsehood, as on the date mentioned I was with Maceo in Pinar del Rio.

Mr. Halstead also reproduces a letter from the same source, reputed to have been written by Maceo, which is a fitting sequel to the one from Gomez.

Mr. Halstead wisely concludes by saying: "The verification of the letters of the Cuban chiefs is an uncertain business; but it is known that the insurgents in the field do have communication with their friends in the Cuban cities and in this country, and there are constant surprises at the success of their dangerous mail service."

Elsewhere we are informed of the case of Wm. Ewing, "a veteran of our last war," who states he has seen service with Maceo, Gomez, and Garcia, and had been in twenty-one engagements.

During my last trip to Gomez's camp, I inquired of various officers if they remembered this party, and the reply was always in the negative, and as I am positive that he was not with Maceo, it appears to me that this is another case of a fictitious personage. Mr. Scovel, who was also with Gomez at the time Ewing is reported to have joined his army, has never spoken of him.

The only veteran of our war who has seen service with the rebels is an old German-American mechanical engineer named Ulrich.

This gentleman stated that he had been "colonel" of an artillery corps, and, as such, solicited a rank from Gomez. He would probably have received some recognition if he had not made the mistake of criticising Gomez's tactics. This touched the old chief on a tender spot, and he refused to treat Mr. Ulrich decently afterward. This gentleman's family lived in Brooklyn, N. Y., and from there moved to Toronto, Canada; but by no stretch of the imagination can he be confounded with Ewing, as I left him in the hills of Brujo last August. One of the most glaring examples of lying "heroes" is found toward the end of Mr. Halstead's book, where the adventures of Walter S. Whitcomb, of Springfield, Mass., are detailed.

The following extracts from his interview with a "Journal" reporter will expose this American Munchausen:

"I was mustered into a company, and if I had been able to speak the Spanish language better, I should have been given a command, for I had some military experience, having served three years with the New Hampshire State Militia in Keene, N. H.

"I soon found out how badly ammunition was needed, for at the time, you know, they had scarcely any arms, and were only provided with machetes. All sorts of queer guns were carried, but only a few Mauser rifles.

"I was astonished to find four companies of women with Maceo's army. They were of ages from fifteen to forty, and were intensely patriotic, and very brave. They all carried machetes, and I afterward saw them in several engagements, in which they displayed as much courage as the men, fighting right in the face of bullets, and cheering on the men like demons. Many of them were mounted on horses and mules.

"I was in this camp about five weeks. There were about 12,000 men in all. Every morning we were called up at five by the trumpeter, and a few hours were spent in drilling. We had several skirmishes with the Spanish, and in nearly every case we drove them back, taking prisoners, who readily joined our ranks. Gen. Maceo succeeded in these weeks in taking possession of the entire province of Pinar del Rio.

"The insurgents are far more familiar with military tactics than the Spanish soldiers, who seem to lack organization, and are cowards of the worst sort. Why, one of the women whipped five of them one day with her sugar-cane knife. They will never get possession of the island."

But why reproduce any further extracts from the conversation of this cheerful liar, who deserves a place as editor in the war news factories of Florida, for he never reached the camp of Maceo in Pinar del Rio, and it is a question if he ever saw the island of Cuba.

The authenticity of the reports circulated in Habana is again brought into prominence by the reproduction of a letter of Mr. Creelman's, who states that the battle of

Cacarajicara was a Spanish defeat; but Maceo was not there, being six miles away, looking for another attack. While Mr. Creelman is correct in regard to its being a Spanish defeat, his information as to the whereabouts of Maceo is decidedly erroneous, for the mulatto chief personally directed the fight.

The rather dramatic incident that is reported as having occurred between Weyler and Bernal is from the pen of Mr. Lawrence, whose stories to the "New York Journal" caused Weyler to expel him from the island. Judging from other letters signed by him, his sources of information are of the regular Habana pattern, and as he did not personally witness this altercation between the two generals, it is only logical to presume that he obtained it from the same parties who furnished the "news" concerning the capture of Santa Clara and Pinar del Rio. Bernal has since operated successfully under the orders of Weyler, and has, to all appearances, been on the most friendly terms with the superior, who, it is alleged, allowed himself to be so grossly insulted.

There are many other minor errors that appear from time to time in "The Story of Cuba;" but as these are only the natural outcome of an experience acquired during a brief residence in the tainted moral atmosphere of Habana, the author can hardly be censured for arriving at his conclusions.

CHAPTER VII.

A REVIEW OF THE LEADING " FAKES " APPEARING IN THE
NEW YORK DAILIES DURING THE YEAR 1896.

The capture of Habana.—Efforts of Cubans to persuade Congress to recognize their belligerency.—The capture of Pinar del Rio, and other " military achievements " of Mr. Frederick Lawrence.—" Fake " letters of Mr. Mannix.—" Fake " letters from Maceo.—Mr. Lawrence's audacity in Washington.—Fertility of the Cuban imagination.—" Fake " story of Americans with Maceo.—A descendant of Ananias.—Spanish imaginative powers.—Mr. Wm. Ryan's celebrated story.—Another fakir.—The column of Col. Lara.—The shark story.—The dynamite " fake."—The " Mail and Express " " correspondent."—The Barton story.—Cardenas Armas' pamphlet.—Col. Struch's story.—Sylvester Scovel's report on atrocities.—The Junta located at last.—Efforts of a newspaper to present Gomez with a sword.—Experience of Richard Harding Davis.—" Fake " interviews with Gomez.

VARIOUS times I have had occasion to state that our information regarding Cuba, as derived from our newspapers, is largely composed of what are known as " fakes," or articles which do not contain a word of truth, written either by some imaginative police-court reporter who has never seen the island of Cuba, or by the many refugee Cubans, who, as a rule, make their head-quarters in Florida, and pretend to carry on a regular correspondence with some insurgent chief.

It is to be regretted that many of our own correspondents, representing the foremost papers in the country, have also been guilty of this same sin, and have so persistently distorted facts, that it is almost impossible to detect the truth when it does appear. It is safe to assert that the

owners and managing editors of the various papers having correspondents in Cuba, invariably endeavored to get the real facts of the question, and it is also safe to assert that they have been as systematically imposed upon.

The great majority of these baseless yarns emanate from the clique of Cuban "laborantes" in Florida and Habana, and it is an undeniable fact, that hardly one of their stories stand the test of time, it being very often the case that their falsity is exposed within a few days. Telegrams bearing the stamp of Key West, Tampa, Jacksonville, and other Florida points, may invariably be looked upon as utterly worthless and false. This has been conclusively proven time and time again; but our papers, notwithstanding that they are almost certain the "news" is too improbable to be exact, continue to give space to the lies, and indirectly encourage the "criminals" to repeat the offense. If "faking" on a serious question that might involve two countries in war is not a crime, then a law should be passed that would make it so.

This evil really commenced when the westward march of the rebels took effect. I have gone carefully over the files of our leading newspapers for the last year and a half, and find that fully two thirds of the information in regard to Cuba is either entirely false, or that it has been written by otherwise reputable correspondents, who have been misled by the wild and improbable tales circulating in Habana.

To more fully emphasize my assertions, I reproduce in this chapter the most prominent of these "fakes" or misinformation. The head-lines and quotations are copied to the letter from the various journals cited, and can easily be verified by simply turning to their respective files.

The first great "fake" circulated in the American press during the year 1896 by the ever-ready Cuban alarmist, may be called the capture of Habana by the insurgent

army under Gomez. The invasion had spread rapidly to the West, despite the efforts of the Spanish columns to check their advance, and as no authentic news came from the field, a grand opportunity was opened for all manner of absurd rumors. The "laborantes" were not slow in taking advantage of this occasion, and while Gomez was known to be skulking around the country in the vicinity of Habana, their agents in this country invented the following report, which was gobbled up by the agent of a leading news association and circulated as news. Here are a few extracts from various papers that were led into the trap.

The "New York World," of Jan. 9th, 1896, says:

RUMORS OF HABANA'S FALL.

"BOSTON, Jan. 6th.—The 'Traveler' has received the following dispatch:

"BATABANO, Cuba, Jan. 6th.—At 10:30 this morning the cable operator here received the following dispatch:

"Cubans have captured the city (Habana). Moro Castle alone holds out. Gen. Campos—

"Here the dispatch ended abruptly, as cable communication between Habana and this point was cut off."

"KEY WEST, Jan. 6th.—Jesus Petuna received this dispatch:

"Gen. Gomez has the Spanish hemmed in on all sides, and before night Habana will be in possession of the patriot troops."

Other leading papers were also led into printing the absurd yarn.

The "New York Evening Post," in an editorial on the subject, says:

"The Cuban insurgents are evidently doing some pretty effective raiding, and the Spanish troops are active, but neither side is waging war with anything like the fury of the newspaper correspondents. How much this rivalry

(which is often little more than a rivalry in lying) tends to befog all foreign news, especially any news connected with war, or rumors of war, the general public is but dimly aware. Some three weeks ago one of the associations had Habana all but captured, and on Saturday its fall was only a question of days. But yesterday that news agency withdrew for a time from the war, admitting that there was no likelihood of the insurgents making a serious attack on Habana. This left its competitor a clear field, and accordingly it, in its turn, was undertaking this morning to capture Habana out of hand.

“The one great aim of the Spanish generals has been to protect commerce, to hold the cities, especially seaports, meanwhile praying that the elusive insurgents might be caught where they would have to deliver battle. To guess, therefore, that from what is probably only a daring raid of flying guerrillas near Habana, that a regular and successful assault is to be made upon that city, only betrays the nervous strain to which the news-gatherers are subjected in their heroic determination to let no scoop escape.”

The “New York Sun” of Jan. 8th, devotes an editorial to a criticism of this story. In its desire to accentuate its motto, “If you see it in the ‘Sun’ it’s so,” and to boom the association under its control, it saw here an excellent opportunity to get a whack at its rival, the Associated Press, and the blow was delivered with a vengeance. Some extracts from this article are as follows:

FAKE NEWS FACTORY.

The Last Imaginative Feat of the Chicago Associated Press.

“The Chicago Associated Press on Monday evening circulated a report that Habana had been captured by the insurgents. Strangely enough, this startling announcement did not come direct from Habana, as it very promptly would have done if the insurgents were really in possession of the Cuban capital; but it was projected upon the public from Boston, obviously the head-quarters of the representative of the Chicago Associated Press in Habana.”

Through a United Press dispatch (or, in other words, the "Sun"), cabled from Habana, not from Boston, the public were informed that the city was in a tranquil state, etc.

CHICAGO, Jan. 7th. The "Dispatch" says:

"The existing condition of Cuban affairs has set the Associated Press foundry to working overtime. Last night it handed over Habana to the insurgents, and the Associated Press issued extras, which startled and affrighted the quiet Chicago citizens from their first naps, and brought them out of their beds. There is no real cause for alarm. Mr. S—— frequently has these spells, and they never amount to anything serious."

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 7th. The "Leader" says:

"The Associated Press has captured Habana. It woke Gomez last night, took him into the fortified city as easily and gracefully as if this sort of thing was part of the daily routine of Chicago journalism, and seized everything in sight except Moro Castle, which was left for later diversion, and having given Campos his *coup de grâce*, and formally wound up the war, it put the finishing touch to the night's work by roasting the United States Congress, and indicating that Cuba Libre, now placed on its feet by Chicago, would now seek the alliance of some other government than ours."

The "Fort Wayne News" says:

"The Chicago Associated fakir is still doing business at the old stand and in a manner peculiar to itself."

The "Sioux City Evening Tribune" says:

"The Associated Press took Habana this morning. This remarkable military feat was engineered from Chicago. Mr. S——, manager of the 'fake' factory, directed the movements from the top of the Masonic Temple. He used the great Yerkes telescope to help out his far-seeing eye, and flashed his signals with a two-pound diamond stud."

But why go on with any further extracts that undeniably prove the falsity of the report and the gullibility of our news-gatherers. I do not believe, like the editors of the above-mentioned papers, that Mr. Stone was responsible for this "fake," but am charitable enough to suppose that his agent was imposed upon by the numerous Cuban Munchausens who throng our cities. If they were not the real instigators of the report, they at any rate were interested in keeping it in circulation. To further impress the public with their importance, the following canard was published in the "New York Recorder" on the 6th of Jan., 1896. The head-lines are sufficient:

NEW YORK JUNTA READY TO START.

Offer of a Swift Vessel to Convey Them to Cuba.—Will Join in the Attack on Habana.

A Junction With the Members of the Provisional Government will be Effected, and the Whole Executive Body will Encourage Gomez's Army by Their Presence.

By way of San Antonio (Texas) we were also informed that the Cubans would occupy Habana by the 1st of February. All this news was all the more astonishing, when it is known that the Provisional Government was at the time in the province of Puerto Principe, five hundred miles from Gomez's army.

Some of the most amusing features connected with this story were the interviews with self-important Cuban leaders published in various journals. The consummate skill with which they turned every incident to their advantage was really remarkable, and as long as they could get reporters to swallow their statements, they can hardly be censured for "working the game for all it was worth."

Senor Fidel Pierra, when interviewed by a reporter from the "Recorder," "scoffed at the statement that Gomez

did not intend to *take* Habana, and positively declared that Gomez *would make* the attack and *take* the city with *only* 2,000 men, but would only remain *long enough* to ransack the city for arms and supplies, and to recruit."

Other Cubans at the Junta report having received positive information that Roloff is to head the attack on Habana, and that the signal is to come from the inside.

Despite the fact that the story was denied by nearly every paper that had a representative in Cuba at the time, it was continually cropping up through the efforts of the "laborantes."

The promptness with which the Cubans availed themselves of the various "fakes" and misstatements circulated by their agents, is shown in their desperate efforts to influence our Congress to recognize their belligerency before sufficient proof could be gathered to counteract the prevailing sentiment in their favor.

To accomplish this, a delegation of prominent insurgent representatives hurried on to Washington, established headquarters, and immediately began their propaganda. They first made a call on the Secretary of State, leaving "important" documents for his perusal, and then hied themselves to the Capitol to feel the pulse of our Congressmen and Senators.

The opportunity was not one to be lost; the conflicting reports of insurgent victories, coupled with the heralded capture of Habana, would soon be denied, and all their energies were concentrated into forcing our legislators into a position that could not be defended later on.

In the "New York Sun" of Jan. 9th, 1896, we read:

"Many of the more active and enthusiastic friends of Cuba in Congress are impatient at the delay in reporting the resolutions, and are becoming very restive under the discipline that compels them to await their turn with all sorts of routine business of less importance and not at all pressing.

“Mr. Quesada said to-day that there was no truth in the reports that Habana had fallen.

“Mr. Quesada says further, that the moral effect of the sympathy of the United States for Cuba would be entirely lost if Congress waits until Habana falls before recognizing them as belligerents. The insurgents’ victory would then be complete, and action by Congress would be superfluous.

“The visiting committee are prepared to give Congress all the information possible as to the state of affairs in Cuba, and they are confident that the end of the war is at hand. For this reason they are anxious that Congress shall take such action as it proposes at once.”

It redounds to the good sense and credit of Secretary Olney that when he condescended to grant the commission an interview, he expressly stipulated that the affair should be informal, and that no standing should be given Mr. Palma in his capacity as “Envoy Extraordinary” to the United States from the Cuban Provisional Government.

Many of our leading legislators in Washington, while undoubtedly in favor of Cuban independence, were quick to see the trap that was being laid for them, and wisely refrained from uttering other than diplomatic words on the question. The majority sagaciously committed themselves to saying, that if Habana should be taken, of course the United States would feel justified in acknowledging the victory by conceding belligerent rights to the Cubans.

Other Congressmen, more hot-headed and less conservative, could not remain quiet until reliable information could be obtained, but insisted on pushing forward the Cuban question at every opportunity.

At this time one of the first to submit a resolution in their favor was Congressman Willis, of Delaware. The text of his resolution clearly demonstrates that he based his motion entirely on sentimental grounds. He concluded by saying:

“We, as a nation, are under no obligations, either upon the basis of treaty rights or the rule of national comity, to

longer withhold our recognition of the Cuban belligerency."

But the leaders were in no mood to be forced into action, and the resolution was promptly objected to, and passed on to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

But this did not deter others from following with like movements, and we find that, two days after, Mr. Kyle, of South Dakota, introduced in the Senate a concurrent resolution empowering the President of the United States "to receive such persons as may present themselves, satisfactorily accredited to act in behalf of the Cuban insurgents, and on production of evidence showing that they have established a seat of government on the island of Cuba, and that a majority of the native-born residents are actively supporting and defending it with arms, or are in sympathy with the cause, extend belligerent rights to the revolutionists."

This resolution was not so bad, as it seemed to indicate a desire to be more thoroughly informed on the subject; but on close observation it readily appears that it is only another ruse of the Cuban committee to force legislation to formally recognize and accredit them.

The results of such a move are apparent, and if it had been acted upon, our government would have found itself placed in the compromising position of having to recognize Mr. Palma, and accept his statements as an authority on which to base more decided action.

This was also referred to that congressional grave-yard of untimely and unwise bills—the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Our legislature at Albany was the next to feel the influence of the popular hobby, and again we find Mr. Warner, of Niagara, coming to the front with the resolution, "That the President and Congress of the United States be and are hereby petitioned to extend to the insurgents of Cuba a formal recognition of their rights as belligerents."

The resolutions were adopted, and once more we see what effect the false reports of unprincipled "news-gatherers" can have on a body of men who should wait for more authoritative evidence before committing themselves to an action that could not be defended.

While the more conservative of our statesmen were patiently waiting for some excuse to justify their actions, the Cubans were actively securing "evidence" to strengthen their claims.

The "New York Times," of the 13th of January, informs us, under date of Washington, that a member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee said to a fellow-member, "that he had reason to believe that the Cubans were even better off than the best reports placed them, and that the city of Habana was in greater peril than it appeared to be from the press dispatches."

To the careful reader it is apparent that this assertion is made on the strength of some testimony given by Henry Cavling, a correspondent from Copenhagen, who arrived in Washington the week before. (I may state that not one of the correspondents then resident in Habana can recall such a party, and I am therefore led to believe that it is only one of the many cases where our Congressmen have been imposed upon by irresponsible persons.) He had passed freely through all parts of the island, unlike some of the American correspondents, and was "calmly confident that the Cubans would be able to take Habana, and that they would find many supporters awaiting them there."

All reputable correspondents who were in Habana during that time, state that the city was in no peril, and no fears were entertained for its safety; and yet we find our sedate Congressmen being taken in by one who "calmly" states—"calmly" is good, and is no doubt appropriate—for if he had not been calm, the story would probably have choked him.

Another canard was now circulated, having the same ob-

ject as the rest—to precipitate legislation before the facts became known.

In a vague, mysterious manner the rumor was set in motion, that France was so far in favor of recognizing the Cubans that the government was already negotiating with the Cuban insurgents to recognize them, in return for a reciprocity treaty when they finally established their Republic. Of course this was meant to hasten action on the part of Congress, foolishly hoping that our government would forestall the other in securing such a “valuable concession.”

Gomez, about this time, executed another of his “wonderful” marches, and again came within twenty miles of Habana; this was sufficient to once more start the story about Habana’s capture.

The “New York Journal,” on the 16th of January, is made the victim of the Florida correspondents, by publishing the notice, that “Lacret is besieging Matanzas;” but on perusal of the article in question, we find no reference made to the alleged siege.

Many statements appear to the effect that the Cubans are recruiting in Texas and other places, and yet we see no attempt made by our government to stop such glaring infractions of international law.

Other articles are published that, if true, would have warranted at least the investigation of our authorities; but it is safe to deduce that the stories were downright “fakes,” or that our government openly abetted the fitting out of armed expeditions against a foreign nation, and as this is hardly probable, we must return to the first supposition, and once more we find that the Cuban “laborantes” have found the ever-ready victim to swallow their improbable tales.

In the “New York World” of January 12th, 1896, we are informed, under the head-lines of “Cuba’s Flying Squadron,” that the steamers “Neptuno,” “Edgerton,”

“Scythian,” and “Foxhall” compose the fleet, and will carry “generals” and guns. This imposing squadron was being fitted out at the Perth Amboy “navy-yard,” according to the sharps.

Capt. F. C. Miller, of the Red D line, was heralded as the new “admiral of the Cuban navy,” and a copy of his resignation, handed in to his old employers, was also printed to give more weight to the story.

The reporter honestly winds up his article by the following:

“At the head-quarters of the Cuban revolutionists, the policy is never to deny any activity or daring scheme attributed to them. That is their attitude toward this latest story of the Cuban fleet. If the seeker after information asked them if it were true that they had purchased the Cunard fleet and were fitting them out with howitzers, they might give a perfunctory denial of the rumor; but at the same time they would shrug their shoulders, and wink in a way calculated to convince one that they were keeping something from him.”

The head-lines give the impression that generals are rather a common article to carry around on board ship and mix up with guns.

Again the “Sun” of the 16th gets in one of its peculiar articles, which, coming from them, “it’s so,” and “should be relied on and believed before like stuff from the fellow in the A. P.”

We are told that another expedition has landed in Cuba near Bahia Honda, and many arms and munitions of war turned over to Maceo. As I never heard Maceo or Miro refer to this expedition—in fact, they always claimed that the first landing of arms in Pinar del Rio was made by the “Competitor”—I am justified in saying that the “shine for all” sheet was mistaken.

The “friend of Cuba,” Senator Call, of Florida, who has always been agitating for the annexation of the island,

had to do something to appease the clamoring of the people who elected him (the Cuban element of Florida), and so, notwithstanding the fate of previous motions, he offered another resolution, directing the Secretary of State to send to Congress all dispatches from the United States Consuls in Cuba concerning the present war.

Mr. Sherman said that it would not be prudent to make public at that time these documents, as the trouble was still going on and the consuls would be subjected to the enmity or persecution of the Spaniards or insurgents.

Mr. Call then gave notice that he would move, at an early date, for a direct vote on the question of recognizing the Cubans as belligerents.

Mr. Platt, of Connecticut, made the only real sensible and conservative speech of the day, by pointing out that this was a question primarily within the jurisdiction of the Executive. "Moreover, the recognition of the insurgents was not to be viewed as an act due them, but as a question affecting the United States.

"If such recognition was accorded only for its moral effect and sympathetic reasons, then it would be considered under international law, and justly considered, as an offense against the parent country."

The lengthy debate *pro* and *con* on the Cuban question at that time is no doubt familiar to all. The limited space of this work does not permit me to enter into all the details of this side of the case, as these speeches, debates, resolutions, discussions, etc., based on misinformation, would necessitate a volume double the size of this. I will confine the rest of the chapter to the real newspaper "fakes" and inventions.

[NEW YORK HERALD, March 23, 1896.]

MACEO FIGHTING NEAR HABANA.

He Crosses the Pinar Del Rio Border After an Engagement With Villars.

Maceo was encamped at the time near Bahia Honda. All the leading papers of March, 1896, contains a report that the steamship "Bermuda" landed a large expedition near Mariel, and this was the key-note for many correspondents to fill their papers with all classes of improbable yarns. The truth of the case is, that the filibuster disembarked her cargo near Asseradero, in the province of Santiago de Cuba, 700 miles distant.

This fact afterward came to light, and was published by the same papers that had circulated the former report; but it is very queer that in so doing, they did not see the many "fakes" that bore the signatures of their staff correspondents. The most imaginative of these so-called "war correspondents" was Mr. Frederick Lawrence, of the "New York Journal," whose letters really deserve a place in the same category as the author of "Baron Munchausen." His first great "fake," based on the landing of this expedition, is found in the "Journal" of March 29th, 1896. The head-lines are sufficient:

REBELS CAPTURE PINAR DEL RIO.

Spain's Stronghold in the Western Part of Cuba Fallen.

The Hot Fighting Done by American Artillerymen of the "Bermuda."—No Chance for the Garrison Against Their Hotchkiss and Gatling Guns.—Gen. Maceo Destroys the Town.

The same edition of the "Journal" also startles us with the picture of a Cuban maiden called "The War Angel of Ayoleta." A very interesting story is told of her adventures and death, but the word "fake" is sticking out plainly between the lines. The supposition that the "Bermuda" landed in Pinar del Rio is evidently again taken as the plot; but as we have seen that Maceo did not see the "Bermuda," and even if he had received the expedition, it is amusing to conjecture how he could have fought the battle near Quemado de Guines, which is in the Sagua dis-

trict, more than 300 miles from his camp in the hills of Cuzco.

[NEW YORK TIMES, March 29, 1896.]

This paper once more contains a letter from their "daring war correspondent" in Habana, who, it will be remembered, discovered the capital of the Cuban "Republic" from his room in the Hotel Mascotte in Habana. This time he appears with a series of bogus letters alleged to have been written by leading rebel chiefs. The headings are as follows:

CUBITAS IS THREATENED.

But the President of the Cuban Republic is not Alarmed.

His Ringing, Patriotic Letter.—An American Citizen, He Insists That the Colony is not Spanish, but American.—Gomez Promises to Pay for Damages.—Maceo Tells of His Plans, but Says the Spaniards May Read Them and Not Learn Anything.

The letter from Cisneros was supposed to have been written from the imaginary City (!) of Cubitas, in answer to one addressed to him by the correspondent. According to insurgent accounts, the "president" and provisional government were at the time in Najasa. The letter from Gomez has already been commented upon in another chapter, and the unreliability of the correspondent is still further demonstrated, when he states, "That John T. Rays was for some months in charge of the delivery of Gen. Gomez's personal mail, and at Caron de Posos (!) some weeks ago he was seriously wounded, and nearly captured by the Spanish troops, but his fiery steed carried him safely back into the rebel camp."

As already recorded, this personage was a purely fictitious one; but not satisfied with this, W—— has the affrontery to once more invent a character to give force to his "fake" letter from Maceo:

"Captain Stuart, formerly a British army officer, but

for nearly a year with Gen. Antonio Maceo, and from whom at various times communications have been published in the American papers, sends the following letter from his chief."

There was never such a person as Capt. Stuart in Maceo's camp, and there is but little doubt that he only existed in the brain of Mr. Mannix, the correspondent of the "New York Times," who signs himself "W."

The "New York Journal" of March 29th, 1896, publishes a letter from their special lady correspondent, Kate Masterton, who from her room in the hotel hears the morning volley fired from Moro Castle, and jumps to the conclusion that six prisoners are being shot inside the walls of the rocky fortress. A very vivid and touching story is thereupon written to her paper, and the readers are led to believe that the execution of patriots is a regular morning diversion of the Spanish soldiers. Mr. Halstead has called attention to this erroneous idea in his book on Cuba.

The "Journal" again gives to the public another "highly instructive" article on the war from the pen of Mr. Lawrence, in which Maceo is reported to be at the head of 25,000 men (!), and other "interesting" data.

Mr. George Bryson, at that time correspondent of the "New York Herald," sends the following on April 2d, 1896:

MARIEL'S STRONG LINE CROSSED.

Again Maceo and His Chiefs Bid Defiance to the Spanish Strategic Defense.

Gomez himself it was who on March 24th penetrated the heart of Santa Clara.

Maceo was encamped near San Diego de los Banos on the date referred to, and the attack on Santa Clara was led by Vidal.

We are again regaled by one of Mr. Lawrence's great "scoops" in the "Journal" in its issue of April 2d, 1896.

BURNED BOTH CITIES.

Pinar Del Rio and Santa Clara Destroyed by Maceo and Garcia.

“The capture of the cities of Pinar del Rio and Santa Clara by the insurgents who occupied them several hours and left them in flames, is a severe blow to the Spanish armies.

“Weyler thought he had Pinar del Rio so strongly guarded that it was absolutely impossible for Maceo’s forces to break in.

“But in the middle of the night of March 25th they came re-enforced by men from the ‘Bermuda’ expedition, and literally laid the town in ashes.”

Talk about Munchausen; it can’t compare to this! On this particular night, the fagged-out army of Maceo was resting, after an unusually long march, at a small farm near the base of the Pan de Guaijibon, little dreaming of the great victory gained for them by the enterprising “Journal” man. And then to charge them with capturing Santa Clara in the bargain!

The town of Santa Clara is only about 350 miles from Pinar del Rio, and the Cubans would have to do some pretty “tall” traveling to cross the trocha and the intervening territory to carry out the orders of their commander-in-chief, Mr. Lawrence; but such little physical impossibilities are nothing to him when he starts out to capture a city and make a “scoop.”

We now have another story from the “laborante” sources in New York City, which finds a place in the “World” of the 6th of April, 1896.

PINAR DEL RIO TAKEN?

Carlos Garcia Sends News of a Great Victory for the Cuban Forces.

Six Thousand Spanish Troops in a Panic.

The dispatch says that the “Bermuda” expedition landed fifty miles from Habana without opposition. “Then Maceo and Garcia joined forces, and with 9,000

men and eight pieces of artillery they swept down on the Spanish stronghold," etc., etc. The dispatch was received by Mr. Stern, who makes his home with the wife of Gen. Garcia in New York City. The dispatch was written at Manzanillo (!), 700 miles from the alleged landing-place near Habana. It was dated April 2d, and published in the "World" on April 6th, and gives full details of the "fake" fight alleged to have occurred in the other extremity of the island.

Mr. Lawrence again springs upon us another of his marvellous novels in the "Journal" of April 6th. The headlines are sufficient.

HOW THE WOMEN BATTLE IN CUBA.

Amid Bullets and Machete Strokes, None Braver Than They.

Death of Isabella Verona in the Thick of the Fight at La Palma.—Two Other Girls Cut Down a Man Who Unwillingly Slew Their Sister.—The Heroine of Habana Hill.—Two Spanish Officers and Three Soldiers Fell by the Unerring Aim of Florencia Palmas.—Women Cavalry.

This story is one of the most improbable emanating from this "brilliant war correspondent." I was present with Maceo at the attack on La Palma, and if there were any women around, they must have been invisible ones, for they were not present in flesh and blood.

"Maceo has returned to Habana province from Pinar del Rio, cutting his way easily through the 50,000 (!) troops stationed west of Habana to intercept him."—(Grover Flint, in the "Journal," April 9th).

[NEW YORK WORLD, April 3th, 1896.]

MACEO TO GEN. WEYLER.

Cuban Leader Dares Spanish Commander to Come Out of Habana and Fight.

Reported Twelve Miles Away.—Defiant Message Sent by Driver of a Party Taking a Ride in Suburbs for Pleasure.

[NEW YORK RECORDER, April 13th, 1896.]

A REGIMENT GOING TO CUBA!

Forming in Delaware, and Composed of Tried Old Veterans.

It Will Be Ready by May 1st!

Once more the enterprising "scooper" of the "Journal" scores a beat. The battle of San Claudio furnishes the opportunity. The head-lines are:

SHE FOUGHT LIKE A TIGRESS AT BAY.

Senora Alvarez's Gallant Attempt to Rescue Her Husband.

Too Weak to Follow Him Through the Lines, She Was Surrounded by Soldiers.—She and Two Cubans Who Had Joined Her Were Cut to Pieces by the Spaniards.—Fell Shouting, "Viva Cuba Libre!"—And Five Thousand Insurgents Answered the Cry, While the Enemy Crossed Their Swords in Recognition of a Woman's Courage, etc., etc.

This story is utterly false.

The "Journal" now comes out with another great journalistic feat by reproducing a letter alleged to have been written by Maceo in his camp in the Cuzco Hills, Pinar del Rio Province.

It is as follows:

"W. R. HEARST, 'Journal,' New York,—Responding to the request of your correspondent, I have to say that I consider the battle of last Saturday, when my troops put to flight the Alfonso XIII. Battalion, the most important accomplishment of the Cuban army during the war, because it taught the men confidence in themselves, and also because it gave the Spaniards to understand that they have no contemptible foe to deal with. The rout of that battalion will make cowards of the common Spanish soldiers who may be sent to fight us in the future. Since the battle, my soldiers have been filled with the desire to meet the men on trocha in combat. I can hardly restrain them, and I feel satisfied that if it was my policy to attack the

trocha at this time, the Spanish army would be cut to pieces.

“Nothing that I could say about the kindness of the American press, especially the ‘Journal,’ in the cause of Cuban liberty, could adequately express the gratitude that fills my heart and the heart of every true Cuban. You have armed the weak, and made us strong to go on to victory. Freedom for Cuba was never closer to realization than it is now. Your correspondent informs me that doubts have been cast upon the victory at Pinar del Rio. Let me assure the Americans that we struck that city a heavy blow, putting the troops to flight, burning many houses, and capturing enough arms to place weapons in the hands of many of my men who had none before.

“(Signed)

ANTONIO MACEO.”

This “fake” only demonstrates to what extremes the correspondent was forced to, in order to substantiate his former achievements in that line.

In a few words, I can prove that this letter is a bogus one. On the date mentioned, Maceo was at Tapia, and had *not* received any letters from the correspondent in Habana. In fact, it was almost impossible to send communications across the trocha, and the “pacificos” living near Bahia Honda, and other places on the north coast, did not dare venture near the towns, for fear of being detained. The first courier to reach Maceo from the province of Habana, was Maj. Raoul Marti, who, after several unsuccessful attempts to cross the trocha on dry land, finally had to cross through the swamp of Majana.

He arrived at Maceo’s camp at Los Robles on the *8th of May*, and his men returned to the East on the following day, bearing the huge package of correspondence that had accumulated for some time. In that package I sent a letter to the “Herald,” that reached Habana about two months afterward, and was published on July 3d. The letter itself clearly proves its origin, for, as we have already seen, Maceo did not capture Pinar del Rio, and therefore could not have deliberately lied. Those who are fa-

miliar with his letters can also see what appears to be a very small mistake; but in this particular case it is strong evidence against the authenticity of the letter, for the mulatto chief has never been known to sign his full name to an official document.

GONZALES TRAPS SPANISH TROOPS.

Olivier's Column, Infiladed by Rapid-fire Guns, Fled in Rout and Panic.—Maximo Gomez Holds a Review in Honor of the Rebel Colonel's Victory.

Gomez's Forces Seize Arroyo Blanco in the Southern Part of Puerto Principe.

When I met the rebel commander-in-chief last January, he was besieging the same town, and even had a dynamite gun to help him out with, and then had to give it up as a bad undertaking.

TROCHA IS CROSSED.

Maceo Sends 1,000 Men Through Weyler's Famed Wall.—Not Ready to go Himself.

(James Creelman in "New York World," April 27, 1896.)

No large body of men crossed the trocha at that time.

The papers of April 28th again report an expedition as having landed in Pinar del Rio. The "Bermuda" is once more named as the successful filibuster. This report is from the Florida "press foundry."

INSURGENTS ADVANCING.

Twenty Thousand from the West are Now in Habana Province.

Patriots Capture Three Hundred and Eighty Spanish Troops, and Take Their Uniforms and Put Them On Their Own Men.

"The insurgents have been gradually massing their forces in the province of Habana for the last thirty days. Now there are about 20,000 in the province, commanded by the following officers: José Maceo, with about 5,000, at Guira de Melena; Lacret, with about 5,000, in San Jose

de las Lajas, about eight miles from Habana City; Pedro Diaz and Castillo, with about 4,000, near Guines; José M. Aguirre, near Bainoa and Jaruco; Juan Masso, near Quivicán; Francisco Carillo, near Bejucal, and Collazo, near Santiago de las Vegas.”—(“New York Sun,” April 30th, 1896.)

And they didn’t capture Habana!

Not one of these officers was in the places referred to.

“Gomez is reported to be in Matanzas with over 10,000 men, and headed toward Habana. He has artillery, and is said to be preparing for a pitched battle.”—(Creelman, in the “World” of May 1st.)

ATTACK ON THE TROCHA.

Maceo Makes a Fierce but Futile Attempt to Break the Spanish Line.

(F. W. Lawrence, in the “Journal” of May 2d, 1896.)

On this date Maceo was at Cacarajicara, in the hills near Los Pozos.

RELIEF NEAR FOR MACEO.

Maximo Gomez is Rapidly Marching Toward the Trocha to Attack the Spanish Troops.

(F. W. Lawrence, in “New York Journal” of May 4th, 1896.)

Maximo Gomez was in Camaguey, where he had enough to attend to without coming to help Maceo.

“On the 16th of May the ‘Journal’ furnishes a picture of Col. Adele Pilotro, of Vuelto Abajo (!) in Matanzas. She was commissioned by Gomez to lead a regiment operating in the same district as her husband,” who is represented as a colonel in the Spanish army.

Can anything be more absurd? Yet we find a paper that presents the yarn for an enlightened public to read.

The “Journal,” in its issue of May 19th, publishes the written statement of Mr. F. W. Lawrence, that was sub-

mitted to the Secretary of State (Mr. Olney) as a true report of the situation in Cuba.

Despite the fact that the "Herald" and other papers had conclusively proved the story of the capture of Pinar del Rio and Santa Clara as false, and that time would verify the accuracy of these statements, we find that Mr. Lawrence has the audacity to endeavor to influence Mr. Olney by insisting on the truth of this "fake." It will be well to bear in mind, this correspondent never was in the field, and consequently never witnessed any of the blood-curdling atrocities he so vividly describes, but, like many others, has relied entirely on the stories told him by unscrupulous people in Habana. To give many of his letters the semblance of truth, they have been credited to an imaginary correspondent in the field. Now, it is a well-known fact that Mr. Scovel and myself were the only newspaper correspondents that were ever with Maceo in Pinar del Rio, and all others who claim to have been with him can be classed as "fakirs." It is only charitable to suppose that Mr. Lawrence was systematically and completely imposed upon by the "laborantes" in Habana, and implicitly believed all that was told him, for it is hard to believe that the representative of such a leading paper would so persistently prostitute a legitimate and honorable profession as to invent the series of letters which bore his signature, and were read by thousands, who accepted them as being a faithful account of what was passing in Cuba. From a certain standpoint, ordinary "faking" is permissible, especially when the object is to simply amuse; but when it is carried to such an extent that the stories threaten to rupture the amicable relations of two nations, it is time to cry a halt.

Mr. Lawrence says in his "report": "The representatives of all the foreign governments in Habana receive their information through the same unreliable channels through which information is passed to the newspaper

correspondents. It is invariably scrutinized and altered to suit the Spanish authorities before it is made public. On the other hand, it is quite as true that unreliable information and exaggerated reports are constantly being offered to correspondents and others by the insurgents and their sympathizers. This false news from the insurgent side is, however, without the official stamp. Such news as goes to the correspondents and others through the Cuban head-quarters there, under the sanction of the authorities of the Cuban Republic, is, my experience teaches me, invariably reliable.

“These statements, I think, dispose of any question which may arise concerning the reliability of the announcements made by American newspaper correspondents in Habana which have been denied by the Spanish authorities.”

In the light of subsequent events that have exposed the falsity of this gentleman's letters, it is evident that his only defense lies in the foregoing statements, which would tend to prove that he was “taken in and done for” by the very people he holds up as models of veracity; for it is a well-understood fact that the “laborantes” in Habana, who pose as agents of the Cuban Republic, are the most unreliable and unprincipled originators of false reports in regard to matters concerning the present struggle. This does not apply to the real agents, some of whom I have met and conversed with, and found to be as truthful as possible under the circumstances.

The most deplorable outcome of Mr. Lawrence's work is, perhaps, the spectacle of our august Senator from Alabama, Mr. Morgan, delivering a speech on the floor of the Senate, in which he declares that the testimony of Mr. Lawrence furnished him with the best facts in regard to the situation in Cuba.* No comments are necessary.

* Senator Morgan has used the same report as authority on other occasions, when he delivered one of his stock speeches denouncing Spain.

The "New York World," of May 19th, 1896, furnishes us with an excellent example of the fertility of the Cuban imagination. This story is a sample of what can be heard in Habana every hour of the day, and strikingly demonstrates all that I have tried to make clear on the subject. A Cuban, by the name of Pomares, arrives on the Habana steamer; the always-on-hand reporter button-holes him, and is simple enough to swallow this story. Pomares says: "The insurgents, under Gen. Zaragosa (!) attacked a strong force of Spanish troops under Lieut. Melias! He figures the Spanish loss at 2,200 (!), and the insurgent losses at from 500 to 700. The scene of the battle was near Guanabacoa, or within five miles of Habana." Think of it! A lieutenant in command of a force that could lose 2,200 men, and then consider that there is no insurgent chief named Zaragosa, and that the entire rebel force in that part of the province only numbered 750 men all told, under Aguirre, and then say whether the originator of this story is not worthy a place in history by the side of Ananias or not!

The "New York World" is again imposed upon by some "fakir" who pretends to be a special correspondent in the camp of Maceo in Pinar del Rio. The letter is dated May 5th, 1896. The head-lines are:

AMERICANS WITH MACEO.

A Reckless, Dare-devil, Hard-fighting Squad Who are a Cuban Mainstay.

Mayer, the Iowan, as a Leader.—A Fearless Fighter and Cunning Schemer, Who Handles a Machete Like a Native.—He is in Command of Maceo's Guard.—A Correspondent From the Insurgent Camp Says the Men are Well and in High Spirits.

These fictitious Americans are all named, and the letter contains other remarkable "information." Their names are given as:

"Solon Mayer, of Iowa; Baltimore is represented by Jack Kane, a happy-go-lucky Irishman, who has been here a year and who has done excellent service. Then there are Frank Palmer, of Michigan; R. Doyle, of Mobile; Leroy Hemming, of Maryland; S. Coon, of Mobile; Converse Allen, of Atlanta; Ellis McDougall, of Tennessee; John Wainwright, of Louisiana; Peter Dillon, of Texas—all good, hard-fighting, laughing Americans, and good fellows," etc., etc.

The "special correspondent" might just as well have added the name of his father, grandfather, and other relations, without fear of being detected in "faking" at that time.

The only Americans in Pinar del Rio on the 5th of May were Mr. Ulrich, Capt. Kaminsky, Charles Smith, a sailor from the "Competitor's" crew, and the author of this book.

"New York World," May 28th, 1896, via Key West.—
"Maceo has taken prisoner Gen. Segura on the trocha."
—(From the Key West "war news factory.")

Maceo was at the time near El Toro, 100 miles to the west of the trocha.

The "New York Sun," of August 29th, 1896, publishes a letter dated from Boston, and it will be readily seen that the party interviewed deserves a medal as the champion liar. The head-lines are:

FIVE HUNDRED MEN LANDED IN CUBA.

Lieutenant Alvared in Boston after a Successful Expedition.

Landed at Bartmer!

This descendant of Ananias is reported to have said:

"The insurgents have fifty men, all from the State of New York, and all sharp-shooters, who are expected, Alvared says, to devote themselves to securing an opportunity to get a shot at Weyler. Weyler knows this, Al-

vared says, and by way of revenge, he orders his soldiers to assault all women and little girls.

"It is impossible, Alvared declares, even to hint at the atrocities reported committed, it is supposed, by order of the Spanish general.

"A month ago he discovered a Cuban newspaper in the pocket of an American named Charles Churchill, of Pennsylvania. By Weyler's command, Churchill was wrapped in an American flag and burned to death. Four American sea captains were witnesses of this, the lieutenant says."

He claims to have been an adjutant to Antonio Maceo!

[NEW YORK WORLD.]

RAIDED A HOSPITAL.

More than Forty Sick and Wounded Cubans Butchered.

Four Prisoners Murdered.—Soldiers Told of Atrocities as if They Were Common Sight to Them.—General Ordered Surgeon Killed.—Hospital Fired After the Massacre, and Bodies of Those Who Died Outside Tossed Into the Flames.

Here we have an example of the imaginative powers of the other side. The correspondent reports that his information was derived from the soldiers of the column of Serrano Altimira. All this was supposed to have happened on the retreat after the fight of Quinones.

I happened to be present at the fight at this place, and I may state in all seriousness, that even if a dozen hospitals had been located near the road in full view of the Spaniards, they never would have stopped to capture them, for the way they retreated along that mountain highway, with Maceo's men on their flanks, left them no time to waste on side issues. Sufficient to say, that they left twenty dead scattered along the road, to be devoured afterward by the wild hogs.

To my certain knowledge, there was no such hospital in that section of the country, and therefore either the correspondent has invented the story, or his alleged informers were full of "aguadiente."

The Key West "foundry" again imposes one of its staple productions on the "New York Herald" of June 8th, 1896.

MACEO'S AMAZONS TAKE REVENGE AT THE TROCHA CONFLICT.

They Settle Scores With Machetes.

Wounded Men Their Prey.—With Their Aid, Contrary to Spanish Reports, Maceo Crossed the Government Line.

"In the recent attacks which the rebel chieftain, Antonio Maceo, made on the trocha, four companies of Cuban women took part.

"The Amazons fought furiously! Nearly every one of them had suffered grievous wrongs from the Spaniards, and took this opportunity for revenge.

"They rushed on the wounded Spaniards, hacking them with machetes.

"Maceo tried to stop the slaughter; but the women were thoroughly aroused, and would not obey the command. Finally Maceo had to threaten to shoot the women unless they stopped killing the Spaniards."

(Note what the author says about Amazons in another chapter.)

The Junta in New York now comes to the front with this "important" news in the "New York Journal" of June 16th:

SPANIARDS DRIVEN FROM TWO BIG CITIES.

Puerto Principe and Jiguani Taken by Gomez and Garcia.

Hard Fighting in Both Sieges, But the Patriots are Complete Victors.

Puerto Principe and Jiguani are still held by the Spaniards, and have never been taken, except in the imagination of the Junta.

We now come to a very interesting and startling inter-

view published in various papers of June 24th, credited to no less a personage than Wm. Ryan, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Eastern District of Virginia, who arrived in New York from Habana on the steamer "Yumuri." If the interview alleged to have taken place is true, then it is clearly evident that Mr. Ryan contracted the prevalent "disease" of exaggeration while in Habana, or was so simple as to be fooled by some "laborante" joker, for he asserts that his arrival in Habana was known beforehand to the rebel, General Maceo, who made a special visit to the city for the purpose of seeing him. Mr. Ryan also says that he makes regular visits to the capital disguised as a negro laborer, for the purpose of having his picture taken, and to hold conferences with the Cuban leaders, and a lot more, *ad nauseum*. This story is not worth while denying, as the stamp of Munchausen can be readily seen at a glance.

The "War Angel of Ayoleta" again crops up in the "World," and again she is killed in a fight with Maceo, at Quemado de Guines, near Sagua, where he had gone to receive an expedition.

This time she is dubbed the "Angela de la Guerra" (Angel of the War), and her name is Matilde Agramonte Varona. A very touching and pathetic story is unfolded; but it is clear that the author has plagiarized the "Journal's" old "fake," and transformed it so as to appear as original.

The "Journal" of June 5th presents a "fine story," entitled:

CANNON MADE FROM TREES!

The Cuban Insurgents Have the Strangest Artillery of Modern Times.

A purely imaginary article.

The Key West "foundry" is waking up, and we find in the "World" of July 20th from that source, the following:

GEN. INCLAN A PRISONER.

Ambushed by Gen. Maceo, it is Reported, and his Force Routed.

Spanish Loss More Than 300.—Battle Fought Near Cuban Chieftain's Head-quarters in Pinar del Rio Close to the Trocha.—Insurgents Were on the Aggressive.—Captive General to be Held as Hostage to Save the Lives of Cubans in Spanish Hands.

This story found its way into the columns of other papers, and according to the "foundry," Maceo had opened negotiations with Weyler to exchange him for Sanguilly.

Of course this yarn is also unworthy of denial; but for the benefit of those who have not followed Cuban events very closely, I may say that it is absolutely false. Maceo did not capture Inclan, and on the date referred to, Maceo did not fight a battle, but was quietly encamped back of Tapia, nursing his wounded leg.

The "Journal" of August 14th has a very interesting article on the death of Charles Govin. In a letter to the "Herald," I submitted similar evidence of this American's death at the hands of Ochoa, the Spanish general. There is every reason to believe, from circumstantial evidence, that he was killed by the Spanish column.

While the story is largely true, the man who is reported to have furnished the information is evidently an impostor.

He says:

"The following details of the death of Mr. Chas. Govin was formally reported to Maj. Van Cucia (probably meaning Valencia) by seven of his soldiers, who were eye-witnesses, and then came under my personal notice, I being then in the district where the murder took place.

"JULIO RODRIGUEZ BAZ."

This party claimed to hold the rank of major in the insurgent army.

Now, when a copy of the "Journal" of the above date arrived in Cuba, I was with Gen. Aguirre, and encamped very near the place where Govin was reported to have been killed. Valencia, Aranguren and others were there, and not one of them knew of such a person as Maj. Baz.

As I have since read a very interesting article in the "Sun" from the imaginative brain of this same Baz, referring to several exploits in which he and Maceo took part, I do not hesitate to denounce him as a "fakir."

The Tampa branch of the war news "factory" now breaks the monotony by the following in the leading papers:

SPANISH COLUMN LOST.

Big Force Said to Have Gone Over to Cubans in Santa Clara.

"A big Spanish column is reported to have gone over to the insurgents in a body in Santa Clara Province.

"The force left Remedios about a month ago, under Col. Laza, with instructions to raid and burn the insurgent hospitals in the Siguaneya Mountains. No advices have been received from them since then."

I have had occasion to speak of this "fake" in another part of the book. The column was once reported as lost in the Siguaneya Hills, and again, as having been massacred to a man by the rebels, and now we see that they have joined the patriots. The facts are these: The column of Col. Manrique de Lara, stationed at Trinidad, tiring of inactivity—for the insurgents in that district positively refused to fight—had co-operated with the column of Col. Palanca in the Placetás district.

The "laborantes" in Trinidad, ignorant of what kept him away for such a long time, probably spread the report in Habana that he had not been seen or heard from since he left that town.

On this foundation the "mechanics" in the "shops"

at Tampa turned out the various "productions" that found a ready market.

The most unscrupulous and inconceivable invention of alleged atrocities, bearing the mark of the United Press, appeared in the "Evening Sun" and "Journal" of October 6th, 1896.

The head-lines in the "Sun" are:

WEYLER—BUTCHER.

New Phase of His Shocking Crimes Against Civilization.

Prisoners Fed to Sharks.—Every Night Some Prisoners are Taken Out, Marked as Released in the Books, and Drowned in the Harbor.—Sixty-three Were Murdered in This Way From September 1st to September 20th.—The Torture of Nothing but Salt Fish to Eat and no Water, One of the Methods Practiced.

The headings in the "Evening Journal" of the same date are:

CUBANS FED TO SHARKS.

Sixty-three Prisoners Disappear in Twenty-six Days, and Marked as Released.

Cries Heard at Night. — They are Taken Outside the Harbor, and the Silent Ferryman Comes Back Alone.

The morning edition of these papers reproduced the story with "trimmings."

The "New York Herald" immediately cabled its correspondent in Habana to ferret out the truth of this story. His answer published on the following day is:

"The report sent out that Capt.-Gen. Weyler has thrown prisoners to the sharks was evidently started by Cubans to impress sympathetic Americans. In the absence of all proofs, it may be regarded as *wholly ridiculous and false.*"

The "Herald" also telegraphed to the Spanish min-

ister, Dupuy de Lome, requesting a denial of the atrocities charged above. His answer is as follows:

“ LENOX, Mass.

“ To the Editor of the ‘ Herald,’—I have not yet seen the story to which you refer. These monstrous reports do not merit denial. Their source is the same as those of a similar nature made public and never confirmed.

“ After the arrival in Cuba in the last four weeks of 40,000 soldiers, and when the campaign is about to open, I expect the agitation that is coming.

“ DUPUY DE LOME.”

A rather startling but inoffensive little “ fake ” appears in the “ Journal ” of October 8th, 1896:

“ EL COYOTE’S ” LIFE TWICE IN DANGER.

Two Unsuccessful Attempts to Kill Captain-General Weyler.

Mere Accident Spoils the Well-laid Plans of the Cuban Conspirators.—Secret Enemies of Spain Invade the Palace of the Representative of the Crown.—Dynamite in a Chocolate Cup.—Weyler Entangles Himself in Wires Which Lead to a Bomb, etc., etc.

The same edition of this paper contains a very “ interesting ” editorial on the barbarity of the Spaniards, based on the exploded shark story.

The “ World ” and “ Herald ” of October 13th present two different views of a battle in Pinar del Rio.

The pro-Cuban “ World ” says:

MACEO CHASING SPANISH.

Another Hot Fight With General Echague, This Time Near North Coast.

The conservative “ Herald ” says:

ANTONIO MACEO LOSES A BATTLE.

Leaves Hundreds Dead on the Field, Being Compelled to Retreat in Haste.

The Jacksonville branch of the "Florida News Co." is now heard from.

NEW MENACE FOR WEYLER.

While He Watches Maceo, Gomez Pours Fresh Troops Into the Western Provinces.

Gomez was still in the province of Puerto Principe, and did *not* pour fresh troops into the western provinces, for the simple reason that he had none to "pour" in.

The Amazon who achieves marvelous victories over scores of Spaniards, is again heard from in the "New York Sun" of October 20th, 1896.

SHE SHOT SEVENTEEN SPANIARDS.

A Cuban Woman's Desperate Part in Battle.

She did not Retire Before the Attack of the Regulars, but Picked Them Off, Man by Man, Until They Captured Her.—More Cuban Prisoners Slaughtered.

A highly improbable tale, and one that was never verified.

Key West sends to the "World" of October 23d:

GENERAL WEYLER BACKS OUT.

He Will not Fight Maceo in the Field after all His Boasting.

Fears to Meet Campos' Fate.

How true this story was we have all seen, for only a few days afterward, Weyler left Habana for the field, no doubt forced to do so by the criticisms on his valor by the "Florida Press Bureau."

The force of "editors" in Florida was seemingly augmented by a fresh staff of workers let loose from Mazorra, near Habana, for, from now on their startling and unfounded inventions came in regularly to the press of the country, and not one of their stories has stood the test of time.

The Key West "Mazorran" sends to the "Herald," on October 23th, 1896, this important news:

MACEO CROSSES THE WESTERN TROCHA.

Under Cover of the Bombardment of Artimisa, He Enters Habana Province.

A Junction With Aguirre.—His Conduct at Cacarajicara Merely a Feint to Outwit Spanish Generals.—They Fell Into His Trap.

The "World" of the 29th of October prints a story from the same source.

MACEO IN HABANA PROVINCE.

Gave Gonzalez Munoz the Slip in the Mountains.

"Maceo, with 2,500 troops, broke through the trocha, and is now in Habana district. He went over to assist Gen. Gomez in his march to Habana. Maceo left Gen. Rios in charge of the troops in Pinar del Rio, with 10,000 men in the insurgent stronghold. The town of Artimisa was wrecked, and many persons are reported killed," etc., etc.

Maceo did attack Artimisa with his dynamite gun; but subsequent events proved the falsity of the above reports, for he could not force his way through the line.

This attack was made at night, and before morning the rebels were well on their way to their secure hiding-places in the hills near Cayajabos. As for Gomez marching on Habana, we know that he was still the other side of the Jucaro-Moron Trocha.

Key West to the "Herald" of November 2d, says:
(The "Herald" afterward corrected these false notices.)

GOMEZ TO LAY SIEGE TO HABANA.

Principal Cities and Towns in Cuba the Objective Points in His Campaign.

Maceo Goes to Meet Him.—Startling Reports of a Movement in Force by the Combination in Columns.—Ominous Silence of Gomez.—Waited Only for the Disposition of Gen. Weyler's New Re-enforcements From Spain.

We have all seen that the only towns laid siege to for the last year have been Cascorro, Guaimaro, and Arroyo Blanco, three unimportant villages in the interior. One was really captured, one abandoned by the Spanish, and in the last case, Gomez was forced to raise the "siege" and retire on the arrival of re-enforcements.*

The "New York Herald" of November 3d, says:

SERIOUS CRISIS IN CUBAN AFFAIRS.

Revolutionary Leaders Declare that Lee Left Havana Because of Strained Relations.

In the "Competitor" Case Cubans Say That Grave Notes Passed Between Lee and the Captain-General.—Startling Remark Quoted.—Did Lee Say He Would not be Surprised if He Should Return in a Cruiser?

"The foregoing dispatch was received from a correspondent in Jacksonville, Florida. It was impossible to verify it, and under these circumstances it is published for what it is worth."—(Editor's foot-note.)

The Junta now wakes up, and informs the "New York Journal" of November 13th, that the Spanish general Melguizo is wounded, and Echague killed.

Key West to the "World" of November 15th:

MACEO THREATENS TROCHA.

Groups of Cubans Noticed Yesterday Gathering Near the Trocha.

"It evidently was their intention to pass the line near Esperanza Vinales, but they were repulsed, and a number shot."

* Since writing the above, the insurgents have captured the town of Victoria de Las Tunas, and unable to hold it, set fire to the houses and withdrew.

The geography of Cuba was undoubtedly unknown to this enterprising "fakir," who places Vinales on the line of the trocha. This town lies about 100 miles to the west of the line.

The first chapter in the long series of absolute falsehoods describing how whole columns of Spaniards were blown to pieces by the dynamite mines at the rebel camp of Rubi, makes its first appearance in the "New York Herald" of November 15th. Our old and "reliable" friends at Key West are ostensibly the authors of this stupendous "fake." The head-lines are:

DYNAMITE ROUTS SPANISH TROOPS.

The Forces of Munoz, Gonzalez, and Echague Advanced Upon the Rebel Trenches, Only to Meet Death in a Dreadful Form.

Trap of High Explosives.—Munoz Reported Killed, While Echague had a Leg Blown Off.

Several distinct versions of this affair cropped up afterward, and every one of them are traceable to the same unreliable source of the "factories" in Florida.

While in Santa Clara last February, I met Pedro Diaz, Charles Gordon, and others who were present with Maceo in all his fights near Rubi, and they all emphatically denied and laughed at the stories circulated by their brethren in Florida. "There is not one word of truth in any of these stories," said Gordon. This may be borne in mind when the successive "fakes" based on this same yarn are noted further on.

The "Sun" comes out with the second chapter—this time semi-official.

MACEO READY FOR WEYLER.

Writes Palma That He has a Trocha of His Own Now, Sown With Dynamite.

This apparently official confirmation of the report would suggest three solutions of the question. Either my infor-

mantas who were there are mistaken, or the letter to Palma was a bogus one, or the reporter invented the yarn. The fact that such a trocha or barrier did not exist, can be readily proven, for as yet the Spanish troops have not found it.

The New Orleans branch of the "factory" soon "caught on" to the scheme, and telegraphs the third chapter to the "New York World" of November 16th.

WEYLER HAS SPIES HERE.

To Shoot Filibusters When Taken.

Weyler Orders Naval Commanders to Avoid Complications by Drum-head Courts-Martial.—Gen. Echague's Defeat Terrible.—One Whole Company of the Aripiles Battalion was Almost Annihilated.

No comments.

The head-quarters of the "factory" in Jacksonville comes in line with the next installment. Mr. Huau sends to the "Journal" of November 17th:

HAS WEYLER ATTACKED MACEO?

Reports of Continued Fighting in the Pinar Del Rio District.

For Three Days, it is Said in Jacksonville, Firing has been kept up.

New Orleans comes to the front again with the following to the "World:"

MACEO'S POSITION IMPREGNABLE.

Captain Andrade, of His Staff, says the Ranges are 200 Miles Long, and Every Hill a Stronghold.

There was no such person on the staff of Antonio Maceo.

A very interesting yarn, which is too improbable to be true, even if subsequent investigations had not proved its falsity, is published by various papers from their Atlanta, Ga., correspondent. The "World" of November 20th, says:

A PRICE ON WEYLER'S HEAD.

Cubans Offer Sharp-shooters \$1,000 Apiece for Officers and \$5,000 for the Captain-General.

"Mr. Carrol, an agent of a Chicago powder and dynamite firm, has just returned from Cuba. He went there in the 'Dauntless' expedition, and landed with a cargo of arms sixty miles from Habana. A company of Texas rangers armed with rifles which carry five miles, landed on the island three weeks ago, he says, and these men are constantly on the watch for Spanish officers. The rifles, needle-guns, wind-gauges, and telescopic sights weigh twenty-eight pounds.

"The natives can not use them, but an insurgent accompanies each sharp-shooter and carries a strong field-glass. With the glass the native scans the country for officers. When one is found, the ranger gets in action with his rifle, firing from a rest. These Texans shoot chiefly from tree-tops. For every officer killed or mortally wounded they get \$1,000. The man who kills Gen. Weyler is to get \$5,000," etc., etc.*

And this is the kind of trash our reporters swallow and forward to their papers for the enlightened American public to read.

The representative of the "Florida War News Co." located in New York, is undoubtedly the author of the fifth chapter of the dynamite mine explosion furnished to the "New York Journal," and achieves a great "scoop." A large "sketch" (?) of dead and wounded soldiers scattered around amidst the *débris* of guns, gun-carriages, etc., is called, "What a Dynamite Gun did in the Rubi Hills."

"(Photographed after the action of November 10th. Taken by Lieut. Salcido, of Maceo's command.)"

Tampa now takes its turn, and sends to the "Journal" of November 20th:

* This story undoubtedly served as the base for the various thrilling accounts of the heroism displayed by these mythical rangers, published by the same paper later on. There was an expedition, no rangers, and it is safe to say the famous rifles were also imaginary. This is a notable example of how correspondents impose on their employers.

“It is further stated that Puerto Principe, Cascorro, and Guaimaro are all in the hands of the Cuban leader, Calixto Garcia, and his aids.”

It's queer that the writer did not tack on the cities of Santiago de Cuba, Manzanillo, Holguin, and a few others that are scattered around the country waiting for the insurgents to take them in their hands and try to hold them for a few days.

The enterprising Key West man of the “Mail and Express” sends to his paper on the 20th of November:

“Quintin Banderas, the insurgent leader, was reported yesterday in view of the Pinar del Rio military line with a strong force of insurgent cavalry and infantry, and Cayito Alvarez is said to be with him.”

The persons who thought they saw Quintin Banderas near this trocha, must have been blessed with rather exceptional far-seeing eyes, for this old fellow was at the time in the province of Santiago de Cuba, 500 miles away, and Alvarez was in the hills of Sigüanea, 200 miles distant.

Another representative in Key West sends to the “Journal” of November 22:

BUTCHER WEYLER IN FULL RETREAT, etc., etc.

Again in the “Mail and Express” we have: “From a correspondent whose statements of facts may be relied on as trustworthy. It was received this morning by way of Key West!”

“Gen. Weyler has the largest body-guard ever known in the history of war. In the hills of Pinar del Rio he is now the center of a cordon of 6,000 men, whose duty it is to care for his personal safety.

“The rank and file of the Spanish forces are incredibly ignorant. Scores of them have never heard of New York, and only know of America in a vague sort of way, and without the slightest conception of its area or population.

“The command of a firing squadron detailed to shoot prisoners is an honor eagerly sought for by Spanish offi-

cers. When more than three prisoners are to be shot at one time, the squad is secretly ordered to leave one of the condemned unhurt or slightly wounded. This is to afford the commanding officer the pleasure of administering the *coup de grâce* himself."

It is evident that this correspondent fell amongst the "workers" in Key West, and they certainly had a great time with him, for his work would prove that he was nearly as densely ignorant of Spanish methods as the poor rustic soldier from the interior of Spain is of the United States.

The correspondent of the "New York World," in Santiago de Cuba, sends the following story to his paper. It has never been confirmed:

BUTCHERY IN EAST CUBA.

Every Night "Pacíficos" are Taken From Their Homes and Murdered.

Reign of Terror at Guantanamo.—Women Who Aided Spanish Wounded Left on the Field, Arrested and Maltreated.

Barton, Florida, also seems to have a small "factory" of its own, and no mean one, either, if we are to judge by this sample of its work in the "World" of November 24th:

SPAIN'S ACT OF DEFIANCE.

"Competitor" Crew Tried by Court-Martial, in Spite of Treaty.

Lee's Protest Pigeon-holed.—State Department's Hint of Our Disapproval Calmly Ignored.—Prisoners Allowed no Counsel.—Not Even Permitted an Interpreter to Tell What the Testimony Against Them Was.—Our Consulate Kept in Ignorance.—Melton and the Other Prisoners Forced to Sign Papers Admitting They Were Filibusters.

The story was afterward referred to the regular correspondent of the "World" in Habana, and he answers as follows:

“The proceedings on November 14th, in the case of the ‘Competitor’ prisoners, were simply the taking of the prisoners’ declarations as a preliminary step to their formal trial.”

We now find in the leading papers a story to the effect that the Junta had dispatched an envoy to confer with the Spanish Prime Minister, Canovas del Castillo, and the results of his interview are given. The “World’s” headlines are:

AN ENVOY TO SPAIN.

A Diplomatic Agent of the Junta Goes to Madrid to Suggest the Purchase of Cuba for \$100,000,000.

News First Made Public.—Senor Cardenas Armas’ Two Conferences With Prime Minister Canovas, Who Said: “Cuba a Nest of Vipers.”—Responsible Financiers Were Ready to Take Charge of the Transaction.—Spanish Premier in a Passion.—Enraged at the Idea of a Nation of Tradesmen Guarantecing Spain’s Word.

The “New York Journal” of November 27th comes out with a denouncement of this story. In his pamphlet, Cardenas says, that the London branch of the banking firm of Seligman, offered to advance 300,000,000 pesos to Spain, with Cuba as a guarantee, conditional on the peace of the island being assured by a grant of autonomy to the Cubans as ample as that enjoyed by Canada.

The “Journal” says:

“Seligmans made Spain no offer. So at least declares the New York branch of that house. Messrs. Henry and Jefferson Seligman ignorant of Cardenas Armas. Say the whole Cuban story of purchase is a mystery to them. Once offered to place bonds. But that was upon the proposition of Cuba’s assured independence and the cancellation of all Spanish claims.

“The Cuban Junta does not confirm the story of Cardenas, and no one in authority knew anything about the plan, and many ridiculed it.”

If Seligman and the Junta speak the truth, why, it is only logical to presume that this was another *ruse* to make trouble between this country and Spain.

Other chapters of the dynamite yarn now appear. The "Journal" of November 26th, says:

DETAILS OF GEN. WEYLER'S UTTER DEFEAT BY MACEO.

*Ordered an Advance on Three Sides of the Rubi Hills to
Trap the Rebel Leader's Men.*

Gen. Echague Got There Too Soon.—Lost 500 Men, and Was Driven Back.—On the Second Attempt, the Spaniard Found His Bird Had Flown.—Returns in Disgust to Habana.

Evidently that same correspondent of the "Mail and Express" was still sojourning with his friends in Key West, for on the 26th of November, the following appears:

WEYLER MURDERED EIGHT HUNDRED.

*Women and Children Included in His Rubi Butchery.—
Troops Horrified at His Conduct.*

The best way to dispose of this yarn is to simply state that the Rubi Hills did not have more than 100 "pacificos" at the time, and these were all connected in some way with the insurgent civil government.

That old dynamite "fake" is a hard one to down, for it is again resurrected in Jacksonville and sent to the "Herald" of November 26th.

This time it comes from Lieut. Emanuel Ramos, who has just returned from Cuba.

There must have been some mistake in the "factory" at Jacksonville in turning out this crude article, for the next day they see the grand opportunity that was lost, and immediately set to work to produce a more finished piece of work. The result was "magnificent," and it was telegraphed off to New York without further loss of time, and is published on the 27th of November.

SAW DYNAMITE USED.

Jose Reyes Tells How Weyler Failed to Drive Maceo From the Rubi Hills.

Killed by the Hundreds.

According to Reyes, whole companies of the Spanish troops were blown into the air.

The "Sun" receives the same dispatch.

GENERAL WEYLER ROUTED.

Great Slaughter of His Men in the Rubi Hills.

Blown up by Dynamite.—He Lost 200 Killed and 1,600 Wounded in the Explosion.—His Total Loss in Two Days' Fighting was 2,000 Killed and 4,000 Wounded.—Maceo Lured Gen. Munoz's 10,000 Troops on Till They Stood on Ground Honeycombed With Dynamite.—John Linn Touched off the Mine, and Maceo Let Loose His Dynamite Guns.*—Five Hundred More Men Were Killed in the Charge That Followed.—Then Echague, With 10,000 Men, Took His Turn, and Was Terribly Thrashed.—Habana Got an Inkling of the Truth, and Weyler Hurried Back to Prevent a Rising.—Col. Reyes Brings Here the Real Facts About Weyler's Advance.—Maceo all Right.

The best evidence of the utter unreliability of these correspondents, and of their being without doubt lineal descendants of Munchausen, is found in the same papers a few days afterward.

The officer who arrived in Jacksonville from the field in Cuba, was named Felix de los Rios, who claimed to have come from the camp of Maximo Gomez, in the eastern part of the island. He left for New York on the steamer, and, consequently, was ignorant of the stories attributed to him until his arrival. On being questioned, he denied the Jacksonville report, and said he knew nothing of Weyler and

* John Linn, "the Jacksonville boy," was not with Maceo in Pinar del Rio, but at the time of the above story was in the province of Santa Clara. He never was with Maceo during the war.

his campaign, and explained the "fake," by stating that his friends in Jacksonville had confounded his account of a fight in October between Maceo and Melguizo, with the recent fights around Rubi with the captain-general. But when the same officer states, later on, that Melguizo lost 2,000 men in the Rubi Hills, it is only too clear that his short stay in Jacksonville inoculated him with the prevalent disease.*

The correspondent of the "Journal" in Habana sends to his paper the following:

BUTCHERED 300 CUBAN WOMEN.

Defenseless Prisoners Shot Down by Spanish Soldiers.

Under Weyler's Orders, Col. Struch Instituted a Reign of Terror.—Destroyed Many Hamlets and "Captured" Their Inhabitants.—His Men, Inflamed With Wine, and Directed to Destroy the "Cattle," Fired Volley After Volley.—Not a Single Soul Was Left Alive.—Struch Was Rewarded for His Services to Spain, and Openly Boasted of the Horrible Deed He Had Done.

The "New York Herald" of December 8th, in a dispatch from its regular correspondent in Habana, states that Col. Struch never made the statements attributed to him. This disposes of the entire yarn.

The "New York World," of the 30th of November, publishes a full-page list of "pacificos" reported to have been murdered in the province of Pinar del Rio. The headings are:

SPAIN MAKES WAR BY BUTCHERING PEACE- ABLE MEN AND WOMEN IN CUBA.

Detailed Authentic List, With Names and Places, of Innocents Slaughtered by Spanish Guerrillas or Regulars in Pinar del Rio Province.

* When the editor of the Herald saw how he had been imposed upon in this matter, the true facts were published, and all Jacksonville letters were held for authoritative confirmation or denial. From then on, more than three quarters of such letters found their way to the waste-basket.

The Evidence Collected by a "World" Correspondent, and Supported by Many Affidavits of Eye-Witnesses, Now in Possession of the "World."

BUTCHERY OF CUBANS.

Non-Combatants, Including Women, the Chief Victims in Pinar Del Rio.

Premium put on Atrocity.—Women and Children Sacrificed When Male "Pacificos" Grow Scarce.—Assassins go About in Disguise.—Soldiers, with Secret Orders to Kill, put in Farmers' Clothes and Sent Among Peasants.—Tell-tale Letter on a Dead Officer.*—Prisoners Butchered on the Field, and Their Mutilated Bodies Left for Carrion.

The second chapter of this letter is found in the "World" of December 7th:

NOT WAR, BUT MURDER.

Spain's Path in Pinar Drenched With Innocent Blood.

Campaign of Atrocities.—Harmless Peasants, Their Wives and Children, Sacrificed Without Mercy.—The "World" Has the Clear Proofs.—Its War Correspondent Gathered in the Field Appalling Evidence of Savagery.—Bodies of Victims Mutilated.—Every Kind of Barbarity Practiced by Troops of a Nation Pretending to Civilization.

"Intelligent, trustworthy insurgents insist that more than 3,000 innocent people have been killed in that province."

I have already commented on this work of Mr. Scovel's, and, while I am convinced that he was imposed upon in the

* This identical letter was shown to me by Maceo and Miro in the month of February, or ten months before its publication in the "New York World." This letter was not taken from a dead soldier after the fight at Diana, as stated in the "World," for the fight took place about a month afterward. It was brought to Maceo by some scouts, while he was encamped on the estate of a French lady, near Colisco, (Feb. 23.) I had become so accustomed to these "proofs" of atrocities, that without some more convincing evidence from impartial sources, I decided to take no notice of the letter in question, for I was not satisfied in my own mind as to its authenticity.

matter by the various insurgent chiefs in Pinar del Rio, it is with deep regret that I feel myself forced to correct a certain statement made in connection with, and to give more strength to, his story. Whether the error in question was intentional or a fault of the artist, I do not know; but it is there, nevertheless, and as it tends to make the investigation authoritative, and was so considered by many of our legislators, it should be rectified. In connection with the full-page story will be found a large map, which has the following explanation printed below:

“ Every black dot on this map indicates the spot where one or more peaceable citizens, non-combatants, were slaughtered by Spanish troops. The dotted line indicates the route of the “ World’s ” special correspondent on horseback in *personally* investigating these atrocities.”

As I was in the province of Pinar del Rio at that time, and accompanied the “ World ” correspondent for over a month, I can state, that out of the 120 places alleged to have been inspected by him on his tour of investigation, only about twenty were actually visited during the time he was west of the trocha. And I may also state, in all seriousness, that for the space of more than a month, or while we were together, we did not see one dead body, either insurgent or “ pacifico,” and for two months previous to our meeting, I was unable to collect any conclusive evidence in regard to these alleged massacres. Many stories were brought to my notice by the various insurgent chiefs; but as they could never lead me to the spot to view the murdered person, nor could they even show me the graves, I was compelled, through a sense of impartiality, to wait until such time as I had ocular evidence on which to base my letter. As I have never been able to have this desire gratified, it will explain, to a certain extent, the reason why my letters to the “ Herald ” were conspicuous by the absence of these reports. It is fair and logical to suppose, that if so many of these murders had taken place, I would

have at least seen the bodies of some of the victims, as I was in the field longer than any other correspondent. Mr. Scovel and myself have traveled together through many parts of Cuba, and have been in many tight places, in which he always exhibited the coolest nerve and bravery. While I have nothing but admiration for his reckless daring displayed on many occasions, I feel that he has not fully realized the extent of the duplicity practiced by the insurgents in regard to the question of atrocities; for Mr. Scovel will have to coincide in the fact, that in all the different trips we have made together through the country of Cuba, not once have we actually beheld the body of a dead "pacifico," or an insurgent either, for that matter. Scovel undoubtedly witnessed several glaring and undeniable proofs of atrocities while he was in the district to the east of the Mariel trocha, in the vicinity of Hoyo Colorado. In these cases I can only join him in condemning and denouncing the perpetrators of such outrages.

It seems very queer that, during the two months he was in Pinar del Rio, Maceo and all his chiefs, employing the utmost activity, could not furnish him with more cases than is published in the "World;" for if he could accumulate only 200 such documents in that length of time, it stands to reason that the assertion of the "trustworthy" insurgent chiefs, to the effect that over 3,000 "pacificos" were slaughtered by the Spanish troops, is another good example of the great elasticity of their tropical imaginations.

Mr. Scovel was subsequently captured by the Spaniards while attempting to return to Habana after an interview with Gen. Gomez.

Notwithstanding the fact that he had done more to lower the good name of Spain by employing the testimony furnished him by their enemies, and of even forwarding these documents to our State Department, as the result of his personal investigations, we find that instead of imposing a

sentence of imprisonment or death for the violation of the existing military laws, which he had knowingly and repeatedly defied, the Spanish authorities showed their humanity by liberating him. How many English, French, or, in fact, generals of other nations, would permit such flagrant violations to pass by without some punishment being meted out to the offender? Take, for instance, the present campaign of the English on the Nile, where the commander-in-chief prohibited the correspondents from marching with the troops on a certain expedition. Does any one with common sense suppose that he would for one minute stand any of the nonsense that has characterized the campaign in Cuba, or would hesitate to summarily chastise an offender of this class, without regard to his nationality? The release of Scovel should not be misinterpreted as a sign of fear on the part of Spain, but rather as a delicate compliment to the high officials who interceded in his behalf, for, if Spain had decided to punish him, the United States government could not have legally demanded his release.

The "Mail and Express" of December 3d, 1896, has:

CLOSING IN ON HABANA.

The Latest News of the Insurgent Attack on Guanabacoa.

"New York World," of December 3d, 1896:

WEYLER DECREES DEATH.

He Has Given the Cuban People up to the Bayonet and the Machete.

There is absolutely no proof to strengthen this story.

Key West sends to the "Journal" of December 4th, the following:

GENERAL WEYLER MAY BE HEMMED IN.

Gomez, with an Army of 20,000 Men, is Moving West to Meet Him.

Maceo, Strongly Intrenched in the Hills, Awaiting an Attack.—Captain-General, it is Reported, no Longer Seeking an Engagement With His Wily Foe.—Cubans are Ready for Battle.—Maceo Has Gathered His Forces About Him, and Will Not Elude the Spaniards.—Much Anxiety Felt in Habana.

Note reports later on from same source contradicting these stories.

The active correspondent of the "Mail and Express" in Jacksonville sends on the same day:

TROOPS DESERT TO THE REBELS.

"A special from Key West (!) says that the Spanish garrison of San Jose de Las Lajas, twenty miles south-east of Habana, abandoned their posts and joined the insurgents."

This is absolutely false.

"Maceo is reported to have exploded another mine between Rubi and Cayajabos, and 500 Spanish soldiers were killed or wounded."—(Rev. A. J. Diaz, the Baptist Missionary of Habana, was told this yarn by Cubans in New Orleans.)

Note what has already been said on the subject.

Tampa sends to the "World" of the same day:

WEYLER WHIPPED AGAIN?

Two Hundred Wounded and Sick Soldiers Sent to Habana From Points on the Trocha.

"Journal," December 5th:

WEYLER MAY BE LOST IN THE HILLS.

The "Journal," of December 6th, contains an absurd story, entitled:

LO! ANOTHER AIR SHIP.

This One is to Fly Over the Spanish Camps in Cuba, and Drop out Explosives.

The "New York World," of December 6th, attempts to clear up the mystery concerning El Inglesito, the insurgent leader.

The story says that Julio Gold and Raoul Marti are the same person; but the author of this book, who knows both personally, is in a position to state that the "World" has been imposed upon by some one anxious to make a few dollars on the story.

The real Inglesito, or Alfredo Gold (or Gould), was a major, under the orders of the chief of Matanzas Province. Marti is a Frenchman, who told Maceo he had been a captain in the French navy, and the writer remembers him as an engineer on the sugar estate, La Ceiba, before the war.

Marti was called by some "El Inglesito," from the fact that he spoke a little English, and when any one asked him if he was El Inglesito so much talked about, he would never deny but that he was the man. Marti was far the better man of the two, for Gold is of a simple "guajiro" type, while the other has shown himself to be possessed of many excellent qualities that go to make up a soldier.

Marti was the first Cuban to cross Weyler's trocha, was wounded at Maceo's side during the fight at El Descanso de Las Lajas, near Consolacion del Sur, and finally arrived in New York, and returned with the expedition under Ruis Rivera. Gould, the original "Inglesito," was left by Maceo in Matanzas in command of some 600 "impedimenta."

The Junta informs the "New York Times," of December 8th, 1896, that private advices were received to the effect that Gomez was now in the province of Habana.

Of course, there must be some explanation to account for the stream of unreliable stories and "fakes" that poured steadily into the leading papers. The "Morning Advertiser," of the 18th of January, 1897, hits the nail on the head in an editorial, entitled:

“THE JUNTA LOCATED AT LAST.

“Since Senor Canovas, the Spanish premier, thought it necessary to formally deny the existence, in connection with the present rebellion in Cuba, of any treaties, protocols or agreements of any kind whatever, it has been ascertained that all the alleged instruments published during the week and reported to have relation with the present uprising are “fakes.” They are reproductions of treaties a quarter of a century old, and forgotten by most people—pure “fakes,” so far as they have any bearing on the situation of the day.

“But this, apparently, is only the beginning of the truth. It is doubtful whether, of all the so-called special correspondents alleged to be in Cuba, more than one, or, at best, two, has ever strayed beyond the jurisdiction of the United States. A Florida newspaper, in point of fact, makes the by no means surprising assertion that the season at Key West is unusually brisk and prosperous, owing to the presence there of a number of newspaper correspondents, all of whom are dating their letters to their officers from Habana or other points in Cuba.

“This opens up a wide field of conjecture. If Key West is the newspaper Habana, what Gomez says or does is evidently what the correspondential Junta provides that he ought to say and do, colored by the individual fancy of the correspondent and his special office instructions.

“Moreover, if this correspondential Junta succeeds in firing the American heart, what *raison d'être* has any other Junta? In point of fact, is there any Junta except that of the Habana correspondents happily idling away their hours at draw poker at Key West, and meeting once a day to swap lies and move the imaginary patriot forces according to the will of the majority?

“With a copy of the ‘Island of Cuba,’ and a book of travels before them, and an occasional interview with a Key West cigar-maker over a cold bottle, what more does the Junta want? Presto! there is the insurrection.”

It is a well-known fact that at the time there were more than thirty “war correspondents” in Key West trying to devise a scheme to get to Gomez. One New York jour-

nal had eight at one time in its employ. One of the number was intrusted with the care of a diamond-hilted sword, to be delivered to Gomez on arriving at his camp. Another, a doctor, had under his care several large chests of medicines and surgical instruments, donated by the same journal. A swift yacht had been chartered to convey them to different places on the coast of Cuba; but the scheme failed, and after spending at least \$25,000 to send a man to Gomez without success, the plan was dropped. The anticipated "scoop" on the ceremonies attending the presentation of the "priceless diamond-hilted sword" from the "Journal" to the Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Republic of Cuba, etc., dwindled down to the following sequel, which must have been very bitter to Mr. Hearst. On the arrival of Mr. Sylvester Scovel at Gomez's camp at Dagamal, he informed the old chief of the desperate efforts of the "Journal" to present him with this sword. Gomez already had heard various rumors to the same effect; but instead of waiting to be formally notified by the donator of the gift, he listened to the advice and persuasion of Scovel, who at last triumphantly carried off a signed note from Gomez to Hearst, in which the old chief said that Sylvester knew what disposition he wished to make of the pretty ornament. Think of the feelings of Mr. Hearst on receiving a little note scribbled in a pocket memorandum-book of the correspondent of his chief rival, telling him what to do with a present that cost him many thousands of dollars! How little Gomez thought he was destroying the greatest "scoop" of the year! This desire to make a "scoop," and to call attention to itself to increase circulation, is what prevented any of their correspondents from reaching the field, for as soon as Richard Harding Davis and Frederick Remington landed in Habana, the paper immediately represented them as being with the insurgents. While in Cienfuegos I met Davis, and we made arrangements to make a trip to

Gomez's camp together. Our plans were all laid, and we were ready to start the next morning. In the meantime, the paper he represented arrived in the mail steamer from Habana, and behold! it contained a full-page illustration of Richard Harding Davis, mounted on a charger, (?) and loaded down with cartridge-belts, repeating-rifles, and other war-like trappings, and the readers were given to understand that this was he as he appeared traveling around the country of Cuba with the insurgents. Mr. Davis was registered in the hotel under his own name, and although he had been systematically shadowed since his arrival in the town, it is needless to state that when the Spanish authorities saw the terrible picture in the "Journal," and then looked at the hotel register, and came around to get a better squint at the original, they came to the conclusion that Davis was a very dangerous character, and would bear a little more surveillance. From the picture in the "Journal," one would think that their correspondent was some great rebel leader, and this was probably the view taken by the detectives in Cienfuegos, who, waiting till Davis was absent from the hotel, sent two servants of Gen. Pim into his room to search for documentary evidence. But Davis came in while they were at work, and I was roused from my siesta in an adjoining room by the sound of Spanish curses and American "damns," and opened the door just in time to see two undersized Spanish soldiers tumbling out of Davis's room assisted by what for the moment looked like a number fifteen boot. Of course explanations were in order, and the muss was apparently smoothed over to the satisfaction of all, but from the mutterings of those soldiers, it would lead one to believe that Cienfuegos was a very uncomfortable place for us to tarry in much longer. The movements of Davis were carefully watched, which prevented him from carrying out his intention of visiting the camp of Gomez. This may have been considered as a very bright piece of work by the "New York Journal,"

but they seemed to forget that the life of their correspondent was placed in jeopardy by this ruse to use his reputation to increase their circulation. It is needless to say, that if by any mishap he was arrested any distance outside the lines, it would have gone hard with him, despite the efforts of his paper in his behalf.

The "New York World" contains a series of downright "fakes," no doubt forwarded to them by some of the "war correspondents" mentioned in the editorial of the "Morning Advertiser." The great feat at the time was to obtain an interview with Gomez or some other leading rebel chief, and the correspondents in Florida were evidently more than equal to the occasion. On January 18th the paper presents a very neatly arranged "fake," with double-ledged headers:

GENERAL RIUS RIVERA, MACEO'S SUCCESSOR,
SENDS FIRST NEWS TO THE "WORLD."

A World War Correspondent Lands on the Coast of Pinar del Rio, and Finds the Great Rebel Leader.

First Tidings of the Insurgents Where the Fight Has Been Hottest.—"We do not Want American Recruits. We do not Even Want More Cuban Soldiers. We Only Want More Cartridges."

This highly unimportant invention was supposed to have been written "In the field, near San Cayetano, Pinar del Rio, on the 8th of January, and sent by express courier and special boat to the 'World.'"

The two following quotations are sufficient to expose this "fake":

"It is not true that a dynamite gun was used at Artimisa. There were, perhaps, forty or fifty Americans with Maceo when he entered this province, but I do not believe there are half a dozen left."

The dynamite gun *was* used at Artimisa, as all the inhabitants of that town can testify, and when Maceo en-

tered Pinar del Rio, there were only three Americans who accompanied him, one of them being myself.

The second of these "fakes" is published on the 27th of January, and is dated Habana, January 23d, via Key West:

"C. B. Hernandez, a Cuban messenger, has reached Habana, after a perilous journey of over 400 miles, with a message from Gen. Gomez, the insurgent commander-in-chief. Mr. Hernandez's report is forwarded to Dr. Diaz, a member of the Cuban Junta. It is dated Jaruco, January 19th."

The utter falsity of the letter is proven, when the messenger says he found Gomez in camp near Las Escaleras de Jaruco, a point not thirty miles from Habana, while the real camp of this chief was near Santa Teresa, in the province of Santa Clara, 300 miles away.

The third of these "fakes" appeared in the "World" and "Sun" on February 10, 1897:

The head-lines in the "World" are as follows:

WE WANT NOTHING FROM SPAIN. CUBA
HATES SPAIN.

*A Special Correspondent's Account of an Interview With
Gen. Gomez in His Santa Clara Camp Ten Days
Ago.*

The "World" Has Received From a Special Correspondent the Following Report of an Interview With Gen. Maximo Gomez, the First That Has Been Received from the Insurgent Commander-in-Chief for Two Months.

Camp of Gen. Maximo Gomez, near Salado, Province of Santa Clara, Cuba, January 29th, 1897.

The "New York Herald," two days afterward, exposed this "fake." It says:

"In view of the pains taken by the 'Herald' to obtain the truth with regard to the movements of the rebels and the sentiments of their leaders in relation to the scheme of reform offered by Spain, it is necessary to refer

to a syndicate story purporting to give an interview with Gomez. The report contains many inaccuracies."

The editor then goes on and conclusively proves the worthless character of the interview. To further assist in the good work, I might state, that there was no such camp in that part of the province of Santa Clara, and that Mr. Scovel and myself were the only correspondents who interviewed Gomez at that time.*

* The "New York Sun" persisted in calling attention to this "fake" interview, by using it as an authority in editorials.



ANTONIO MACEO.

From sketch taken in the hills of Pinar del Río.



CHAPTER VIII.

PROMINENT "FAKES."

Maceo's death.—Unscrupulous and criminal attempt to plunge the country into a war with Spain.—The origin of this dastardly and cowardly invention traced to Mr. Huau, of Jacksonville, by the correspondent of the "Chicago Record."—Our Congress belittled and imposed upon by spurious citizens.—The Ruiz case.—The starvation "fake."—Congress again bamboozled into appropriating a sum five times in excess of what was needed.—The Olivette "search outrage."—Letter of Mr. Davis.—The Cisneros case, and declarations of Gen. Lee.

THE climax in this campaign of atrocious lying on the part of the Cubans employed as press correspondents in Florida, is now reached. The country was startled on the 9th of December by the report of Maceo's death, published in all the papers, from the official report of the Spanish authorities in Habana.

Without referring to all the various rumors that were published in denial and confirmation of the report, I will reproduce a few extracts from the leading papers, to more thoroughly accentuate the charge of willful misrepresentation on the part of the Cubans or their sympathizers. We have been led to believe that the Spaniards were the only prevaricators and falsifiers of news; but none of their misstatements can equal the infamous story now set in circulation by the Cubans.

Maceo was dead; he had crossed the trocha without being discovered by the Spanish sentinels; his presence in the province of Habana was unknown to the Spaniards; his force was attacked near Punta Brava by the battalion of San Quintin, under Maj. Cirujeda, and in the fight Maceo

fell. This is, in brief, the story first put in circulation by the government, and which time has corroborated. The Cubans were at first loath to believe that their hero had fallen, and all manner of denials came from their different leaders. The loss of their bravest fighter naturally hurt their cause to a certain extent, and something had to be done to offset the effect produced by Spain's victory.

Maceo's physician, Dr. Zertucha, unwilling to fight under any other chief, surrendered to the Spanish authorities. "Aha!" said the Cubans, "this man is a traitor, and has betrayed his general;" and then the entire "staff" of the Jacksonville branch of the "war news factory" set to work to concoct a story that would fasten the infamous crime of treason and treachery on the doctor and his alleged companion in crime, the Marquis de Ahumada.

The same idea was undoubtedly thought of by the other branches of the "foundry;" but instead of all working together on the same story, we find that each one invented a different yarn. Of course, this is easily explained, for if the Jacksonville product was allowed an exclusive monopoly, the other branches would be forced to one side for a time, and they would have to stand by and see all the golden shekels pouring into the hands of the Huau concern.

The "Herald" of December 13th, 1896, contains two distinct accounts of his death:

"An extraordinary story has reached the 'Herald,' through Cuban sources, that Gen. Antonio Maceo, the leader of the insurgent forces, was poisoned by one of his followers, who was in league with the Spanish leaders. It is said that an attack was made by Spanish troops for the purpose of concealing the real method of the Cuban leader's death. One reason for not producing the body, it is said, is because a post-mortem examination would reveal the poison.

"The agent of the Junta in Jacksonville (Mr. Huau)

received a letter from Cuba which threw another light on the story. His advices were, that the insurgent chieftain was, on December 7th, decoyed into ambush, under the pretext that Marquis de Ahumada, the acting captain-general, desired to hold a conference with him, and then killed in cold blood. All his staff, except the surgeon, Dr. Maximo Zertucha, were slain."

A thousand and one different versions, all accusing the Spaniards with treachery or assassination, now followed in rapid succession from the various branches of the "factory." It made little difference how much these reports conflicted, as long as they were accepted and published by the press and the authors received their pay.

As all these "correspondents" were Cubans or Cuban sympathizers, it suited their purpose to do all in their power to blacken the name of Spain, and to prolong the excitement which their lies had created.

The Junta at New York heard, by the way of Jacksonville, that Maceo and his staff crossed the trocha, where they were met by the Marquis de Ahumada, and assassinated with machetes. Another dispatch from Jacksonville said that Maceo kept an engagement with Ahumada to arrange plans for a cessation of hostilities on a basis of Cuba's independence, and was treacherously murdered. A dispatch from Atlanta contained a statement that the failure to produce Maceo's body was because its mutilated condition would shock even Spanish sensibilities. Another dispatch said, that Maceo received advices from Gomez that the commander-in-chief was preparing an invasion of the West, that would take him to the very gates of Habana, and that the moral effect would be good if Maceo should cross the trocha and join him. Acting on this advice, Maceo accordingly crossed the trocha; his movements were known to the Spaniards, who set a trap for him, and he was caught and killed.

It would fill a good-sized pamphlet to reproduce all the

different lies and inventions and exaggerated versions concerning the death of Maceo.

Our conservative press wisely refrained from any direct editorial comment denouncing Spain; but the pro-Cuban papers gave vent to their opinions, as though every word of these distorted and conflicting reports was true.

The "Journal" says in an editorial:

"Maceo is dead! Ay, but how slain? Comes the story, well authenticated, that black treachery alone accomplished the deed. With a traitor on his own staff, lured by treachery to a rendezvous, under protection of the Spanish word of honor, all unsuspecting, he fell—he and the boy Gomez—under the murderous fire of ambushed assassins."

It will be noted that all these stories lacked the signature of a responsible person to vouch for their accuracy. The only names that appeared as authorities for the abominable series of misrepresentations were those of Mr. Huau and Justo Carrillo, a brother of the Cuban leader, both of Jacksonville. These two circulators of the report are defended by the rather flimsy subterfuge of having received letters from Habana disclosing the plot.

[FROM THE "CHICAGO RECORD," Feb. 6, 1897.]

Special correspondence of the "Chicago Record."

"TAMPA, Fla., Feb. 4.—The chief of the Junta in Florida is a Cuban cigar dealer at Jacksonville with a Chinese name—Mr. Huau, which is pronounced "Wow"—who was formerly mayor of the city. He has a little shop on the corner of the principal street of the Florida metropolis, where there is very little business going on, but a good deal of conspiracy. That little shop is the fountain from which flows a continual stream of sensational and exciting information. It was the source of the

story of Maceo's assassination by treachery, but, curiously enough, the Jacksonville papers would not print it, for they were too familiar with the methods of the inventor.

Mr. Huau claimed to have received a letter from a friend in Maceo's camp, giving the particulars, but the letter came one day in advance of the mails. If Mr. Huau's friend had written it the hour after Maceo's death, and the postal facilities in the insurgent country had been as good as they are in Northern Illinois, he should have received the letter by the steamer that arrived at Tampa the same day that it was given to the press, and it should have arrived at Jacksonville the very morning that it appeared in the newspapers of New York and Chicago. Being familiar with the movement of the mails, the Jacksonville papers declined to print that interesting communication. They knew that if it was genuine it must have been written by some clairvoyant at least a week before the events it described, and the Jacksonville newspapers are not so very particular, either. They reflect public sentiment, and are strongly in sympathy with the insurgents."

A Washington paper gives us to understand that Gonzalo Quesado, the "Minister Plenipotentiary" of the "Republic of Cuba," has industriously circulated a story to the effect, that Maceo and forty of his men were invited to breakfast by the Marquis de Ahumada, and treacherously served with roast quail that had previously been poisoned.

In various interviews with the Washington correspondents of our leading journals, this diplomat gives an official approval to the various stories in circulation, but just

which one he fails to state. "Maceo's assassination means the freedom of Cuba," said Secretary Quesado to the "Herald" correspondent. "There is no question in my mind that Maceo was assassinated," etc.

The representatives of the Junta in New York expressed themselves in a similar manner. The stories had their effect, and the whole country was soon ringing with indignation, and prominent legislators, clergymen, and others in authority, not waiting for further corroboration of the report, committed themselves by speeches of condemnation of Spain, and requesting an immediate recognition of Cuba's independence; while others, still more enthusiastic, were in favor of declaring war against "the barbarous nation that had so flagrantly abused the existing code governing civilized warfare."

Our jingo legislators in Washington were not behind in this precipitate rush to denounce a friendly nation on the mere word of irresponsible citizens.

Senator Chandler said: "It is a typical demonstration of the brutal and uncivilized methods of warfare Spain is using against the Cubans. It has no parallel in the history of the world. The massacre of Gen. Maceo and his staff should cause Congress and President Cleveland to immediately recognize the absolute independence of the Cubans."

Senator Mills expressed himself as though the canard was already proved. Among other things, he said: "There is no doubt in my mind that Maceo's death was brought about by the violations of a flag of truce—one of the basest infractions of the laws of war. I hope strongly for forcible action on the part of Congress and the President."

Senator Cullom openly favored intervention by the United States, and said: "No words can express the righteous indignation of a civilized power at the atrocious act of Spain which has caused the death of the Cuban leader. I know of no international law that would author-

ize active intervention on the part of the United States, but the universal feeling of indignation at wanton cruelty prompts any civilized nation to take steps to interfere in cases of such brutality.”

Senator Thurston said he would vote to enter the protest of this Government against the manner of warfare being carried on in Cuba.

Mr. McMillan, of Tennessee, and Berry, of Kentucky, favored some action by the Government which would show to the world that the United States did not stand idly by, and by its silence approve of the methods of the Spanish government against Cuba.

The climax of this universal outcry against the Spanish government was reached, when our Senators and Congressmen, who, without waiting for further evidence to substantiate this cowardly calumny, introduced in their respective chambers certain resolutions in condemnation of Spain and the method of warfare carried on in Cuba.

Senator Wilkinson Call, of Florida, submitted the following resolution:

“Resolved—That the killing of Gen. Antonio Maceo, a renowned officer in service of the Republic of Cuba, if true, while under a flag of truce, and with the assurance of safety from the Spanish captain-general, was a violation of the rules of civilized war, an outrage of base treachery, a murder, cowardly and disgraceful, which demands the execration of every government and of all the people of the world, whether civilized or savage; that the government which authorizes, permits, or fails to punish the assassins who are connected in any way with the guilt of this crime with the extreme penalty of the law, is an outcast from the family of nations, and from the pale of civilization and public law, and that the Committee on Foreign Relations be directed to make inquiry as to the facts, and report to the Senate at an early day.

“Resolved—That the President be requested to demand the release of all United States citizens imprisoned in the Spanish penal colony on the island of Ceuta, off the coast of Africa.

“Resolved—That the Secretary of State be requested to forward to the Senate a list of all United States citizens imprisoned in Spanish settlements, penal colonies, and prisons, together with the circumstances of arrest, charges, conviction,” etc.

Representative Milford W. Howard, of Alabama, offered the following resolution in the House:

“Resolved—That the United States shall recognize Cuba as a free and independent government, and shall accord to her people all such rights in the ports and within the jurisdiction of the United States.”

On the 15th of December, Representative Woodman, of Illinois, introduced in the House a joint resolution directing the President to act in Cuban affairs. The preamble recites the “murder” of Gen. Maceo and the members of his staff, declares the war of extermination carried on by the Spanish government against the Cuban Republic, entirely opposed to the rules of civilized warfare and a disgrace to civilization, and says the President has failed to carry out the wishes of the people of the United States.

The resolution reads:

“Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the President be and is hereby directed to express to the government of Spain, through its authorized officials, severe condemnation of the methods of warfare pursued by its forces in Cuba, and especially of the means resorted to in the murder of Gen. Antonio Maceo.

“Resolved—That the President is hereby directed to recognize the Republic of Cuba as an independent State, and to accord said Republic of Cuba all the rights and

privileges in the ports and territory of the United States as are enjoyed by the most favored nation.

“Resolved—That the President be and he is hereby directed to demand of the government of Spain, through its official representatives, that all armed forces of Spain be at once withdrawn from the island of Cuba and its ports, and to take such steps as may be necessary to enforce such demand.”

These different resolutions were referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Senator Mills, when interviewed by the correspondent of the “New York Journal,” gave out some very strong views on the question, and openly favored war with Spain, *if* the reports were true. He says:

“If this story of Maceo’s assassination be true, the Spanish minister should be given his passports at once, and we should boldly go to the help of this suffering people.

“No man can deny that it is the United States that holds Cuba in vassalage to Spain. How proud we must be, as American citizens, to stand guard over that atrocious villain, Weyler, in his work of desolation and death, but who would not be there to-day if the United States would draw her sword, as it is her duty to do. This whole thing should stop. It should stop now—to-day, not next week. We should make the demand upon Spain, and enforce that demand with the whole military and naval strength of the nation.”

In the midst of this unreasonable and uncalled-for torrent of abuse directed against a friendly nation, that was not even given a chance to disprove the outrageous accusation, it was a pleasure to see that there were many of our foremost men, and many editors of prominent papers who endeavored to check the movement initiated by the demagogues. The “New York Tribune” of the 16th of December, 1896, publishes a very sensible editorial on the question, and merits reproduction.

“ IF TRUE.

“It may perhaps be remembered that among the preliminary processes preparatory to secession and the initiation of the war against the Union was what was known as ‘ firing the Southern heart ’ with stories of Northern aggression and abolition outrages upon the rights of Southern citizens traveling with their slave property in the North. The proceedings of Congress during that period blazed with language of the most lurid character; the resources of the vocabulary were taxed to the utmost to give expression to the frenzied feelings of the truculent statesmen, who had worked themselves into a passion, and would listen to no alternative but secession and an independent Southern Confederacy. The work of ‘ firing the Southern heart ’ was successful. We know what followed. The men who wanted war had it, and, we believe, had enough of it to satisfy them for a time. But some of them, it seems, have suffered a relapse, and are again clamoring for war. Having failed to incite domestic disturbance in the recent elections, by arraying classes of citizens against each other, they are now eager to plunge the country into a foreign war, for which purpose they are emitting sulphurous resolutions by the yard, and filling the ‘ Congressional Record ’ with red-hot speeches that fairly sizzle with the fervor of patriotism. This is the new process of firing the patriotic heart of the whole country.

They are overdoing it. They are making the cause they so hotly espouse simply ridiculous by their unreasoning advocacy—by their headlong haste, their wild and careless speech, their gross exaggerations, and their blind credulity. Take such a resolution, for instance, as that of Senator Call, of Florida, introduced in the Senate on Monday, wherein the killing of Maceo, if true,” etc. (Here is reproduced the resolution of this Senator.) “ And all this flood of passionate declamation, based not upon known and authenticated facts, but upon contradictory newspaper reports, and prefaced with a conditional ‘ If true!’ ‘ If true!’ In the name of common sense, why should any one get in such a heat, as this resolution clearly discloses, over a state of affairs which it implicitly admits may not exist at all? Why not wait for the truth, instead of taking the risk of making ourselves ridiculous by getting into a passion

over a report which may later be proven to have no foundation?

“The sympathy of the American people with the struggling Cubans is well known. It has been demonstrated in all reasonable and legitimate ways. If the question of Cuban independence could be settled by the vote of our citizens, there is no doubt that it would be practically unanimous in its favor. But in existing conditions and upon such facts as are known, it may as well be admitted that we are practically powerless to lend efficient aid. It is well to bear in mind that our government is amenable to the law of nations, and even in the manifestation of its sympathy with oppressed peoples is under express limitations. It has the gravest responsibilities to discharge and its own dignity to maintain. It can not discharge its responsibilities by plunging recklessly into war or trifling with serious questions that threaten disturbance of the peace. Nor can it maintain its dignity when its highest legislative body permits its time to be wasted in the discussion of windy resolutions based upon statements which have to be conditioned upon the saving clause ‘If true!’”

It is to be deplored that our fiery-tongued statesmen did not consult with our consul-general in Habana before allowing themselves the free expression of their opinions. The “New York World” is to be commended in securing an official statement from Capt.-Gen. Weyler on the subject. The “Herald” also reproduced a long letter from the accused physician, Dr. Zertucha, in which he also gives a correct narrative of what occurred. But the majority of the people preferred to accept the other side of the story, and the signed statements of these two were looked upon as base fabrications to conceal their part in the crime.

Capt.-Gen. Weyler’s letter to the “World” is as follows:

“HABANA, December 14th.

“To the Editor of the ‘New York World’:

“Maceo died as a result of the feeble state in which were the insurgent bands at Habana. Doubtless before the

sudden attacks and the constant persecution of the battalion of San Quintin, they were losing ground.

"To reorganize these bands, he put himself at their head, and for this he died, with part of the staff accompanying him.

"In the same manner have died many generals in all the wars over the world.

"Maceo was not killed in ambush.

"My assertion can be proved by the fact that the Spanish column which fought against his forces had to maintain itself against the fire of the insurgents, and the insurgents were strong enough in number to retake the bodies of Maceo and the son of Maximo Gomez, which were carried away from the field.

"Maceo was surrounded by his own men, who embarked with him and passed the trocha. It is affirmed by his own physician, Dr. Zertucha.

"It is not true that Maceo was coming for any conference with me. I can prove it with two reasons. The first is, that if I was in the province of Pinar del Rio, how could I summon him to the province of Habana? The second is, that knowing myself the situation in which Maceo was in Pinar del Rio, knowing that his situation was so desperate that he asked help from the rebel forces in the other parts of the island, I would not be so innocent as to agree to a conference with him in a place where he would be out of the trocha.

"Once in Habana, he would have resolved the problem of breaking the circle in which I had him and his forces in Pinar del Rio.

"Maceo died as fell all who commanded forces who at the sight of the enemy fly away.

"This discouraged band he brought to Habana with the hope of making it fight. Any other chief in similar circumstances, if his men disbanded, would be sure to die. And that is what happened to Maceo.

"(Signed)

WEYLER."

This story of Maceo's death was made official, and was telegraphed to the Spanish Minister, Dupuy de Lome, at Washington.

The official announcement from the Minister of State at Madrid was made public.

“MADRID, December 15th, 1896.

“To Spanish Minister, Washington:

“Maceo’s death took place in loyal fight at Punta Brava, and was caused by our soldiers’ bullets. This is evidently proved by the letter written by the son of Maximo Gomez, in which he states that he killed himself in order not to abandon the body of his general. The handwriting of the letter has been verified, and also every detail of the fight, time, and circumstances when Maceo and the son of Gomez were wounded. All these details have been published in Europe by telegrams from both Spanish and foreign correspondents.

“TETUAN.”

The Spanish Legation made every effort to discover the author of the slander. Attached to the foregoing report was a note saying, that they “hoped to discover the origin of the report of Maceo’s assassination, and to trace it to a certain Cuban resident in Jacksonville.” The note further says, that the presence in Jacksonville of various newspaper correspondents at the time of the reported assassination of Maceo “explained the wide circulation of the slander.”

Slowly but surely our legislators began to see that they had been made the dupe of unscrupulous citizens of Cuban extraction, and had barely escaped making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the world. But it is a notorious fact, that while our press eagerly published every detail of the different stories charging Spain with the crime, the “New York Herald” stands alone in attempting to publish the truth forwarded to them by their correspondent in the field. Notwithstanding that many of our citizens are by this time convinced of the utter falsity of the Cuban story, it is to be regretted that nine tenths of our people still implicitly believe it. Ask any man you meet on the street how Maceo died, and he will answer, “By Spanish treachery.”

The complete inside details of the motives that caused

Maceo to abandon Pinar del Rio will only be known when the war is over.

The author of this book arrived in the camp of Gen. Gomez six weeks after the event, and shortly after Gomez had received the official report of Brig. Miro, Maceo's chief of staff.

The result of my investigations clearly proved that Maceo died, as had already been reported by the Spanish authorities. Zertucha, "the traitor," was completely exonerated by his old chief, and we find that, instead of the Spaniards, the Cubans are arrayed before public opinion as being guilty of perpetrating the most contemptible and base calumny of modern times.

The investigations of Sylvester Scovel on the scene of the fight also cleared the Spanish general and Dr. Zertucha from the infamous charge. The fate of his letter to the "World" covering this question has already been explained in the first part of this book.

While I was not so fortunate as to collect my information on the spot, the result is none the less important, for it is derived from the highest insurgent authorities, and from those who crossed the trocha with him and took part in the fight that ended his career.

On my arrival at the insurgents' head-quarters, I found Brig. Silverio Sanchez, who was in command of the Western Brigade of Habana at the time Maceo crossed the trocha. Sanchez was an old friend of mine, as we had often camped together while with Maceo in Pinar del Rio.

It was his forces that came to aid Maceo before the fight which ended in the latter's death. I asked him a few questions on the subject, and he informed me that Maceo had fallen mortally wounded in a fair fight. His answer was corroborated by his adjutant, Capt. Manola Olivera, who was formally a great personal friend of mine in the city of Matanzas.

They also told me that when he fell he was abandoned.

His body was subsequently found during the night by his companions with the aid of torches.

I also saw while there the young negro who acted as Maceo's servant. He accompanied his chief across the trocha, and after his death continued on with Miro to the headquarters of the government, and at the time was employed as servant to "President" Cisneros. He refused to talk on the subject, probably acting under orders of his chief; but I finally got enough out of him to substantiate what Sanchez had already told me. In regard to the conduct of Sanchez at the fight at Punta Brava, in his letters to the "Herald," Zertucha says: "I met Brig. Sanchez, and informed him of what had happened. He, while issuing orders, giving excuses, etc., did really nothing."

This part of his story was probably also accepted by Gomez and others, who spoke of Sanchez in a deprecating manner.

Gen. Gomez also told me that Maceo and his son had fallen in a fair battle, but that he would never forgive the Spaniards for mutilating the body of his son.

While they all spoke of Zertucha with contempt for abandoning the cause, not one of his officers would accuse him of treachery in Maceo's death. Miro had already been to Gomez's camp, and submitted his report as chief of staff. The correspondent of the "Herald," Mr. Stable, held an interview with him, and told me that Miro also exonerated Zertucha from the charge of treachery.

Miro kept on his way to visit his family in the East, and promised to write a report of Maceo's death for the "Herald," in which all particulars, except the exact point where the trocha was crossed, would be made clear.

I had already met "Maj.-Gen." Pedro Diaz on my way to Gomez's camp; he also stated that Maceo had fallen in honorable battle. It will be remembered that Diaz was one of the few who crossed the trocha with his chief, and was directing another part of the fight. He claims to

have rescued the body of Maceo, and was promoted by Gomez to his present rank for his bravery.

On a subsequent visit to Diaz's camp, I again referred to the death of Maceo, and after he had given me certain details, I requested a signed statement from him for publication in the "Herald," that would clear up the "mystery," and lift the infamous charge of treason from the shoulders of his old companion, Dr. Zertucha. While he frankly admitted that Zertucha was innocent, he positively refused to sign any document without authorization of his superiors.

On my second trip to Gomez's camp, I found there Charles Gordon, an American who had landed in Habana Province the year previous in the expedition of the "Three Friends." I had met Gordon there, and we made several trips together through the country. He subsequently joined Maceo in Pinar del Rio when the heavy fighting commenced, and proved so valuable that he was promoted to a colonelcy. He was one of the few selected to accompany Maceo to Habana Province, and was twice wounded when his chief was killed. When his wounds permitted, he made his way and reported to Gomez, and petitioned a command to return to Habana, as he told me, "to get square with Cirujeda."

The salient points in his story were as follows:

Maceo, accompanied by twelve of his staff and four servants, crossed the military line of Mariel and Majana during the early part of the night of December 4th. The party was composed of Maceo, Miro, Diaz, Nodarse, Piedra, Penalver, Justiz, Sanvanell, Zertucha, Francisco Gomez, Ahumada, and himself. The four servants increased the number to sixteen. All of these persons were well known to the author of this book, and they are just the men that Maceo would naturally select for his companions.

Miro was his chief of staff, and as such could not be left behind.

As Rius Rivera had been sent to take charge of the province, it is but natural that Pedro Diaz, his superior in rank, could not consistently remain. Nodarse was his most trusted adjutant, and Maceo had long since promised to send him East. Gordon and Piedra were taken on account of their ability as fighters. Piedra has been wounded seven times by Maceo's side, and Nodarse six. Justiz was his chief clerk, who kept the archives. Sanvanel was his godson, and Penalver his right-hand guide. Gomez was taken along out of compliment to his father, and proved to be the most faithful in the end. Gordon says that the trocha was crossed in the Bay of Mariel. A small, flat-bottomed boat had been secured to make the trip on. It only held four persons, and consequently made four trips.

During the fight at Punta Brava, Gordon says, that while Maceo and his staff were watching the fight, a heavy volley was fired directly at them, and caused all the havoc.

Maceo was shot through the neck, and fell mortally wounded. Nodarse, Piedra, himself, and three others were also wounded by the same volley. Justiz and another were killed. As usual in such cases, a general dispersion was the result. I can not recall the full particulars of what followed; but Gordon admitted that Maceo's body lay where it fell for some time, and at night a general search was instituted, resulting in the discovery of the mutilated corpses of their chief and young Gomez. The latter was found with his head split in two, and only a shred of flesh at the nose held the halves together. They were buried in a secure hiding-place, and the secret is only known to but very few. The full particulars of this event will probably never be known, as every one who was there tells a different story. Their eagerness to exculpate their conduct in abandoning their chief has given rise to many of these conflicting reports. Pedro Diaz claims to have gallantly rescued the bodies, and owes his promotion to the rank of

major-general for his conduct. Gordon and others tell a different story, and say that he owes his promotion to the fact that he was the first to reach the head-quarters of Gomez and present his side of the story.

A summary of the facts in the case reveals the following:

Maceo fell, as fell many a brave leader, at the head of his troops. His body was abandoned, as was that of Zayas, Mirabal, and others, and as Rivera was deserted by his men in the hour of peril. His motives for crossing the trocha were: either he was summoned by the government to supersede Gomez, or he had determined to go and see for himself what the old fellow was up to, and why he had been abandoned in Pinar del Rio for so long a time without one effort made to relieve him. No matter which way we look at it, it is only too clear that the American people, the press, our Congress, the clergy, and other prominent persons, have been grossly, willfully, and criminally duped and deceived in this case by a gang of unprincipled specimens of humanity, who, under cover of their American citizenship, have essayed to embroil this country in a war with Spain to gain a point that they are powerless to attain by legitimate methods or by their own exertions, and to accomplish which, they have not scrupled to descend to the lowest depths of falsehood, exaggerations, and calumnies. And it would be safe to wager, that in the event of such a conflict, as the outcome of their lying, they would be found emigrating to some other country, to afterward return to the land of their birth to enjoy the benefits and liberty that the disinterested Americans would have fought and paid for. It is an almost certain and sure fact that if all the Cubans who have emigrated to this country during the last two years, and who profess to be such stanch patriots and fire-eaters, had remained there to fight their country's battles in the field, they might have been far nearer their ideal than they are at present, and at the same time saved themselves the stigma of having inaugurated the

most unscrupulous campaign of misrepresentation that our country has been forced to tolerate.

I have already cited enough instances to prove my assertions about the manner our press is persistently imposed upon. The preceding examples of misinformation, forwarded to the papers by their correspondents and by interested parties, are only a very small proportion of the total, and I do not hesitate to state that fully three quarters of the Cuban news so collected have completely failed to coincide with later and more truthful accounts.

Further comment upon this subject is unnecessary; but if the slightest doubts should exist as to the truth of my assertions, I would suggest that before hasty judgment or criticism is indulged in by Americans who sympathize with the Cubans, a study of the files of our prominent papers will enable them to see that my statements are carried out by undeniable facts.

I will close this chapter with a brief *résumé* of the three leading questions that have been brought before the American public since the beginning of this year, and we will again see that when one subject is exhausted, our "friends" quickly find another, and in the end, all of them have proved to be without sufficient grounds to warrant our Government's interference.

The Ruiz case is still fresh in the memory of our people. We were given to understand that Consul-Gen. Lee had tendered his resignation, to take effect if the Government did not back him up with a man-of-war in the harbor of Habana. Ruiz's death was to be made an issue between the two governments, and the "laborantes" were once more in their element. The startling and conflicting versions of this case occurred too recently to be already forgotten.

The country once more rang with indignation, and war talk was again freely indulged in. A joint investigation committee was sent to Habana, to inquire into the details of Ruiz's death, and on the outcome our country was to

base its demands on Spain. Is it remarkable, that after all the investigating, cross-examining, etc., we again find that our Congress was being drawn into an untenable position? For, despite the fact that circumstantial evidence was strong against Spain, no sufficient proof on which to base a decided stand could be found. While many may be morally certain that Ruiz was foully dealt with, and Spain is indirectly responsible for his death, the investigation failed to bring any new facts to light that would incriminate the Spanish authorities.

The readers of the newspapers will remember that on the return of Mr. Calhoun he expressed himself to the effect, that it was utterly impossible to arrive at any direct conclusion, owing to the difficulty in distinguishing the truth from amongst the thousand and one improbable stories circulating in Habana.

The Ruiz case once disposed of, the next step of the correspondents and the "laborantes" was to initiate the starvation sensation. This subject has been fully explained in another chapter, and only demonstrates how our Congressmen have allowed themselves to be imposed upon, for as yet only \$10,000 of the amount voted for their relief has been disposed of, and it is safe to state that even then considerable difficulty was experienced in hunting the sufferers. The "New York Evening Post" devotes several editorials on this subject. One of them says:

"Those distressed Americans in Cuba have been pretty thoroughly forgotten by the dear public since the dear public found out there weren't any. But the consuls are doing their best to distribute the money Congress voted in the dark. A newspaper of Sagua, the 'Productor,' says, that the American consul there, not being able to find any needy countrymen, is giving away his quota to Chinamen and negroes. And the 'Region of Matanzas' says the same thing is going on in its neighborhood. It gives the names of some persons, who were suffering Cuban 'pacifcos,' driven from their homes by the brutal Spaniards, until

they heard of this fund for distressed Americans, where-upon they became distressed Americans on the spot. Really, the organized charities ought to send some of their circulars to President McKinley and Congress, warning them against being taken in by impostors."

On the 4th of June, the same paper prints another editorial on the same question:

"The Cubans may be starving, but they themselves are not aware of it. A member of Gomez's staff, fresh from the field, after two years' service, informed the Senate subcommittee yesterday that the starvation which Congress was in such a hurry to relieve was imaginary. That the insurgents were short of supplies, he denied 'with great emphasis,' and affirmed that the people of the island were not suffering for food. This agrees with other and first-class testimony. Congress might easily have found this out had it not adopted, in foreign affairs, the policy of voting in headlong haste, and without debate, whatever money is demanded. As things are, it is now left in the foolish position of having given a sturdy beggar five times what he can possibly need. And the worst of it is that it did this, not on the representation of the beggar himself, who never dreamed of being so impudent, but on the malicious urging of a lot of street gamins—'war correspondents,' they call themselves in this case."

The "Diario de la Marina," a newspaper of Habana, on the 3d of June, prints a letter from a correspondent in Santa Clara, making a savage attack upon the United States consul at Sagua La Grande, Walter B. Barker, charging him, among other things, with furnishing relief in the shape of provisions to Messrs. Seigle and Yova and their families, both of whom are said to be owners of sugar estates, and not in need of assistance.

The "Evening Post" of the 3d of June, also says:

"What we, as Americans, ought most to fix our eyes upon just now is the blundering, the farcical course our press and our Congress have followed in all the long struggle. There is a right way and a wrong way for this coun-

try to approach the Cuban question, and we have almost invariably chosen the wrong way. We have bellowed about belligerency when there were no belligerents, and have raved about recognizing independence when the government to be recognized could not be found. It appears now that even our last step—the voting \$50,000 for the relief of starving Americans in Cuba—was little else than a huge bunco game played on our President and Congress.

“What is the evidence for all this? Well, in the first place, official action and non-action. Consul-Gen. Lee put the first pin into the bubble when he telegraphed that \$10,000 was ample to relieve all the distressed Americans in Cuba. This seemed instantly to paralyze the official relievers in Washington. Where are those ships that were to be chartered? Where are the supplies? Nothing is heard about this any more, and our fine humane outburst begins to look uncommonly silly. If \$10,000 is more than enough, why all the heroics about voting \$50,000?

“Now, what do the men say, and who know actually and from first hand observation what is the state of the case in Cuba? They say that the 1,200 starving Americans are so many men in buckram. There may be a few Jesus Maria Rodriguezes and Trinidad Espinosas, with American naturalization papers, in want or anxious to be brought to this country, but any general destitution, much less any actual danger of starvation, it is emphatically asserted that there is not. The truth seems to be that American starvation in Cuba is largely an invention of our lying newspaper correspondents. First they tried belligerency, and failed; last year they essayed to work “the atrocity racket;” this year they took up the starvation dodge, and have succeeded beyond their wildest dreams.

“If all this is true—and we have the best of evidence of believing it to be—the country has been most shamefully imposed upon. We have allowed humbug and mendacious correspondents to lead us into a ridiculous position. We have flown to relieve distress which was the creature of our own imagination—or, rather, of the ‘faking’ reporters’ imagination.

“The lack of accurate information on the part of our Government is disgraceful. Yet, with consuls and special commissioners who can not speak a word of Spanish, who know nothing of Spanish law, who never stir out of the

cities, and who are easily gulled by the riff-raff that hangs about a consulate, what else is to be expected? But to turn from incompetent consuls to braggart and falsifying reporters, and to base governmental action upon their romantic flights, is to turn the whole Cuban tragedy into a roaring farce."

One of the most flagrant abuses of modern journalism appeared in the "New York Journal" of February 12th, 1897, where the artist, misinterpreting the idea of the correspondent's letter, depicted a refined and cultured young lady of Cuban birth undergoing a search at the hands of three Spanish officials, and standing nude in their presence. This outrage was supposed to have taken place on board the American steamer "Olivette," in the harbor of Habana.

The young ladies in question had been ordered to leave the island within a specified time. The charge against them was, sympathizing with the insurgents and holding communication with them in the field. One of these, on her arrival in this country, confessed to having visited the camp of her brother, and carrying documents through to this country. There is no doubt that she was as plucky as she was fair, for during the trip that she confessed to have made in September, I was in her brother's camp at Vista Hermosa. Shortly after she had left the house where the meeting took place, the Spanish troops came along, and after searching every nook and corner, they destroyed the dwelling by setting it on fire. In view of her statement published in the "New York World," in which she admits these visits, it is clear that the Spanish authorities are not so anxious to make war upon women, as many of our sensational correspondents would have us believe, for there is no doubt that here was an excellent opportunity to prosecute this young lady, and yet they actually permit her to go "scot" free, after satisfying themselves that she was not the bearer of secret dispatches.

The story that she had been stripped and searched by male inspectors naturally created considerable indignation, and, as usual, our jingo legislators in Washington, in their anxiety to have their fame spread by the "penny awfuls," could not wait until all the facts were laid before them, but, like the Maceo case, the starvation "fake," the Ruiz, and other cases, they immediately began their same old tactics to precipitate trouble between this country and Spain before the real facts were known. On the day following the appearance of the "fake," Congressman Amos Cummings introduced the following resolution in the House:

"Resolved, by the House of Representatives of the United States of America, that the Honorable Secretary of State be hereby requested, if not incompatible with the public interest, to give to the House of Representatives any information he may have concerning the incident of the stripping of three lady passengers on the United States mail steamer 'Olivette,' in the harbor of Habana, by detectives, as related by the correspondent of the 'New York Journal' of the date of the 12th inst."

The "New York Journal" of February 14th contains an opinion of Prof. Beale, of Harvard College, as to the right of Spain to search suspected persons on board foreign vessels in their own ports. It is as follows:

"CAMBRIDGE, Mass., February 13.

"Editor 'New York Journal':

"So long as a state of war has not been recognized by this country, the Spanish government has not the right to stop and search our vessels on the high seas for contraband of war or for any other purpose, nor would it have the right to subject American citizens or an American vessel in Cuban waters to treatment which would not be legal in the case of Spanish citizens or vessels.

"But the Spanish government has the right in Cuba to execute upon American citizens or vessels any laws prevailing there in the same way it would execute them upon the

Spaniards, unless they are prevented by the provisions of some treaty with the United States. The fact that the vessel in the harbor of Havana was flying a neutral flag, could not protect it from the execution of Spanish law.

"However unwise or inhuman the action of the Spanish authorities may have been in searching the women on board the 'Olivette,' they appear to have been within their legal rights.

JOSEPH H. BEALE, Jr.

"Professor of International Law at Harvard Law School."

After all the fiery speeches, frantic denunciations of Spain's conduct, and the usual stock editorials clamoring for war, etc., the invariable after-clap comes to disprove the whole story, and turn it once more into another scheme of audacious journalistic advertising where the feelings of the persons apparently championed are entirely ignored.

This time the young lady herself indignantly denies the story, and declares she was searched by an inspectress, "who was not rough, but treated the matter quite indifferently," and when she was convinced that the young lady had no incriminating documents concealed on her person, allowed her to dress and retire.

But the greatest blow of all was the published letter of the correspondent, who, over his signature, declares that the picture in question was purely imaginary on the part of the artist, and did not faithfully portray the incident as described in his letter.

The letter was written to the "New York World," and published the 17th of February, 1897.

MR. DAVIS EXPLAINS.

The "Olivette" Search Outrage is Now Made Clear.

A Letter from the Writer.—The Paper he Represented, not Richard Harding Davis, Made the Mistake.—A Purely "Imaginary Picture."—The Unclothed Woman Searched by Men was an Invention of a New York Newspaper.—Congressmen were Imposed Upon.

“PHILADELPHIA, February 16th.

“To the Editor of the ‘World’:

“I have just seen an editorial in Monday evening’s ‘World,’ which says that I have falsified facts in my account of the searching of a woman by Spaniards on board the American steamer, the ‘Olivette.’ I am charged with having said that the woman was searched by men, when, as a matter of fact, she was searched by a woman. I never wrote that she was searched by men. My account distinctly says that the Spanish officers walked up and down the deck while this, the search, was going on in a state-room supplied by the captain.

“Mr. Frederick Remington, who was not present, and who drew an imaginary picture of the scene, is responsible for the idea that the search was conducted by men. Had I seen the picture before it appeared, I should never have allowed it to accompany my article.

“Except for the fact that the young woman now says that she was searched twice, and not three times, as her friend told me was the case, not a word in my article is incorrect or exaggerated, and I most emphatically object to being held responsible for the idea conveyed by the picture of my friend Remington. My only object in writing the article was to try and show the people in the United States how little protection they may expect on one of their vessels under their own flag in the harbor of Havana, where there should have been an American man-of-war stationed for the last six months.

“I repeat that, except for the immaterial discrepancy noted above, there is not a detail in my article that is not absolutely true.

“Please make this statement as conspicuous as you did your published interview with the young woman.

“I am yours, etc.,

“RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.”

We now come to the last case, which will prove beyond question to what depths a newspaper may descend in its efforts to increase circulation. This is the case of a young Cuban girl, Evangelina Cisneros, imprisoned under a charge of complicity in an outbreak on the Isle of Pines. The paper in question openly championed her cause, and

started a petition signed by prominent ladies in this country and in England, requesting the queen regent of Spain to pardon the unfortunate "victim of Weyler's cruelty."

The quietus was given to this movement on the arrival of Consul-Gen. Lee in New York, on September 8th, who, after refusing to talk on political subjects to the reporters who interviewed him, made the following statement in regard to the above case, as published in the New York City newspapers:

"There is one thing that I am at liberty to speak about, and I do it cheerfully and anxiously, as I wish to correct a false and stupid impression which has been created by some newspapers. I refer to Señorita Cisneros. This young woman has two clean rooms in the Casa Recojidas, and is well clothed and fed. It is all tommy-rot about her scrubbing floors and being subjected to cruelties and indignities. She would have been pardoned long ago if it had not been for the hubbub created by American newspapers.

"I do not believe the Spanish Government ever for one moment intended to send her to the penal colony in Africa or elsewhere. I believe her name is now upon the roll for pardon.

"That she was implicated in the insurrection on the Isle of Pines, there can be no question. She herself, in a note to me, acknowledged that fact, and stated she was betrayed by an accomplice named Arias."

"The Commercial Advertiser," in an editorial article published September 9th, referring to the above statement and to other information bearing on this case, says:

"This disposes effectually of one of the most persistently exploited sensations with regard to the character of Spanish rule. At least nine tenths of the statements about Miss Cisneros printed in this country seemed to have been sheer falsehood. The attempt to exalt her case into an issue of international importance is now seen to have been merely an audacious scheme of journalistic advertising which took no account of her real interests."

In the face of such authoritative evidence from our representative in Habana, it is clear that the facts in regard to her condition were willfully exaggerated.*

* The paper in question has since been instrumental in securing her escape from prison. If it had injured her prospects of liberty at one time, it surely more than paid the debt when she was finally liberated. Although the act in itself was a gross violation of law, yet the nerve and daring displayed by Mr. Karl Decker—the rescuer—and the enterprise of his paper in backing him, appeals strongly to the hearts of a people who appreciate a courageous action.



MAXIMO GOMEZ.

From photograph taken March 15, 1897.

CHAPTER IX.

THE AUTHOR MEETS GOMEZ.

From Habana to the insurgent camp.—The arrival of Gomez.—The weather-vane goatee.—Startling termination to an interview.—Gomez strikes at a boy with his machete.—A glimpse at his character.—His opinion of the world's great generals.—Ambition to rival Bolivar.—Insult to American generals.—A case of egoism.—Declares he can enter Florida with 10,000 men and lay waste the country.—His opinion of our navy.—Orders the author out of his room.—Capture of train at Sebarucal.—Gomez offers the rank of chief of engineers to the author.—His ideas of destroying a railroad.

I LEFT Habana on the 18th of January, 1896, to search for the renowned commander-in-chief of the Cuban army, whose successful raid into the western provinces had been rashly compared to the memorable march of Sherman to the sea.

As correspondent for the "New York Herald," I was supplied with a Spanish military pass to accompany their columns, but only employed it to carry me safely through the lines of sentries at the various towns through which I was compelled to pass. After a week of variable and exciting adventures, I met Col. Pedro Diaz encamped at the sugar estate La Luz, situated in the south-western district of the province of Habana.

Diaz cordially invited me to accompany him until he again joined Gomez. The invitation was accepted, and I was fortunate (?) enough to meet the "generalissimo" the following day at San Antonio de Pulido, a large sugar factory near Alquizar. A full account of my experience with the rebels for the nine months I was with them would

fill several volumes of the size of this book, so I will confine my narrative to a few of the principal "battles" and events as witnessed by myself.

MEETING WITH GOMEZ..

About ten o'clock on the morning of January 25th, the bugle sounded the assembly, and the "brigade" of Batabano, numbering 300 armed men, under command of Pedro Diaz and Basilio Guerra, quickly fell in double ranks on either side of the extensive "batuey" or factory-yard.

Down the palm-bordered cane-road I could see an apparently interminable line of horsemen rapidly advancing in our direction. To my question, I was informed that the general-in-chief, Maximo Gomez, was coming.

At last I would have the exceptional privilege of seeing and conversing with this somewhat mysterious personage so much talked about and so seldom visible.

As the head of the column swept into the yard, Diaz and his staff rode forward to pay their respects to their superior.

So this is Gomez! All my preconceived ideas of the man were shattered by a glance, for instead of the martial-looking old gentleman, whose bearing conveyed the idea of a thorough soldier, I found a chocolate-colored, withered old man, who gave one the idea of a resurrected Egyptian mummy, with the face lighted up by a pair of blurry, cold, expressionless gray eyes, that at times glowed like two red coals of fire, especially when in a rage or passion.

A thin, white pointed goatee and mustache, *à la* Napoleon, gave to the face that character and semblance which the Spaniards have endeavored to convey in the sobriquet "El Chino Viejo" (the old Chinaman). Nothing could be more appropriate than this nickname, though Gomez has since allowed a full beard to take the place of the cherished goatee to lessen the striking resemblance. I afterward learned that this hirsute ornament served a very

valuable purpose as a weather-vane to indicate the numerous changes in the irascible temper of its owner. Every morning his soldiers would study the probabilities for the day, and when the old chief was seen to frequently and violently tug at his "whiskers," his men would shake their heads and murmur, "The old man is bad to-day," and then they would look out for squalls and storms; but when the "weather-vane" was smoothed and caressed in that proud manner peculiar to owners of such valuable appendages, the men congratulated themselves that Gomez was in a good humor, and they could bid him good-morning without being reprimanded for their civility.

Riding near Gomez, I recognized Mr. Scovel, the correspondent of the "New York World," who I had met in Habana about a week previous. He introduced me to Dr. Sanchez, and shortly afterward to the "liberator" himself.

The insurgents quickly spread over the estate, seeking comfortable camping-places, while the chief and his staff occupied the palatial residence of the owner, opened for his reception. After I had studied the novel picture presented by this "famous" army, I walked over to the house to find its leader. I found him seated in a low rocking-chair, enjoying the cool shade of the deep porch.

Seeing me, he politely invited me to a place by his side, and his first question was, whether I thought President Cleveland would recognize the belligerency or independence of the Cubans.

For more than half an hour we sat there discussing the various phases of the problem. Our conversation was then interrupted in a very novel manner.

Three big negroes appeared leading a mere boy. They came to where we were seated, and, after saluting, the corporal explained that the boy had stabbed and killed his worn-out pack-horse during the march. The lad could not have been more than fourteen years of age, and I

learned that he was employed as an officer's servant, and marched with the impedimenta.

The little fellow then attempted to tell his side of the story, stoutly protesting his innocence of the charge. Gomez eyed him critically, and although I had only known him for an hour, I could see that the kindling fire in those deep-set eyes brooded no good for the prisoner. Like a little man, the boy stood there and boldly asserted that his accusers were unjust. This seemed to infuriate the old chief, and calling to the guards, he said:

"Away with him! Bind him securely, and place him under guard in the escort, for I intend to shoot him as an example to other offenders of his class!"

The boy threw himself on his knees and begged his chief to be lenient and forgive him; but he did it in such a matter-of-fact way that it appeared as though he was shamming, for not a tear coursed down his cheeks, nor was there a tremor in his voice.

As they laid hands on him to carry him away, he made another appeal to his austere judge.

His answer was as unexpected as it was dramatic; for, whipping out his machete, the old man sprang out of the chair and made a vicious cut at the poor little fellow, who fortunately dodged.

"Get out of here, you young whelp!" shrieked Gomez, as he made several other cuts in his unsuccessful attempts to reach his victim, who was hurried away by the guards.

I had risen in horror, confidently expecting to see the boy hewn down in his tracks. The scene reminded me of a terrible picture of a Chinese execution by decapitation that I have seen somewhere.

As Gomez turned, he must have seen the expression of my face, for his first words were:

"Oh, I only intended to frighten him a little, for you see that I struck at him with the flat of my sword."

But whether Gomez in his passion overlooked the fact,

and unless I am blind, I can positively assert that the blows were delivered with the edge to the victim.

This object-lesson gave me more insight into the character of Gomez than could be learned from a library of books.

Breakfast was announced, and at the table another opportunity was presented to study his changeable character.

To show to what point his successes had carried him, I will repeat the conversation and discussion which took place.

As an introduction, it may be well to state that Gomez has a habit of roundly abusing and criticizing everybody and everything, and will brook no interruption or adverse comment until he has concluded.

If there is one fault Gomez will never overlook or forgive, it is to be contradicted or proven wrong in an argument.

In the United States, his malady would be termed an abnormal case of enlargement of the cranium and abuse of authority.

These shortcomings were well known to his officers, who fostered them by yielding to him every point. It made little difference what absurd argument he advanced, they would coincide with his view of the case, and I verily believe if he should solemnly advocate that the moon is made of cheese, they would continue to nod their heads in approval, and answer: "Just so, general—just so."

I was entirely ignorant of this phase of his character, and as the conversation progressed with the outspoken and discourteous manner in which my country was belittled, I thought it was about time to say something.

Gomez commenced by regaling us with his ponderous and erudite opinion of the relative merits of various generals. Napoleon and Wellington were each given their due in an impartial manner, and then American generals were taken up.

Gomez grew enthusiastic in his praise and admiration of Simon Bolivar, the liberator of South America.

“The Western Continent has produced only one truly great general, and that man is Gen. Simon Bolivar. To my mind, he is far superior to many European generals of great renown, and altogether far in advance of any the United States or other American countries have produced. My highest ambition is to follow in his footsteps, for then, when Cuba is free, who will not concede that Gen. Gomez has accomplished a task more difficult than that of Bolivar?” Gomez continued in his discourse: “Next to Bolivar, the greatest American military genius was Juarez, the Mexican liberator.”

When he concluded extoling the virtues and merits of Juarez, he called up some negro of Santo Domingo or Hayti as the next highest type of an American soldier. His egoism was sublime, and as he proceeded in his discourse, he studiously ignored all reference to Washington or Grant.

It is hardly necessary to add, that I was virtually indignant at what I considered an insult and slur on the Americans. Forced to break in on his eulogy of Santo Dominican heroes, I quietly asked his estimate of our generals, who were conceded by some authorities to be worthy of mention, though, of course, they could not compare to Bolivar, Gomez, Juarez and Co.

The old chief grew indignant, and answered rather sharply:

“You Americans are always bragging about Washington and Grant, and believe them to be great generals. I tell you it is a mistake. They have been greatly overestimated by their countrymen. You Americans don’t know how to fight. You never did know. You have been thrashed in every war since gaining your independence. If it hadn’t been for the French you would still be slaves of England, and Washington would be only a defeated rebel, and Grant

unheard of. When did you ever do any fighting? Yes, it is true that Mexico was entered and the largest part of her territory stolen. Even the Spaniards would not have committed such a despicable action. All your great territory has been purchased. Do you hear, sir, purchased! It has not been fought for and conquered. The United States are a nation of merchants and brokers, who have no idea of fighting, and whose only ideal is money. Why, do you know that I, myself, at the head of 10,000 men, could enter Florida, burn and lay waste the entire territory in less than a week, and laugh at the efforts of the awkward American militia to defeat me or drive me out!"

"Not so fast, Gen. Gomez," I interrupted. "Perhaps you would find it much more difficult to elude those stupid American soldiers in their own country than you find it here to evade the Spaniards, and then you entirely ignore the fact that in all probability our navy would prevent your landing there with your conquering hosts."

"A navy! A fine navy you have got, to be sure! Young man, don't mention your navy to me. Your country has a few old hulks that would fall to pieces if a broadside was fired from the decks, and again it has been soundly defeated whenever they had a fight with the English or French."

This reflection on our merits as fighters again cut me to the quick, for, as an American, I felt justly proud of our present navy and its glorious past. Without allowing Gomez to proceed with his now insolent and discourteous remarks, I cited him, one for one, giving dates and places, the gallant exploits of our old navy of 1812 and the more recent actions of the Civil War.

Gomez was forced to listen, which was evidently a surprise to him, and when after waxing warm in my remarks I finally concluded, he changed the topic at one jump to the Mexican war for independence. The different battles, and the names of the contending generals, together with a de-

scription of the country, were graphically told by the animated chief, and when he stopped, he leaned over and shook his finger at me, and said:

“So, young man, you see that I also know something about history and what I am talking about.”

The answer indicated that the previous defense of our navy had been accepted as an accusation of ignorance on his part, and I hastened to reply:

“When I cited the various incidents, it was only to refresh your memory, for there is no doubt that you have carefully studied American history many years ago, as your thorough insight into our political and military system clearly indicates.”

With a deep, searching look from those blinking orbs of his and a few more commonplace remarks, Gomez rose and left the table.

The other correspondent came to me shortly afterward, and said I had “put my foot in it” with the “generalissimo,” and cautioned me to “stand in solid with the old man,” by allowing him to have his own way in an argument, if I wished to get any news out of camp.

I had no further opportunity of conversing with Gomez, as he was busy turning out his weighty opinion of himself and his terms of peace, etc., for publication in the paper that championed his cause.

As every one was preparing to turn in for the night, I went outside to take a look at my horse, and found that some lazy rebel had stolen his fodder. There was no use making any disturbance over such a small matter, but it was really a bother to me to procure more without resorting to the same underhand trick. The cane-field was some distance away, but I was minus a machete to cut it myself, and as yet had no servant to do it for me. Outside the porch of the house was an immense pile of cut cane-tops sufficient for twenty horses. Surely, I thought, the owner will accommodate me with an armful. On inquiry, I

learned that it belonged to Gomez. Remembering my previous experience with Spanish officials and other insurgent chiefs who had treated me so courteously, I determined to ask Gomez for a little of this fodder.

His room opened into the large, square parlor, and I could see that he was preparing for bed. As I approached the door, the old fellow lay down and picked up a paper to read. I excused myself for molesting him, and explained that as I had no machete or servant, would he do me the favor to allow me enough of the cut cane for my horse.

I thought I was in the presence of a democratic, kind-hearted, patriotic old fighter, who eschewed pomp, red-tape, and adulation, and was easily approached; but I soon found I was mistaken, and that I had intruded on the privacy of the Dictator of the Republic of Cuba, who had been worsted in an argument during the day, and whose temper had been inflamed by the pain from his wound and too frequent indulgence in his "medicine-bottle."

"What's that? What do you mean?" thundered Gomez.

I repeated my request in a respectful manner.

He sat up in bed, and once again asked me what I meant.

I was considerably taken aback by this time, for my request was a very simple one, and rendered in good Spanish.

When he grasped the meaning, he flared up angrily, and turning to Dr. Sanchez, said:

"Doctor, this man has come into my room to insult me. He is asking me—the General-in-chief of the Cuban Army—to take care of his horse for him! This is an insult, sir! Get out of here!"

I endeavored to explain that no disrespect was intended; but he refused to accept any other interpretation of my words, and insisted that I was indecent and ungentlemanly to make such a request of the General-in-chief of the Cuban Army.

I left the room feeling amused at the ridiculous stand

taken by the modern "liberator," and wondered what would become of Cuba and the Cubans if this inflated bundle of vanity ever succeeded in ruling over their destinies. Some officers who witnessed the scene informed me not to pay any attention to him, as it was only one of his frequent moods, which they explained by raising their elbows and pointing their thumbs toward their open mouths.

I am inclined to believe this, for the next morning he greeted me cordially enough, and half apologized for his conduct, by saying he did not fully understand me.

About eight o'clock "boots and saddles" was sounded, and the "liberating army" got ready to march. The line of the Western Railroad at Seborucal was reached about eleven o'clock. The train from Guanajay to Habana was almost due, and as the Spaniards were off the scent, it was decided to tear up a rail and await its coming. This was accordingly carried out, and the cavalry were posted behind adjacent fences torn down in various places, leaving openings for a charge in case the soldiers attempted a sally from the cars.

As the train neared the trap, the engineer scented danger, and reversed his lever; but a volley from the nearest group brought him to his senses, and the train came to a stand-still. Fortunately for the rebels, there were no troops on the train, or they would not have scored such an easy victory. Ten box-cars, freighted with merchandise, and four passenger coaches made up the train. The passengers were ordered out. Amongst them was a Spanish major, who trembled with fear, probably expecting to be hung. Gomez looked at him with contempt as he delivered over his sword to a soldier.

"We don't kill prisoners. Go and tell Weyler and Marin how Gomez has given you your freedom, while all our poor fellows captured by the likes of you are executed," said the Cuban leader.



Deeply grateful for this unexpected treatment, the officer reached out his hand to Gomez while expressing his thanks.

"No! I will not shake hands with you under these circumstances. If you wish to have that honor, come to me on the field of battle."

The passengers were allowed to go their way unmolested.

The army then started in to burn and loot the freight-cars. They swarmed over the engine, breaking oil-cups, and unscrewing nuts, and bolts, in their efforts to destroy it by taking it apart piece by piece.

Scovel and myself laughed heartily at their antics. Unknown to me, he informed Gomez that my profession was engineering, and that I knew more about railroads than any other man on the island. (Which I didn't.)

I was surprised a minute later to hear Gomez calling to me. When I reached his side, he said:

"Do you understand about engines and railroads?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you destroy that locomotive for me?"

"I might if I tried."

"Will you?"

"Yes, sir;" and without another word I started for the engine.

If ever an engineer deserved credit for working in the interest of his company, that one did; for although Gomez had fired several shots at him, he had resolutely left the injector wide open, and the cold water had lowered the pressure to twenty pounds.

As I did not wish to compromise myself by any action that might imperil my standing as a neutral, I simply ordered the Cubans to open the blow-off valve, after first satisfying myself that there was not sufficient fire in the furnace to completely destroy the boiler. When the valve was broken, the quick rush of steam and water made a

great noise. Gomez probably thought the boiler was going to explode, for he dug his spurs into his steed, and, followed by his staff, went down the road like a flash.

The retreat was then sounded. On the march Gomez again called me to his side.

"Mr. Rea, you impressed me very unfavorably last night, but your action to-day stamps you as a very energetic and resolute man."

"Soft soap," I said to myself.

"Do you know, you can be of inestimable service to the cause and to myself, for I have no one in my army who understands engineering matters, and it is necessary that one should be found. I expect one from the United States, but am uncertain about his arrival. Now, I wish to make a proposition. I will give you a good rank as chief of my engineer corps; you will be attached to my personal staff, and receive a liberal salary, payable when we triumph. I will also place under your command 150 armed men, who will be entirely under your orders, and you will not have to recognize any superior but myself."

"That is a very flattering offer; but I don't see how I can be of any great service to you," I responded.

"There is only one condition to the proposition, and that is: you must destroy the Batabano Railroad."

If Gomez had asked me to capture Habana with the same number of men it would not have surprised me more, for this road at that time was the heaviest fortified line in Cuba. The Spaniards had stationed their largest columns in that district to prevent the return of Maceo into Habana, and it was as strong as the subsequent trocha of Mariel. The railroad runs from San Felipe south to Batabano, about fifteen miles. The country traversed is perfectly level, and there are no bridges where a vital blow could be struck. To complicate matters still more, at every few hundred yards a block-house had been built, and armored trains were constantly patrolling the road to prevent the

very thing that Gomez coolly requested me to accomplish with the "grand army" of 150 men.

All these conditions passed through my mind as I asked Gomez:

"Are there any vital points on the line where a safe attack could be made?"

"No; it is as level as the palm of your hand, and has no bridges or culverts."

"Have you any dynamite?"

"No; not a pound."

"What tools have you for a force to work with in tearing up a railroad?"

"Oh, we have plenty of tools."

"Well, what are they?"

"We have a few crowbars, and quite a number of pick-axes, and I believe there are even half a dozen monkey-wrenches," proudly answered Gomez.

I thought at first that he was joking; but there was no mistaking his earnest and serious expression.

"Do you really think a force of 150 men could destroy a road with these implements? Don't you think a larger force would be necessary to protect them while at work?"

"I think it could be accomplished with a very few men on some dark night, and with a leader like yourself, thoroughly versed in these matters, the road would soon be crippled. You see, this is the most important work I have on hand at present, for if that road was gone, the enemy would have to change their base of operations, and Maceo would have little trouble in reuniting with me."

I told Gomez that I thought his scheme was entirely impracticable for the present, or at least until such time as he received something to work with. As he continued to urge the proposition, I thought that the best way out of the predicament was to tell him I would consider it, hoping he would think the matter over and see how ridiculous it was. Neither did I care to refuse it flatly, as I could not afford

to openly antagonize him. This was probably wrong, as he took my evasive reply as an affront, and, from later developments, he must have brooded over it during the night and next day, for he revenged himself the day following.

We encamped that night near Vereda Nueva. The Spanish columns under Aldecoa, Linares, Cornell, and Ruiz, were on the trail; but the Spanish infantry were no match for the Cuban cavalry, composed of the finest horses in the country.

CHAPTER X.

GOMEZ AT SANTA LUCIA.

Preparing for battle.—Issuing orders.—The army of fire.—Effects of good cheer.—Conduct of the macheteros.—Gomez moves.—The Spaniards advance.—Failure of the macheteros to appear.—Explanation of their conduct.—Plight of the author.—Gomez's temper.—Gomez beats officers with sword.—Consternation of staff.

THE morning of the 27th of February, 1896, the Cuban army broke camp at Vereda Nueva. With four large Spanish columns pressing closely on his trail, in the vain hope of overtaking and forcing him into a decisive fight, Gomez led his men through the intricate labyrinth of paths in the lake district of Ariguanabo, emerging near the sugar factory Baldospino.

But it would not do for him to halt here, for the hardy Spanish infantry would soon overhaul him; so on he moved, with his nondescript army rambling along behind, across cane-fields and through jungles, till at last the Guanajay highroad was reached.

Up the broad macadamized way (the finest road in Cuba), through the small village of Caimito, the rebels continued the march, diverting themselves by overhauling, looting, and burning stage-coaches, carts and other vehicles, whose drivers, all unconscious of danger, were pursuing their daily occupations contrary to insurgent proclamation.

These poor fellows were indeed lucky in escaping with the loss of their property, for other chiefs, less lenient, would have hanged them by the roadside as a warning to others.

Turning sharply to the west, at the northern base of

the Guanajay table-land, the rebel army finally encamped on the estate Santa Lucia, at Hoyo Colorado. The owner is Don Perfecto La Costa.

The regiment of Matanzas was ordered to cover the trail, and Col. Roque, with his aides, selected a large stone farmhouse for their temporary head-quarters. This guard was located about a mile and a half from the factory. The regiment under Col. Nunez was stationed a little to the north in the vicinity of some out-buildings, and the escort and staff were quartered in the factory itself.

The steward of the estate insisted on Gomez and his staff taking up their quarters in the handsome residence of the owner, who was at the time absent in Habana. About one o'clock dinner was announced, and Gomez, with his staff and correspondents, took their places at the table covered with the most delicious viands. The owner's stock of fine old wines and liquors was also drawn on to crown the feast.

Under the influence of such good cheer, the old chief seemed to expand a trifle, and although his wounded leg pained him greatly, he thawed out enough to join in the general merriment by reciting various laughable adventures in which he was the central figure.

The wine passed around rather freely, and, contrary to his custom, Gomez took a little more than his usual medicinal dose.

His doctors have ordered him to drink a certain amount of spirits daily, as a stimulant, for he is old, and his constitution has suffered from the ills incidental to age. To such an extent has the habit grown, that if it should be abruptly broken he would probably collapse completely. Gomez had just finished telling one of his stories, when two scouts came in and reported that the enemy were advancing quickly over the trail, but would probably not arrive for an hour.

I expected to see Gomez jump up excitedly, order the

bugler to sound "boots and saddles," form his men in advantageous positions, and await their coming. Imagine, therefore, my surprise when the old man, after leisurely signing his name to a document, called the officer of the day, and ordered him to take five men and go out and stop the enemy.

Surely, I thought, the old fellow is crazy. Six men to stop at least 2,000 well-equipped soldiers! I followed the officer outside, and, sure enough, he called just five men from the escort, and following him, they tore down the road like mad in the direction the enemy must be coming.

Gomez was now reading the Habana morning paper, captured from the mail-coach at Caimito, and the other officers were leisurely turning over the leaves of the latest Spanish publications found in the owner's library.

A group had gathered around some one with a musical instrument, and were evidently greatly enjoying his horrible attempt at their national anthem, "La Bayamesa."

Suddenly I heard the far-away rattle of musketry, and my first impulse was to dash out of the door for my horse, as I surely thought that Gomez would now issue some order.

But no one moved, and the only comment I heard was, that "El Patoncito was catching h——!"

The firing became louder and steadier, and soon another officer came hurriedly in with the report that the six sharpshooters were unable to check the Spaniards, who were now close at hand.

Again I was disappointed, for I expected to see the renowned Cuban general ("the rival of Sherman") make some move that would indicate his desire to fight.

Without lifting his eyes from the paper, he very coolly called an aide, and said:

"Tell Col. Roque to call in his guards, take possession of the stone house, and await the enemy. Tell him I say to hold that position, for it is a very good one."

The aide galloped away to obey orders, and everybody

relapsed once more into that former state of indifference and seeming contempt for the "gringos."

I closely followed the enemy's progress by the ever-increasing sound of their rapid volleys, delivered in a business-like manner, and I wondered what part Gomez or Nunez would play in this fast developing farce.

Roque, "the old stand-by," with his 300 armed cavalry, probably did not have ten rounds of ammunition apiece; yet he was calmly ordered to hold a position against the certain bombardment of the Spanish artillery, and a possible charge by a force outnumbering him ten to one, every one of whom had at least 150 rounds of Mauser cartridges in his belt.

This was getting very interesting to me, and I waited patiently for the old chief to make a move. The Spaniards soon came within firing distance of Roque's position, and the short, rapid volleys of the Spaniards and the incessant crack! crack! of the Cuban Remington, resembling the sound made by a bunch of fire-crackers, were shortly drowned by the roar of the Spanish artillery.

A shell, aimed too high, came shrieking and whistling over Gomez's head-quarters, and exploded with an angry bang! in the near by cane-field.

At last Gomez moved—everybody moved—as though striving for the first prize in a hundred-yard dash, with a separate goal for each contestant.

In less time than it takes to tell it, they were all mounted and were lining up to await his orders.

Nunez, with 300 armed cavalry, came dashing into the "patio," and the large number of servants, camp followers, and general scum of the insurgent army, numbering about 500, armed with machetes, revolvers, and sawed-off shot-guns, jostled each other as they savagely spurred their horses to attain a front place in the line.

These were supposed to be the "terrible macheteros," at whose mere yell the Spanish soldier quaked with fear.

I expected to see them hurry down the road to re-enforce Roque, who must be having a hot time of it, judging from the incessant sound of rifle volleys and exploding shells.

At last they move, the horses are spurred to a quick canter, they wave their machetes wildly, and an occasional half-hearted yell of "Viva Cuba Libre!" leads me to believe they are working up enthusiasm for the terrible machete charge that was now sure to follow.

Gomez, followed by his escort of eighty picked men, galloped down the road between the cane-fields in the direction of the enemy.

Now I will see a battle—one of those great fights so vividly described by the correspondents of the Florida hotels and the Habana *cafés*, in which whole Spanish columns are blotted out of existence.

There could be no doubt as to the truth of such stories, for had not the "terrible macheteros" shouted and yelled and waved their machetes in a most emphatic manner?

Quickly tying my horse to a pillar of the factory, I was soon on its roof, where a fine view of the surrounding country could be had.

Over to the east, about a mile away, on the crest of a ridge, I could see the line of Spanish artillery belching out shell and shrapnel with clock-like regularity upon the doomed house occupied by Roque.

Under cover of this fire, the infantry were slowly creeping nearer, taking advantage of every rock, tree or fence to protect their advance line of skirmishers, while a little in the rear came the body of their force, deployed about three feet in company front.

One continual thunder-roll came from the mouths of the machine-like Mauser rifles, answered by the flat crackling reports of the insurgent carbines. From my high perch I occasionally caught a glimpse of the Spanish cavalry, protected from discovery by the high, waving cane-fields, quickly making a *détour* to get at Roque's rear.

Faster and fiercer grew the racket. Three shells burst simultaneously near the house, and now the Spanish infantry are disclosed to plain view in the open, advancing at the double-quick.

Now, I thought, was the hour of doom, as the "macheteros" would soon emerge from the cane-fields and repeat the Cuban legends of the last war.

But, no; they do not appear, and instead I see that Roque's position becomes untenable, and as the Spanish soldiers rush forward with fixed bayonets and loud yells of "Viva Espana!" he quickly retreats through the cane-fields to escape a hand-to-hand conflict.

Gomez, with his small escort, now joins the retreating regiment, and another short stand is made; but to no purpose, as the "gringos estan guapos hoy." ("Spaniards are very brave to-day, and persist in cowardly advancing under cover of their artillery.")

But where, oh, where is Nunez and the 800 awe-inspiring macheteros? Surely it is about time for them to appear at the front and change the tide of battle!

Now is the time the decisive blow should be struck, as the Spaniards are in the open and on ground called favorable and "a'proposito" for a Cuban charge.

I stand upon the apex of the roof, and in vain look for them in the front. Oh, well, perhaps they are hidden by the cane-fields, and will shortly appear.

But as I see the Cubans fleeing rapidly before the ever-advancing "gringo," and still no sign from Nunez, I turn to the west, or away from the scene of conflict, and with the glass carefully scan the country for some time, and at last discover a large force of cavalry about a mile distant.

My first impression was that another Spanish column was coming to assist their countrymen, and for a second, I thought Nunez had been ordered to intercept them, thus explaining his failure to appear at the front.

I follow their movements for a minute or so, and suddenly discover that they are galloping fast in the opposite direction.

I had already heard about the actions of Nunez, and at last it dawns on me that this must be he leading the "impedimenta" along the line of retreat, and then I realize what the Cubans meant when they spoke of him as the "papa del impedimenta."

My hopes of witnessing a bloody machete charge, and afterward leisurely examining heaps of slain with victorious Cubans, were now entirely gone, and it may not be out of place to state here, that in none of the subsequent fights which I witnessed were these cherished hopes realized.

I again turned to witness the outcome of the fight. The forms of Gomez and his men were plainly perceptible to the naked eye. Slowly but surely the Spaniards were driving them back to the factory-yard, and the crackling of the insurgents' rifles had now subsided and sounded like the angry "spit" of the few fire-crackers that unexpectedly "go off" after the bulk of the package has been consumed.

My attention had been so completely occupied with the quick developments of the scene in front, that I failed to see a large Spanish force of infantry, who now emerged from the cane-fields about 500 yards to the north of the patio, where some thirty Cuban officers and privates were grouped, intently watching every move of Gomez. Both they and myself were startled by the sudden report of two volleys fired in quick succession, and the shower of steel bullets that passed over their heads rattled on the galvanized iron roof of the factory like so much hail.

But the next volley chased from my mind all thoughts of further observation or study, as the roof for some distance seemed to be punctured with little clean-cut holes.

I moved. I did not stand on the order of moving, but simply moved or slid down the incline of that galvanized

iron roof on the side away from the enemy, and fell about twenty feet on a pile of dry crushed cane or "bagasse."

I jumped up quickly and made a dash for my horse, amid the hearty laugh of the Cubans, who were also doing considerable moving to get out of the yard; and I soon turned the laugh on them, for the way we made tracks along that "line of retreat" would have won applause at the Coney Island Handicap.

Not until we crossed a gulch, about three quarters of a mile distant, did we feel at all safe, and then a halt was made to see if the Spaniards were after us. Once assured that they were still where we had first seen them, enough courage was infused in the Cubans to permit the horses to slacken their mad gait.

We soon came up with the rear guard of the "terrible macheteros" of so much fame, and some were still swinging and shaking their trusty blades in a threatening manner in the direction of the enemy a mile away.

Accompanied by Scovel, I withdrew to one side to again make observations and await Gomez. The sound of firing had now died away, and the fight had ceased.

The exhausted Spanish infantry remained in the factory to rest, and a small detachment of cavalry was all that continued to pursue the extreme rear guard of Gomez's defeated forces.

A short, sharp fight at the gulch, in which Col. Boza, with a few members of the escort, succeeded in checking the pursuing cavalry, ended the afternoon's comedy drama.

Gomez now came along, and it did not take a close student of human nature to see that he was boiling over and "loaded for bear." His ungovernable temper was painfully manifested in a hundred ways during that celebrated retreat. His wound tortured him, and to add to his discomfiture, his favorite horse, which he had mounted during the fight, had been wounded in the rump. This fact seemed to hurt his pride, and aggravated him greatly.

If the animal had been wounded while he was facing the enemy, it might have passed by with little concern; but to think that the horse of the commander-in-chief of the Cuban army had been wounded in the rump, this was too much, and every time he inspected the cicatrice, his anger would increase.

The old fellow must have been very weak also, for at various points on the road he had recourse to his "medicine-bottle," and every dose seemed to produce the same effect as the inspection of his wounded charger.

It will be remembered that Gomez ordered the officer of the day to take five men and check the enemy's advance. The official badge of this duty is a broad red sash worn crosswise over the breast, and is the distinguishing mark of the officer on duty.

The young officer and his men galloped down the road, past the guards, to within 1,500 yards of the approaching Spanish column, and, unseen by them, entered a heavy thicket and placed his five sharp-shooters in ambush.

As they came into plain view, he opened fire. The column halted, fearing a general ambush. The small number of shots fired by the Cubans convinced the Spanish general of their exact number, and a company of infantry was detailed to rout them out.

The Cuban officer took off his bright red sash to make himself less conspicuous. In the excitement of the fight, he put it in his pocket and forgot to replace it when clear of the woods.

On joining Roque, the old chief called for the officer of the day. Scratched and bleeding from the thorns of the thick underbrush, his clothing torn and tattered in many places, and conscious of having performed his duty well, the young hero came forward.

Gomez looked him over very critically, and asked if he was the officer of the day.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Where is your insignia?" growled the chief.

"The enemy were making a special target of me, and I took it off temporarily and have forgotten to put it on again."

"You coward, cur, rascal! I'll teach you how to be brave!" shrieked the now infuriated Gomez; and drawing his short, slightly curved machete, he started for the unfortunate officer.

"Place that sash on immediately!" he shouted, as he beat the officer over the head and on the neck and shoulders with the flat of his sword. Blow after blow was rained on him, and the keen edge of the machete cut several gashes in the neck, causing the blood to flow freely.

This exhibition of Gomez's temper had a startling effect on the officers of his staff, who belonged to the most aristocratic families of Cuba, and they all agreed then and there to recall the old fellow to his senses, as they did not know but that he would repeat the disgraceful insult on some other officer.

Whether Gomez was aware of this attitude on their part it is hard to state, but he showed his contempt for them by repeating the offense on the persons of various other officers during the same afternoon.

This does not include soldiers; for, crazed with pain and mortification, he went through the line of march like a crazy person, delivering blows right and left to those who did not move fast enough to suit his idea of a well-conducted retreat.

At last the march ended, and the tired Cuban forces encamped for the night at a small farm near the Mariel high-road.

The Spanish generals, Aldecoa and Linares, commanded the Spanish forces during this fight, and reported a loss of twelve men and seven horses. The Cuban loss was two.

CHAPTER XI.

GOMEZ'S ATTACK ON THE CORRESPONDENT.—A FITTING
SEQUEL TO AN EVENTFUL DAY.

NIGHT had already fallen when the Cubans unpacked their saddles and tethered their horses out to graze. As usual, the general and his staff took up their quarters in the commodious, old-fashioned farm-house, while the men found the most comfortable spots along the hedges or under the trees and outhouses.

The savage conduct of their general was the all-absorbing topic of conversation. On all sides could be heard the common remark: "Que genio tiene el viejo hoy!" ("What a temper the old man has to-day!")

A group of officers on the porch of the house were seriously discussing in an under-tone the disgraceful events of the afternoon.

Calling me to come nearer, one of them said:

"Mr. Rea, we have decided to make the general understand, once for all, that we are not common soldiers or slaves, to be beaten and insulted at every change of his whim or disposition, and that in the future, if he has any just complaint against an officer, he must lay his charges in due form before a court convened for the occasion, who will punish or acquit him according to their verdict."

Some busybody, or one of the numerous "chismosos," undoubtedly informed Gomez of this mutiny on the part of his officers before they had had a chance to present their grievance in a proper manner, and it only served to augment his fury.

Other incidents probably affected him more than the previous occurrences.

Attached to his staff, holding one of the most prominent positions in the rebel army, was the scion of a well-known aristocratic family of Camaguey, whose name is closely identified with the long struggle for Cuban liberty. As chief of his particular department, with the corresponding rank of brigadier, he was singled out by Gomez as a friend and adviser. He was also one of the very few who sat at his table. So great was his influence, that he was the only one who dared to speak his mind freely or attempt to subdue the general when on one of his tantrums.

This talented young officer petitioned a furlough for thirty days, to return to his home for the purpose of placing his aged mother and family in some point where they would be secure against possible persecution by the Spaniards. To this reasonable request, Gomez turned a deaf ear, and refused to entertain such a plea.

The officer insisted, and finally Gomez told him if he really desired to go he could do so, but would first have to forfeit his commission by resigning. There appears to be little doubt that Gomez feared to allow him to return to Puerto Principe, where in all probability he would meet the members of the provisional government, and perhaps reveal secrets prejudicial to himself, for Gomez was practically acting independent of any superior orders, as his endeavor to degrade his companion would clearly indicate.

But this time the "dictator" overreached himself, for the officer indignantly refused to listen to the proposition, justly saying that his rank had been conferred by the government, and that they alone had the authority to demand his resignation.

To end the dispute, he peremptorily demanded that he be given a pass and escort, as he was going to lay the question before the assembly.

During the day Gomez received a letter from Habana,

in which he was warned and advised to keep his eye open for a Spanish spy who had left the city with the avowed purpose of joining the insurgents and await an opportunity to poison their leader.

All these incidents so preyed on the mind of Gomez, that during supper he never spoke a word. The silence was ominous, and the assembled officers waited for the storm to break, though no one entertained the remotest idea he would attempt to divert their attention from their own grievances by the bitter attack on myself that closed the day's proceedings.

Everybody concluded their supper and remained respectfully seated, awaiting their general's permission to retire. But Gomez sat there and blinked and glared, with his fiery orbs inflamed with passion, first at one and then at the others, as though searching for a victim. Finally his glance rested on myself. I was seated at the extreme end of the table, where I was studying the faces of the others, and occasionally exchanging some comment with Scovel.

In the midst of a deep silence, he suddenly craned his neck forward, as though he had at last discovered an easy solution to a very difficult problem, and pointing his bony finger at me, growled, or "snapped" out:

"Mr. Rea, by what right do you sit at my table and eat?"

If a bomb had exploded in the room, it would not have created more astonishment; but I hastened to reply:

"I believe that I have partaken of supper at this table by your own special invitation, if you will please recall the fact."

"No, no! I am aware that I invited you, but I meant to say, what right have you to be in the revolution? Who are you? Where are you from? Have you any letters for me? How do I know but that you are a Spanish spy in disguise."

"One question at a time, general. You ask me who I

am. Have I not been introduced to you by Mr. Scovel as the correspondent of the 'Herald'?"

The old fellow turned to Scovel, and asked him if he would vouch for the fact that I was employed by the "Herald;" to which my companion assented. But still he was not satisfied, and again he turned to me.

"I don't care a d—n for the 'Herald.' The 'Herald' is our enemy; its owner has invested largely in Spanish bonds, and it is to his interest to favor Spain, and as you represent the 'Herald,' you are also an enemy to us. Have you any papers to identify you and to prove your assertions?"

Fortunately, or unfortunately, I had my passport, Spanish identification papers, credentials, and the military pass from the captain-general.

These I handed over to Gomez, who passed them to Dr. Sanchez Agramonte for translation. One by one they were read to Gomez, who did not say a word until the Spanish pass was reached.

"Aha! now I've got you! What do you mean by coming into my camp with this document in your possession? Do you not understand that this stamps you as an enemy?"

"I do not understand anything of the kind. This document was necessary for me to pass through the Spanish lines unmolested; but now that I have reached my destination, I no longer require it, and if you choose, why, burn it."

To my ready reply, the old fellow was a little disconcerted, and remained silent for about a minute, and then he slowly and more calmly said:

"No, young man; I will not destroy the pass. Keep it, for it may be useful to you again. I am going to give you still another pass signed by myself, and with the two in your possession, you may travel the whole length of the island unmolested. But I don't want you to travel in my

staff. I don't want you now for chief of my engineer corps, for there are others, I—"

"See here, general," I interrupted, "I want you to distinctly understand that I did not come here seeking rank, and if you condescended to confer such an honor on me, you will please remember that it was of your own free will, and that I have not accepted your overtures."

"I am aware that I offered you the position, and will not go back on my word, for I will give you a letter to Antonio Maceo, where you can have the same rank as I proposed."

"Thank you, Gen. Gomez. But I don't wish your letter to Antonio Maceo, and neither do I wish to entertain any further propositions in that line, for I have witnessed enough to-day to form my idea of the tactics employed in this war."

"Well, young man, I don't care to have you near me. You can go anywhere in my army you choose, and furthermore, if you need any money, although I am a poor man, you can have the ten gold pieces I have in my purse."

"Allow me to again thank you, Gen. Gomez. I have not come to the revolution looking for your rank or your money, and after these insults, I have no desire to remain longer in your presence, and with your permission I will join Col. Roque, who is a friend of mine, until such time as I see an opportunity to go elsewhere. And now, gentlemen, I will bid you all good-night."

With these words, I abruptly put on my hat and walked out the door, leaving them all staring after me.

Whatever purpose Gomez had in attacking me, it sufficed, as I have reason to believe, to change the current criticisms of his former conduct, though nearly every officer who was present in the room came to me afterward and tried to smooth over matters, by saying that the old man was not accountable for what he said, and they cited instances

where he had roundly abused Gen. Maceo at Ceiba del Agua, and other similar cases.

But unless an apology came from Gomez himself, I did not care to see or speak to him again.

The apology afterward came, as I will have occasion to note, and I may add, that this episode was never spoken of by myself to belittle or criticize the old chief until the present time, and now it is done solely to allow persons to judge of his violent and changeable character.

At the time, I naturally felt offended and insulted, and although I had sufficient cause to speak badly of the Cubans, yet I never allowed it to influence my correspondence to do them an injury, as my various articles in the "New York Herald" will clearly prove. I refer to my work of last year.

CHAPTER XII.

GOMEZ AT LA LUZ, OR THE VICTORY (?) OF THE IMPEDIMENTA.

Marin takes the field.—Large force distributed to trap Gomez.—The fight at Penalver.—Cuban encampment at La Luz.—Tight quarters.—Scarcity of ammunition.—A deal in cartridges.—Description of the impedimenta, or the celebrated macheteros.—Motley assortment of arms.—Ruiz chases Cuban sharpshooters.—Fight with the guard.—*Sang-froid* at a discount.—Boots and saddles.—Struggle of Cubans to clear the yard.—Nunez leads the retreat.—Gomez deserts impedimenta.—Charge of the Spaniards.—The impedimenta's plight.—Blunderbusses in the nineteenth century.—Retreat of Spaniards, and incidentally of the Cubans.—Gomez fights Marin.

THOSE who have closely followed the progress of the Cuban revolution will remember the short and active campaign carried out by Lieut.-Gen. Sabas Marin after the command had been turned over to him pending the arrival of Weyler. Marin's idea was to keep hammering away at Gomez, and not allow him time to rest, and several columns were ordered to follow him up and try to force a general fight. So close was Gomez pursued, that he did not venture to remain more than a few hours in any one place; if he did, he was sure to have the "diablo eneima," and a fight was the result.

At Santa Lucia, two columns came upon him, and a four hours' "scrap," ending in the retreat of the insurgents, ensued. The day following, Gomez entered the province of Pinar del Rio, and many thought that he would continue westward to effect a junction with Maceo, but instead, he turned to the south on passing the sugar fac-

tory Tomasito or Regalado. The columns of Linares and Aldecoa were pressing closely on his trail, and caught up with the rear guard at the Plantation Nueva, situated near the town of Artimisa, and a slight skirmish occurred.

Finding his passage to the east cut off, the rebel leader crossed the railroad and entered the southern district of the province of Habana. Now came the opportunity that Marin had so anxiously waited for, and he determined to make a great effort to entrap his elusive adversary. Campos had failed to corner him, and Weyler had been ordered to the command in the hopes that he might succeed in accomplishing something; but in the meanwhile, if Marin should be fortunate enough to gain the victory, it would mean promotion to the highest rank in the Spanish army. With this end in view, Marin accordingly left Habana on the morning of January 30th, 1896, accompanied by his entire staff. Twenty-five car-loads of troops and horses and several pieces of light artillery followed him.

The night was spent in San Antonio de los Banos, where a patriotic demonstration took place in his honor. From here, it appears, he went the next day to San Felipe and superintended the re-enforcement of the Batabano Railroad line. The operating columns of Linares, Aldecoa, Ruiz, Galbis, Cornell, and Macon were distributed throughout the district between Alquizar and Quivican. The total Spanish forces were nearly 10,000 men.

Gomez intended to pass the Batabano line and emerge in the central part of the province; but the unusually large force stationed here to intercept him frustrated his plans and compelled him to fall back to the west. While encamped for breakfast near the Penalver estate, the enemy came up from Guira de Melena, and another characteristic rear-guard fight was the result.

By shielding themselves behind the burning cane-fields, the rebels were enabled to successfully beat off the enemy while they made a hasty retreat. When the Spaniards were

at last left far behind, the insurgents encamped for the night at the old half-ruined sugar factory called La Luz.

Marin now had Gomez in a very tight place, for to the east was the large force on the line of the Batabano road, and to the west were stationed two columns at Neptuno and Waterloo. The trains on the western railway to the north had been busy depositing troops at various points on the line, and Marin, in person, at the head of 7,000 men, had arrived during the night at Alquizar, and advanced to the factory San Antonio de Pulido, situated about two leagues to the north of La Luz.

This camp of Gomez's was in the worst possible position to resist a combined movement from all sides, for not a quarter of a mile away to the south stretched the great coast swamp, rendering retreat in that direction practically impossible. An attack under these conditions would call for some hard fighting.

To make matters worse, Gomez had run short of ammunition, and there were probably not more than 2,000 cartridges distributed among his 700 fighting men.

A good illustration of the scarcity of ammunition may be seen from the following incident. During the night a small Cuban "guerrilla," numbering thirty-five armed and twenty unarmed men, presented themselves to Gomez, and petitioned an assignment to some regular body.

Gomez ordered the men to report to Lieut.-Col. José Roque, who lacked one troop to complete his regiment, and thereby attain the corresponding full rank of colonel. This was intended as a compliment to Roque, so he could form his needed troop from this nucleus. But instead of being grateful, Roque was a trifle irritated by the seeming favor. In explaining his situation to me, he said:

"The old man is always sending me men, but he never thinks of sending any cartridges, and, as you have already seen, I have to stand the brunt of the fighting, while the others get away with the impedimenta. Here I am with

only about fifty cartridges left after the fight to-day, and we are bound to have another one to-morrow. If I am to continue to do the fighting for the rest, the old man had better send me something to do it with."

Roque had already requested his chief for 100 rounds, and had been refused. He finally appealed to Col. Nunez, who commanded the other regiment, and, owing to the fact that he had never done any fighting, his men were fairly well supplied with ammunition. Nunez refused to part with any of his "ornamental cartridges," although Roque tried to impress upon him the advisability of so doing. When all his pleadings proved ineffectual, Roque finally offered to exchange the fifty-five men for 200 rounds.

This flattered the other, who was ambitious to be the commander of a large regiment, and after considerable haggling, the deal was closed; but instead of the original 200 rounds, Nunez "beat" the other down to eighty. Roque was highly elated with his bargain, and expressed himself as being more than contented to get rid of so much useless impedimenta.

But if this gallant regiment was treated so badly by Gomez, his own personal escort was carefully attended to, for every one of his sixty men had sufficient cartridges in their belts. But he can be excused for this partiality, for every one of his escort was a picked man, and could be depended on to make a fair showing when the time came to fight.

As I will shortly have occasion to refer once more to the impedimenta, or the celebrated macheteros of the terrible yell, a short description of them will not be out of place.

This distinctly Cuban adjunct to an army might, with a wide stretch of the imagination, be made to correspond to our pack-train in its crudest form. It is composed chiefly of officers' servants—the unarmed contingent, and the general scum and riff-raff of the lowest elements of the army, whose only excuse for being there is the outcome of

their lazy, indolent natures and a desire to fill their stomachs without having to work or do any fighting. Their principal duty seems to be to terrorize the peaceable farmer by stealing everything they can lay their hands on, and to take from him the last morsel of food he has preserved for his needy family. In this capacity he is very brave; but let the sound of firing be heard ever so far away, and he immediately begins his search for the "line of retreat," along which he tears until his tired and fagged-out horse can go no further.

They are generally mounted on the cast-off horses of the fighting men, and while they are not armed with serviceable rifles, all have the machete, and at that epoch of the revolution many carried revolvers and shot-guns of every conceivable make and pattern.

This particular impedimenta with Gomez were well supplied with a motley assortment of such fire-arms, and probably 200 were armed with shot-guns; and the writer well remembers the twenty old-fashioned blunderbusses that had been stolen from the homes of wealthy planters and proudly carried by members of the impedimenta.

If rifle ammunition was hard to procure, it was just the reverse with powder and ball, for many houses in the country had considerable quantities on hand, which was promptly confiscated by the insurgents. I witnessed the negroes of the impedimenta loading their old blunderbusses, to see which one would hold the most, and then some officer came along and ordered them to ram in wads and leave them loaded, little thinking at the time that it was a fortunate thing he did so, as the events of the day proved.

About twelve o'clock on the 1st of February, the scouts reported to Gomez that the enemy were gathered in force at San Antonio. Gomez received the information very lightly, and, according to his custom, ordered a dozen sharp-shooters to proceed to the encampment and worry the enemy from a safe distance.

These tactics were well enough when the Spanish column was known to be composed of infantry; for the Cubans, mounted as they were on the finest horses, could easily evade pursuit. But this time it seems that they were ignorant of the fact that the Spaniards had about 1,000 cavalry under Col. Calixto Ruiz, who were literally "spoiling" for a chance at the "old Chinaman."

The oft-repeated dodge failed to be effective this time, for when the dozen Cubans opened fire, the Spanish cavalry dashed out after them. Unprepared for such an exhibition of energy, the insurgents "turned tail," and headed for La Luz. So close were they pursued that no one thought of trying to lead them away from Gomez, but all made a bee-line for camp as the only way to save their own skins.

A scout entered and reported the Spaniards as being in hot pursuit of the sharp-shooters. Gomez gave him a very queer and angry look, as though to say, "What in thunder do you mean by bothering me with such trifles?" Without paying any further attention to the soldier, he turned again to the paper he had been reading.

His *sang-froid* and indifference were rudely shaken a minute later by a second scout, who repeated the former information.

But this time the warning was unnecessary, for before he had finished communicating his report, the sound of fierce firing near at hand caused everybody to make an involuntary movement toward the door. The Spaniards had reached the guard, stationed about half a mile away, and were receiving an unexpected but temporary check.

"Boots and saddles!" growled Gomez, as he made a lively hobble for his horse tethered to a post outside the door. So quick did the Cubans obey the order, that before the bugler had finished the call, more than half of them were mounted and making a desperate effort to retreat. Some of our crack cavalry troops in the United States

could no doubt profit by having a representative with the insurgents to study their maneuvers, for in a case like La Luz, no cavalry in the world could beat them on mounting a charger.

Cooking utensils and other little articles of a trooper's outfit are happily overlooked in such a case, and are considered as unnecessary luxuries, to be abandoned when "el diablo" puts in an unexpected appearance.

Before Gomez could form his men or instill some discipline in the excited mob, the impetuous Ruiz was charging on the guards with all his force.

Roque made a fine stand, and attempted to hold them back; but his gallant band, who had only two rounds apiece, could do but little in the face of such a rush.

For once the Spaniards did not fire by solid volleys. The terrible, crackling, grinding noise from the 1,000 Mauser and Remington carbines fired at will, stamped the onslaught as a determined one. On they came, yelling and firing like so many demons. The infernal din increased as it drew nearer and nearer, and the air seemed filled with invisible Kilkenny cats "meouwing" to each other, caused by the peculiar sound of the Mauser bullet as it cuts the air.

The Cubans cursed, prayed, struggled, and fought as they fell over each other in a mad endeavor to force their way out of the narrow east gate before the "gringos" entered the yard, the result being a temporary block or squeeze. How the bullets "whizzed" over their heads, trimming the near-by trees, and causing the impedimenta to howl with fright! In such moments of "agony," the mind of the Cuban peasant undoubtedly returns to his boyhood days, for the uppermost thought is of his mother, and the piteous and heart-rending cries of, "Ay' ay' mi madre," mingled with the most horrible blasphemies, are the exclamations heard on all sides.

The crazed impedimenta plunged blindly into the dense

wild pine-apple hedge, bristling with sharp needle-like points, and howled with pain and fright, as, scratched and bleeding, they endeavored to gain the "line of retreat," where Nunez and his faithful sprinters were already fast disappearing down the road.

The Spaniards forced Roque to retreat in quick order, and then they came with a swift rush toward the yard. Gomez saw that he was lost if he tarried longer, and, followed by his escort, he abandoned the impedimenta to its fate, and galloped away toward the west, as he afterward explained, to draw the enemy's attention to himself.

Scovel and myself were greatly amused by the ludicrous spectacle of the impedimenta, who, with their pots and kettles, saddle-bags and other luggage, were fiercely fighting among themselves to get clear of the yard. Some were mounted on mules, who created consternation among the throng of other animals by indulging in their favorite pastime of "letting out with both hind feet," to the great dissatisfaction of the other less aggressive and more docile beasts. Other mules, mule-like, refused to budge an inch, and their riders dismounted and belabored them with clubs and the flat of their machetes; but it's no use. Mules don't like pine-apple hedges, and positively declined to be urged. Several were abandoned, and the troopers dashed through the hedge to gain the swamp and save themselves.

Some bullets whistled very close to our heads, and we began to think about joining the impedimenta and retreating. I had always hankered to witness an exciting fight; but this was getting a little too personal, and, thanks to our excellent horses, we cleared the fence at a jump and were soon some yards on the other side, and, as I thought, in comparative safety for awhile.

Gomez's *ruse* had been successful. The right flank of the Spaniards followed after him, and a momentary respite was given the impedimenta. But we were suddenly startled by a yell of dismay from the terrified mass that was rush-

ing past us. On looking, we discovered a big flank of cavalry spread out like a fan and closing in toward the road running parallel with the swamp to cut off the retreat to the east. Their movement succeeded, and we were in for what appeared to be a "hot time." No retreat was possible under the circumstances, for on all sides but the swamp we were hemmed in. The machete charge I had read so much about appeared inevitable, and I stood a fair chance of being one of the victims.

The Spaniards came tearing toward us with flashing machetes waving in the air, their carbines slung unused by their sides, and at the time it looked as though Old Nick would have many new boarders before night if something did not occur to change the situation, and there was no time to be lost, either.

The impedimenta claimed our attention. Seeing their retreat cut off, they fell back dismayed. Their white, drawn faces clearly indicated the terror that had taken hold of them.

Their first impulse was to make for the swamp; but it was then too late, as the whites of the Spaniards' eyes were now visible, and their infernal yell of "Santiago! Santiago! Viva Espana! Venga Mambi!" struck fresh terror into the hearts of the trembling rabble. It seemed as though nothing could prevent a hand-to-hand conflict, with all its savage horrors, and in such a case the shivering and palsied impedimenta would undoubtedly be massacred.

The full sense of their peril dawned on the terrified mass. Desperate and panic-stricken, deserted by their principal chiefs, and with no officer capable of giving a command, they faced the determined Spaniards.

With seemingly one accord, and without taking aim, the Cubans "blazed" away at the fast closing in flank. The din was terrific, and the innumerable balls, slugs, bird-shot, and pieces of old iron and junk discharged from the variegated assortment of blunderbusses, shot-guns, old re-

volvers, and toy pistols caused the Spanish flank to halt in their mad onward career.

Who could blame them? For the discharge made as much racket as an artillery fire, and then they probably knew that the Cubans lacked ammunition, and therefore had anticipated an easy victory.

The charge halted about fifty yards from the impedi-
menta line, and another volley from the double-barreled
shot-guns, accompanied by the ever-ready cry, "Al ma-
chete," caused the Spanish line to waver. The revolvers
of the insurgents were called upon, and the Spaniards,
who a minute before had been so determined, now sheathed
their machetes, picked up their carbines, and operating
them like clock-work, quickly fell back under cover of
their own fire, to escape what they probably expected to
be a machete charge by the scared to death Cubans. On
the other hand, the latter were so surprised at the success
of their own movement that they never stopped to see the
result; but, taking advantage of the momentary check,
and seeing the road open, made a dash across the field,
gained the road, and were soon safe outside the trap that
had nearly caught them. The tension once removed,
Scovel and myself laughed heartily to see the Cubans go
down that "line of retreat."

Every one tried to be first; but as the path was only
about four feet wide, this was impossible, and many, hop-
ing to make a short cut, frantically urged their horses into
the woods, where they got tangled in the creeping under-
brush and vines and had to be abandoned.

The Spaniards probably thought that the insurgents
were supported with Gatling guns, judging from the num-
ber of missiles fired from those blunderbusses, and there-
fore were in no hurry to again venture [so near. If they
had only continued their charge, they would undoubtedly
have gained their greatest victory of the war.

This opportunity, so rashly lost, never again presented

itself, for old Gomez has never ventured to return to that part of the country where everything favored his enemies.

The bewildered Cubans were soon miles away, and safely encamped near the Luisa estate by sundown. Gomez, with his escort, kept to the west and cleared the trap; he then endeavored to make a *détour* to rejoin his abandoned and shattered army. In doing so, he ran against the main body of Spanish infantry, 6,000 strong, a short distance to the south of San Antonio. They were marching to re-enforce Ruiz. A short, sharp, running fight ensued; but the Cubans easily galloped out of range, and the firing ceased.

Gomez reunited with Roque, Nunez, and the impedimenta (who were the heroes of the hour) the following day near Tamaulipas.

This fight was afterward claimed by Marin as a great victory, and Col. Ruiz was recommended for promotion (which was subsequently conferred), and Capt.-Gen. Marin was decorated with a grand cross.

If Ruiz had only waited until the 6,000 infantry came up, and then surrounded the camp before making the attack, there is little doubt but that Gomez would have suffered a crushing defeat.

This was probably the only occasion during the war where Gomez was in any actual peril of being surrounded or captured.

CHAPTER XIII.

GOMEZ AT SAN GERVASIO.

Remarkable exhibition of temper.—Gomez threatens to shoot officers.

THE day following the exciting fight at La Luz, Scovel and myself attempted to enter the town of Quivicán to dispatch correspondence for Habana.

Unfortunately for our plans, a Spanish column arrived there before us and saw us coming. Like good soldiers that they were, they formed an ambuscade to capture us “vivita” on entering the town. A fight was the result. On second thought, I think the letter “l” inserted in the word “fight” would probably express our conduct more clearly. Scovel was unhorsed, and narrowly escaped capture, and my own “genuine Cuban plug” was killed. By a miracle, we gained the shelter of the cane-fields and escaped. When we arrived at Gomez’s camp, near Bejucal, the old chief was profuse in his expressions of sympathy, and ordered Lino Mirabal to look out for us in the future. Scovel left for Habana the next day on an important mission.

Gomez had already apologized to me for his uncalled-for conduct after the fight at Santa Lucia, and was very solicitous about my welfare—in fact, he seemed to have entirely overlooked the affair. I parted with him on the 10th of February, to accompany Col. Roque on a proposed night raid into Guara. I did not meet him again until the 19th, when he and Maceo joined forces at Moralito, where the all-day fight between several Spanish columns occurred. Four days afterward they again separated near the Matan-

zas border, Gomez marching to the east and Maceo to the north.

Three weeks of continual fighting followed. Maceo fought at Guamacaro, Nazereno, Rio Bayamo, Morales, San Francisco, Diana, and Rio de Auras. After the last fight, he successfully slipped outside of a clever combination of eight columns who were closing in on his camp, and crossing the railroad, finally encamped on the San Gervasio estate near Galeon. The great southern swamp was a short distance away, and the nearest point from where a Spanish column could attack him was Alfonso XII., twelve miles to the north-west. The three weeks of hard campaigning had taxed the horses to their limit, and Maceo determined to rest here and allow them to recuperate, and at the same time reorganize his army, which had received considerable re-enforcements of unarmed men during the last three days.

Toward dusk, when Maceo's tired army was preparing for sleep, we were startled by the blare of a brass band playing the insurgent battle hymn. Past the guards and into the heart of the camp, with the lone-star flag waving above the riders, the regiment of Col. Antonio Nunez came to a halt in front of Maceo's head-quarters.

Nunez had formed part of Gomez's force two days before at Santa Rita de Baro, and he informed Maceo that during the fight he became separated from his chief, and as yet, had been unable to locate him, and, furthermore, his men had experienced a heavy fight that very morning with a large Spanish column at the Plantation Carmen of Alexander. Shortly afterward another small force, under command of Maj. Gonzalo Betancourt, came into camp and reported the same story to Maceo. They were ordered to encamp with the rest of the men and await the disposition of their leader.

Early in the morning, the scouts reported that Gen. Gomez was at Manjauries, and would join Maceo during

the day. About ten o'clock he entered the camp at the head of his escort and the famous infantry battalion of Quintin Banderas.

There was fire in the old man's eyes, and his short, snappy, surly remarks, added to an incessant tugging at his weather-vane goatee, warned the men that a storm was brewing. The probabilities were undoubtedly very threatening; but the outburst was deferred until the usual formalities of salutations were passed, and then the storm broke out in all its fury. I had seen Gomez infuriated; but all previous eruptions paled into insignificance before the righteous and indignant denunciation of the conduct of his men at Santa Rita. Gomez's feelings were wounded, his heart was sore, for at Santa Rita he had lost his bosom friend and companion. Brig. Angel Guerra had fallen, and although his body was recovered and given a decent burial, Gomez was indignant to find that an entire regiment had deserted him during the fight, and at the muster-roll of the night it was learned that a troop of cavalry was missing.

I do not censure Gomez for his speech. On the contrary, he is to be applauded, and if he only carried out his threat, it would have had a very salutary effect, and perhaps have saved the lives of other chiefs who have since fallen and been abandoned by their commands.

After embracing Maceo, Zayas, and others, Gomez sat still on his charger, waiting for the escort and other regiments to file up and come to attention. He never said a word to indicate that he was disturbed, but simply scowled and tugged at his beard.

When all was quiet, he spoke. The high pitch of his voice trembled with anger and shame, and as he proceeded with his harangue, his men lowered their heads at the rebuke of their venerable chieftain.

"Soldiers! If any of you should see a low-sized, dark-bewhiskered cur, calling himself Maj. Betancourt, arrest

him, bind him securely, and lead him to my presence. He has deserted his chief on the field of battle. He has cowardly abandoned me in the hour of peril. When our brave comrade—Angel Guerra—fell, pierced by the bullets of the enemy, this officer dispersed with his men, and has not yet reported to me. This is not the first time he has committed this despicable action. During the invasion he deserted me at the fight of Mi Risa, and fled to the safe precincts of the hills of Siguanea, where I found him later on, and instead of degrading or chastising him, as he richly deserved, I once more placed him in the ranks of the army. But he again proved false, and now he shall receive his reward.

“Soldiers! The regiment of Col. Nunez is here. They have committed the same crime, and even after deserting me at Santa Rita, they were put to rout by a handful of guerrilleros at the Plantation Carmen. He says his men fought with an entire column. It is false! Twenty miserable guerrilleros composed the enemy’s force at that place, and this officer allowed his command of 400 armed men to retreat ignominiously before their fire.”

Turning to Col. Nunez, he said:

“Beware! Mark well your actions, colonel, for the noose is around your neck, and the end of the rope is trailing behind.”

Gomez had by this time worked himself into a high pitch of excitement, and as he concluded his terrible warning, Maj. Betancourt was led into his presence. His passion was beyond control, and as his eye rested on the unfortunate official, he fairly trembled with rage.

“Ah! coward, cur, deserter, liar, despoiler, ransacker of women’s clothes and jewels, violator of homes, how dare you come into my presence? Here, Boza! Take him prisoner; tie his arms behind him; bind him securely so he can’t escape, and to the escort with him! Ah! thief, I’ll teach you a lesson! Search him, Boza—search him! If he

has any money or jewels in his possession, it is the result of his thieving! If he has any money, turn it over to me, Boza, for it is the property of the Republic! Search that portmanteau carefully, Boza; look well inside the lining, and be sure you get everything! Aha! what's that, Boza? Give them to me! They are letters. Here, tear them up! What's that, Boza—jewelry? Where did you get that, you thief?"

Here the bound officer attempted to explain how he came into possession of the articles in question, and called on his son to corroborate his statement. But Gomez was in no mood to be contradicted or to listen to reason, for he continued to roundly abuse the prisoner.

"Your son, eh! Don't dare call on him to help you out with your lies; the whelp is the same as his father! Here, Boza, take him prisoner, too! Search him—search him well! Tie his hands, and keep him in the escort along with his worthy father! Away with them!"

As the two were led away, Gomez turned to the officers who surrounded him, and said:

"It is a shame and a disgrace that a handful of Orientals, under the command of Gen. Antonio and myself, have been forced to bear the brunt of this war and carry it into the western provinces to teach these people how to fight for their independence, and even then they are so destitute of shame that they expect we will still continue to bear the struggle alone."

He then turned to Juan Bruno Zayas, and placing his hand affectionately on the young hero's shoulder, said to him:

"General, we will have to shoot or execute a great many of these officers and chiefs who are roaming around the country with the high-sounding titles of colonels, lieutenant-colonels, majors, etc. Some of them are not fit to be soldiers. Ah! general, if they were all like yourself, how proud I would be to command them! But my heart is sad at the conduct of many, whose only desire and ambition

seems to be to attain a certain rank and then dodge around the country without fighting.”

Gomez really loved his young *protégé*, and the short conversation that passed between them seemed to soothe his outraged feelings.

Maceo now approached his superior, and introduced two young lawyers of Habana who had joined him during the month. They belonged to the creole aristocracy, and Maceo very naturally considered them as valuable recruits. Gerado Portela and Ignacio Almagro were their names, and as Maceo concluded the introduction, we were all taken aback by the uncalled-for response of the commander-in-chief. Pointing his finger at Almagro, he said:

“Gen. Antonio, beware! I already know these men, and this one in particular. I have met them before, and you will have to keep your eyes on them. Look out for them, general, for they are intimate friends and sympathizers of Julio Sanguilly, and will bear watching!”

The author is ignorant of the real meaning of this attack; but it was apparent to all that he did not have a high opinion of the Cuban officer imprisoned in Moro Castle. Both Almagro and Portela were highly educated men, and their sensitive natures resented such an unwarranted attack; but they did not dare to say anything in their own defense, for it would have only goaded the general to say something still worse.

Gomez and Maceo then held a long conversation, after which the former withdrew and returned with his escort to the east, while Maceo, accompanied by Zayas, Tamayo, Lacret, Banderas, Cardenas, Nunez, Bacallao and others started westward through the swamp to carry out the memorable march to Pinar del Rio.

The author accompanied them, and continued with Maceo until the month of August, when he crossed the trocha, and eventually arrived in Habana to embark for the United States.

CHAPTER XIV.

MIRABAL AND ZAYAS.—DEATH OF TWO BRAVE LEADERS
DESERTED BY THEIR COMMANDS WHEN THEY FELL.

NOTE.—During the month of March, 1897, the author forwarded a letter to the "New York Herald," in which he called attention to the conduct of the Cubans when their leaders were killed. The deaths of Zayas, Tamayo, Guerra, Mirabal, and Maceo were cited as examples, and that of Marti may also be added, and the subsequent capture of Rius Rivera is directly traceable to the same cause, viz., the utter lack of discipline and military organization. As I have been severely criticized for making the bare statements, I now produce the facts in full as gathered from trustworthy sources in the field.

DURING the month of September, 1896, I was in the province of Habana with the insurgent forces under Aguirre. I determined to pass through the Spanish lines into Habana and return to the United States, as the hard campaign had told heavily on my health.

Without going into the details of how and where I made my arrangements to pass through the lines, it is sufficient to say that I was in the neighborhood of San Miguel, and was all prepared to go into the city, when I received a communication from the "Herald" to interview the celebrated ex-bandit, Lino Mirabal, who was in command of an insurgent force called the Cavalry Regiment of Jaruco, numbering about 300 men.

I had met this officer several times, and had formed a strong friendship for him, as he was one of the few really brave men who delighted in fighting.

So it was with great pleasure that I turned back with my friends to see Mirabal, who I knew was encamped with his regiment near the old sugar estate San Joaquin. But his camp had been moved, and following the trail through

the hills and jungles, I finally found him in the hills of Jaruco back of Tapaste.

After a frugal breakfast of fried beef and bananas, I called him aside and requested a history of his life. At first he seemed disinclined to confide in me, but after considerable urging on my part, he finally said:

“ Friend Jorge, I am going to talk to you as though you were my father confessor, for I have a presentiment that I am not going to live long. This feeling has taken hold of me very strongly during the last week, and to-day I feel quite oppressed in spirit. I will relate the inside history of my life, and you can then judge whether I deserve the terrible accusations and anathemas of the public at large, and as you are the only one to whom I have confided this secret, you must promise me that while I live you will not disclose it; but in the case of my death, I want you at some future time to vindicate my name from the charge of being a bandit for the mere sake of robbing, and in case my superiors do not lift the stain from my name, I want you to expose them.”

As the parties referred to are still holding high positions in the insurgent government, and are liable to be captured at any time, I do not wish to make clear their names, as I would not care to be instrumental in causing any extra suffering on their part in the event of capture.

I have every reason to believe the truth of what Mirabal told me, for at several times during his story he was visibly affected. Without repeating all the minor details, the most important part is this:

“ After leaving the village of ——— to escape the unjust persecution of the civil guards—who persistently hounded me because I was suspected of communicating with my uncle, Nicasio, who was really an outlaw—I went to Ceigo de Avila, where I determined to live and lead a new life, which I did for a few years.

“ Then came the news of the uprising in the East, led

by the brothers Sartorius, and as I had pledged myself to fight against Spain at the first opportunity, I accordingly, with three companions, left Ceigo de Avila, mounted our best horses, and started on the long journey to the Orient. All our friends in the town knew of our purpose, and after our departure the authorities were informed, and they placed our names on the list of "alazados," or insurgents.

"By the time Holguin was reached, we found that the movement had failed, and the leaders had accepted the pardon and surrendered.

"This was a great blow to me, and I determined, nevertheless, to remain in the hills and mountains as an outlaw rather than again submit to the authority of Spain.

"I accordingly found my uncle, who was in the province of Camaguey, and with our band we defied all the efforts of the government to put us down. I also placed myself as a patriot at the orders of the chief of the revolutionary party residing in Puerto Principe City. We held constant communication with him, and committed many crimes that we were ordered to carry out in the interest of the cause.

"The two wealthy planters that we captured and held for ransom, and that created such a stir in Habana, were enemies of the Cuban cause, and we received direct orders from our chief in Puerto Principe to carry out the sequestration.

"The money was sent to him to increase the revolutionary war fund. A short time after this I was given the opportunity to leave the island, but as I received notice that the war was to break out in a short time, I determined to await the landing of Gomez, and with that object in view, I industriously commenced the collection of arms and ammunition, and at last, when the insurrection did reach Camaguey, I was in the position to proudly present 200 rifles and several thousand rounds of ammunition to the general-in-chief, who offered to make me a major for my services. This compliment I refused, telling Gen.

Gomez that I wished to enter his escort as a common soldier, and win my rank on my merits as a fighter.”

The subsequent history of Mirabal I was thoroughly familiar with. Gomez soon promoted him to captain, and at the conclusion of the invasion was left in command of the district around San Jose de las Lajas, and ascended to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of the Jaruco Regiment, under the immediate orders of Gen. Aguirre.

The whole tenor of Mirabal's relation was to show that he had not acted as a bandit, but as a “patriot,” who simply obeyed the orders of his chief. He denied that he had ever murdered any one before the war, and that the only crime he was guilty of was the sequestration of the two planters, and in this he only did his *duty*.

There were a few romantic love adventures connected with his story which are not necessary to reproduce.

As he finished his narrative, a soldier came running up to him, and said:

“My colonel, Private So-and-so has just deserted, and is making for the town of Minas to surrender, and he says he is going to betray the camp.”

Mirabal sprung to his feet, and gave a hurried order for several to mount their horses and follow him. The last words I caught as they galloped off, was to “give the rascal the machete and kill him on the spot if they caught him.” But the deserter had too long a start, and after an hour's fruitless search, the posse returned to camp in a very bad humor.

Mirabal then confided to me his plan for the morrow, and earnestly requested me to stay and see him carry it out. His plan was this: The guerrilla infantry of the town of Tapaste was in the habit of marching twice a week to a point called La Tienda de la Campana, situated half-way on the road to San Jose de las Lajas. Here they were met by the guerrilla of the last-named town, and the exchange of mails and packages took place.

Mirabal's plan was to ambush his force near the meeting-place, and charge on the small guerrilla and cut them down with the machete. His plan was all right, and would probably have succeeded if he had not been betrayed by some one. I asked him to excuse me, as I was on my way to Habana and could not risk losing the opportunity.

The call to break camp was sounded, and the men were soon on the march toward the Campana. Our paths now separated, and I bid good-bye to Mirabal and his officers and started for the house of a friend near Portugalete. I had not gone far before I heard Mirabal calling me back. I found the officer greatly moved, and his countenance had a very sorrowful and troubled expression. He said:

"Friend Jorge, I have called you back to give you another embrace, for I feel as though I will never see you again, and promise me, if I should fall to-morrow, you will remember what I said this afternoon."

I promised, and after an affectionate embrace, we parted.

Poor Lino! He may have been a bandit and committed many crimes, but he won my admiration for his bravery and frankness. There was nothing coarse about this ex-outlaw, and I may be pardoned in my saying, that if the Cuban army had a few more such bandits they might have won more battles and thereby increased their prestige.

The presentiment came true, for on the morrow he was killed—abandoned to his fate by his escort, who ran away when he was wounded.

As I stepped aboard the stage that left San José for Habana, I heard the first volleys that told me Mirabal had carried out his plan. I subsequently learned that the guerrilla of Tapaste were sorely pressed by the 300 rebels, and were on the point of surrendering, when down the road from San José came the column of Moroto at the double quick, and changed the tide of battle and forced the insurgents to retire.

Mirabal, standing at the front of his men, was vainly striving to infuse courage into them to make a machete charge. While waving his weapon and crying, "Al machete! Al machete!" a bullet passed through his body, breaking the spinal column. He fell to the ground face downward, and could not turn over. His "valiant" regiment, on seeing their chief fall, instead of rushing to pick him up, "turned tail," and allowed their brave commander to fall into the hands of the enemy.

As the Spanish soldiers came up, they called on him to surrender. Mirabal had grasped his revolver and requested the Spaniards to turn him over, as he wished to speak with the captain.

"Let go of the revolver and we will do as you wish," answered the soldiers, who saw that Mirabal was trying a *ruse* to kill the captain.

"No; I'll not let go."

After repeated efforts had been made to induce him to drop his "gun," the soldiers put their rifles to his head and blew out his brains.

Several other insurgents who fell were abandoned by their comrades. The bodies were taken to San José and given burial in the public cemetery. So ended the career of Lino Mirabal, the bandit of Camaguey.

The story of Mirabal would lead us to believe that the revolution was partly responsible for a certain part of the brigandage that existed in Cuba before the war. Whether his assertions are true or not, it is difficult to prove; but it may not be out of place to reproduce another similar case that was the talk of Habana a few years ago. While the following story has never appeared in print, it has a general circulation amongst a certain class in Cuba who accept it as the truth.

Rafael Fernandez de Castro, a prominent Home Rule deputy and owner of a large sugar factory, was always considered as one of the ultra autonomists, and as such had

gained the support of many separatists, who thought they saw in his speeches a veiled acknowledgment of the justice of their cause.

According to the story, the deputy made a visit to New York, where José Martí importuned him for a subscription to aid the revolutionary cause. It was then they discovered that De Castro did not favor their policy to gain independence by force of arms, for he refused to subscribe a cent.

As the Cubans claim that he owed much of his political success to their support, they determined to punish him for his "parsimony." The celebrated bandit, Manuel García, who, it is alleged, held a commission as Lieutenant-colonel in the revolutionary army, received orders from his superiors in the Junta to sequester the planter and hold him for \$15,000 ransom.

Owing to some mistake, they arrived at his father's estate, and failing to find the deputy, they determined to take the father; but a younger brother (Antonio) stood up bravely and said, that to carry away his father they would have to pass over his dead body. After a few words, the son offered to go in the father's stead. This was acceptable to the bandits, who carried him off, and only released him on the payment of \$10,000 in cash.

This version of the story is generally accepted in Cuba by those who know the inside facts, for there was no other plausible motive. According to rumor, the planter had paid his yearly "tribute money" one week previous to the sequestration, and consequently should have been in good "standing" with the bandits.

The Spaniards tried hard to connect Julio Sanguilly with this affair, but failed, as no evidence could be found.

DEATH OF JUAN BRUNO ZAYAS, THE BRAVEST LEADER
THE PRESENT WAR HAS PRODUCED.

When the trocha in Pinar del Rio was constructed, with the idea of preventing Maceo's return to Habana Province,

stories were frequently set in circulation, and given publicity by newspapers, that Gomez was on his way to assist Maceo by making a demonstration in Arolas' rear, and while his attention was thus distracted, Maceo would seize the opportunity, cross the trocha, and rejoin his old chief to carry on the war in Habana Province.

We all know now that Gomez was in Camaguey, and had troubles of his own to contend with, and gave little thought to assisting Maceo. Mayia Rodriguez was ordered to the West about the middle of last year, ostensibly to help Maceo; but we can see how far he has journeyed, for he still remains in the province of Villa Clara.

The part of the province of Habana lying to the rear or east of the trocha was termed by the Cubans as the operating district of the Western Brigade of Habana. This force comprised about 500 armed men, scattered in various small commands. To the north, or between Habana and Mariel, was found Lieut.-Col. Baldomero Acosta, with about 100 men. In the district to the south of the capital was found the regiment under command of Juan Delgado, numbering about 150. Along the southern coast, or between Batabano and the trocha, were formed several small commands operating under Col. Collazo. Lieut.-Col. Perez had one small force, and Maj. Acea another. The civil governor of the province, Aurelio Betancourt, had a small force which accompanied him as an escort.

Since Maceo incorporated the Brigade of Batabano, commanded by Pedro Diaz, this part of the country had been left without a capable chief, and the consequence was, that all these under chiefs, instead of working together for the common good of their cause, were antagonistic to one another, as no one cared to recognize each other as a superior. The difficulty of sending dispatches across the trocha prolonged this state of affairs, as Maceo could not send an order of appointment to the officer of his choice.

For awhile they fought together under Collazo; but he

was finally killed, and the confusion was then greater than before.

The general commanding the Cuban forces in the province (Brig. J. M. Aguirre), instead of visiting this section of the country and instituting the necessary reorganization, contented himself with remaining in the northern district to the east of Habana.

When it became absolutely necessary to send an officer to take chief command, he selected his nephew, Carlos Aguirre, for this important post. This young man had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel by his uncle, for no other merit than being a relative.

Aguirre arrived at the camp of Juan Delgado, and after presenting his credentials—which were in correct form—awaited patiently for the command to be turned over. It was common report amongst the insurgents in Habana Province that Delgado refused to allow Aguirre to order his party, and the climax was reached one morning, during a temporary absence of Delgado, when Aguirre, in his position as superior officer, ordered the camp to be moved. It is said that Delgado came galloping up as the men were ready to march, and after ordering a halt, drew up in front of Aguirre, and demanded by whose orders the camp had been broken.

“By mine,” spoke up Aguirre.

Drawing his revolver from its holster, and pointing it at him, Delgado said:

“If you ever again make the mistake of ordering my men, I’ll shoot you; and I want you to understand that I don’t intend to recognize you as my superior, and you can go and tell your uncle so as soon as you please.”

Instead of asserting his authority and calling on his escort to arrest the other for insubordination, or informing Delgado that he was under arrest, Aguirre returned and reported the matter to his uncle, who also showed his lack of firmness by allowing the matter to pass by unnoticed.

Carlos Aguirre shortly afterward embarked in an open boat for the United States, and the insurgents say that his uncle took this method of getting rid of him to prevent further trouble.

When such a flagrant exhibition of insubordination was condoned by the chief of the district, it is not to be wondered at that these petty chiefs repeated the offense later on.

Maceo at last got word to Juan Bruno Zayas, who was considered the best fighter amongst the Cubans, after Gomez and Maceo, and I may add that the reputation was justly earned, as a braver or more manly young Cuban never lived than this representative of the Habana *élite*. By his kindness and democracy he had endeared himself to everybody, and even gruff old Gomez always mentioned him with words of praise.

Zayas was at the time in command of the brigades of Santa Clara and Cienfuegos, and had done some very good fighting. Among other things, he entered and sacked the large town of Esperanza, and some of his men, under Vidal, even penetrated to the plaza in the very capital of Santa Clara itself. This was the man selected for the command of the Western Brigade of Habana, in the hopes that his well-known energy and dare-devil bravery would result in distracting the attention of the Spaniards from Maceo, penned in Pinar del Rio by the trocha.

Accompanied only by his escort, he arrived in due time, or late in July last, in the district which he was to command.

His first step was to send out orders to the various petty chiefs to report to him on a certain date. I believe it was August 1st. These communications were delivered in time by the couriers, and enough allowance had been made for all to arrive at the rendezvous on the same day.

The appointed day arrived, and not one reported. The following day, Zayas was encamped within sight of the

sugar factory Mi Rosa, situated near Quivicán. This was undoubtedly the place cited for the rendezvous, according to the insurgents themselves, who have given me the account. On that morning, about five A. M., his scouts came in and reported that the Spanish cavalry regiment of Pizarro had left San Felipe and were marching in the direction of the camp.

Zayas, unmoved by the notice, continued cutting his nails, and finished his toilet, on which he had been engaged at the time.

He is reported to have said:

“Oh, let them come. I’ll be ready for them by the time they arrive; I expect to be able to give them a good fight, because in an hour or so Acea, Perez, Delgado, and others should be here.”

This confidence and reliance that his orders would be carried out was fatal to poor Zayas, for had he moved camp while he still had an opportunity, I would not be compelled to now disclose the following bitter truths that I learned four days afterward from men who witnessed what ensued.

Zayas patiently awaited his scouts to bring in word that his looked-for re-enforcements were approaching; but about seven o’clock a scout came running in, excitedly exclaiming: “General, the enemy are very close, and are coming direct for us.” It was only then that Zayas, despairing of receiving aid, ordered his men to take their positions behind a stone fence and await the enemy’s coming.

The fight soon commenced, and the Cubans held their advantageous position for some time, and if they had used just a little of the same shrewdness displayed on other occasions, the result would have been different. The Spanish cavalry charged, and the Cubans, in retreating, kept to the open field instead of screening themselves by the adjacent manigua or jungle.

By this blunder the Spaniards were quick to note their

greatly inferior numbers, and redoubled their charge. As is usual in such a case, the Cubans broke and fled wildly. The escort of Zayas, instead of remaining near him, followed the example of the rest, and when their brave young leader turned around to give them an order, he found he was practically deserted, for only two faithful adjutants were at his side.

Flight was impossible, as he was quickly surrounded by the enemy, who called on him to surrender. Like many other Cuban chiefs, Zayas had sworn to die fighting rather than suffer the indignity of being executed or imprisoned for life; and now when he saw that there was no escape, he drew himself up haughtily, and grasping his machete in one hand and attempting to draw his revolver with the other, he said:

“I am Gen. Zayas, and have sworn to never surrender. If you want me, come and take me if you dare!”

These were the last words he uttered, for the Spaniards, exasperated at his defiant attitude, yelled out, “At him! Kill him!” And a dozen rifles, aimed and fired at the same moment, ended the career of the most dashing and chivalrous character that the present struggle had brought to light. His two faithful adjutants fell at the same volley, and the Spaniards then came up, and after searching the bodies, they were sent to Quivican for identification.

The most deplorable part of the action was the conduct of his escort. Every one realized that they were guilty of deserting their chief, but not one had the courage to ascertain his fate, and as they sped on in their disgraceful flight, one would say to the other: “Gentlemen, where is the general; let us go back for him.” To which they would answer: “Yes, it’s a shame; let us go back;” and all the time they would spur their horses in the opposite direction.

But this is not all, for I was also informed by the men themselves, that two Cuban forces, who should have reported to Zayas that morning, were safely esconced in a

woods about a mile from the scene of action, and although they heard the firing plainly, and understood that Zayas must be in a tight fix, the officer commanding did not make a move to go to his assistance with re-enforcements.

The names of these officers I omit, as they have displayed sufficient courage in other actions, and want to give them the benefit of the doubt in the case.

But to my mind, the Cubans themselves, by their failing to obey orders, and to stand by him in the hour of danger, are responsible for the untimely death of Zayas; and although they are easily consoled by the statement that there were others to take his place, I am of the opinion that his place in the hearts of the soldiers, like that of Maceo, can never be filled by any Cuban leader in the field to-day.

CHAPTER XV.

MACEO'S BRAVERY AT GALOPE.

The celebrated fight on the Candelaria highroad.—Disgraceful rout of the insurgents.—Maceo, with his escort, charges the Spanish column.

It will be remembered that shortly after Gen. Weyler assumed command of the Spanish forces in Cuba, one of his first famous proclamations was to the effect that the provinces of Habana and Pinar del Rio were pacified and free from any large bodies of insurgents. The few remaining bands were classified as outlaws, who were to be persecuted by the regular body of mounted police or civil guards. In the same document it was announced that the work of making sugar could be safely carried on after the 15th of March. Maceo and Gomez were represented as fleeing before the victorious Spanish columns to take refuge once more in the East.

It will also be remembered how Maceo escaped from the combination, so skillfully planned by the Spanish general, and how he returned from the province of Matanzas at the head of a large force, and by quick marches through the swamp that skirts the southern coast, once more appeared where he was least expected.

Stung by Weyler's boast, Maceo determined to humble the new captain-general in the eyes of the world by returning to Pinar del Rio, disprove the assertion that the country was pacified, and at all hazards prevent the planters from making sugar. The town of Batabano was entered on the night of the 11th of March and partially burned and looted.

The following day the insurgents fell into the Spanish ambushade located between the estates Neptuno and Waterloo. The attack was so sudden and fierce, and the Spaniards showed so much determination, that the main force of Maceo was split in two. The rear guard and impedimenta were unsuccessful in their attempt to pass the enemy's position, and were compelled to fall back. They did not rejoin Maceo for over a week. The Cubans fired the sugar factory San Leon on their retreat, and encamped for the night at Laguna Piedra.

The next day, on the 14th of March, the tired army, worn out by the long marches of the two preceding days, encamped on the cane farm Galope, situated near the Candelaria highroad. The horses had not eaten since leaving Penalver, the morning previous, and the fresh, juicy cane at Galope induced Maceo to halt there and permit them to recuperate.

A small, palm-thatched "bohio" or hut was the only shelter to be found in the vicinity, and here Maceo made his head-quarters. Between the house and the highroad, distant about 700 yards, was a dense tropical forest, and to the other side stretched a long expanse of jungle and woods.

Maceo's force numbered probably 5,000 fighting men, comprising the flower of the Cuban army. Tamayo was there with his famous Orientals; Quintin Banderas, with his fresh infantry from the hills of Sigüanea; Pedro Diaz, with his brigade of Batabano, and the infantry of the Ducasse brothers, and then there were the regiments of Antonio Nunez and Bacallao and the black "devils" of Maceo's escort.

The cavalry regiments were quartered near the house, as being nearest the forage for the horses, and the 1,000 infantry were camped in the jungle to the south.

The Spanish columns invariably used the adjacent highway to march from Artimisa to Candelaria, and as this

was really the only dangerous point, the guards belonging to the regiments of Bacallao and Nunez were ordered to keep a close watch.

One of those tropical rain-storms, so often read about and so seldom seen, set in as the men were preparing breakfast. The fires were quickly extinguished by the flood of water, and in the general desire to seek shelter, all thoughts of danger from the enemy were lost. The average insurgent labors under the hallucination that the Spaniards refuse to march in a downpour of rain, forgetting that they are men like themselves and able to withstand the inclemencies of the weather without melting. The fact that the civil guards and many of the regular troops are supplied with rubber coats is also generally overlooked. So it was at Galope, for as the rain continued, even the guards relaxed their vigilance as they huddled under the improvised shelter of broad palm leaves.

If the scouts had been attending to their duty, they would have discovered, down the road toward Las Mangas, the Spaniards, under Colonels Suarez Inclan and Linares, rapidly approaching in the direction of the camp. There was no excuse for this neglect of duty, for the column numbered nearly 2,500 men, and as they marched two abreast, they stretched along the road for over a mile. The battalions of Tarifa and Luchana and the Victoria troop of cavalry, supported by a section of light artillery, composed the Spanish force.

Crowds of rebel officers had congregated in the small farm-house and out under the porch and near by trees, for Maceo was holding an informal meeting, in which the possible intervention of the United States was the all-absorbing topic.

The writer had received a batch of American papers a few days previous at La Estrella, and among them was one that contained the speech of Sherman in favor of the Cubans. This was the first opportunity that Maceo had

had in two days to look over the papers, and one of his staff was busy translating the text of the speech to an attentive and appreciative audience. When it was finished, every one was delighted with the fearless and outspoken adoption of their cause, and some one more enthusiastic than the others proposed a "viva" for Sherman.

The cheer was given heartily, but before the last echo had died away, the sound of rapidly approaching horses, splashing through the water and mud, caused everybody to sit up in an attentive attitude.

Three guards, wet and bedraggled and covered with mud, spurred their jaded animals up to the door, and without saluting or dismounting, called out: "General, the enemy are advancing rapidly along the highroad, and are not half a mile distant." Those who heard the warning hurried for their horses, tethered in the near by corn-field. Before Maceo had fairly mounted, and just as the bugler was about to sound the assembly call, the camp was startled by a murderous fire on the outposts of Nunez and Bacallao.

The bullets fired at the guards came through the woods in a direct line for the camp, and it appeared to everybody as though the enemy were in the woods and had surrounded them. The sudden attack and incessant volley firing of the Spaniards created a panic among the infantry and the cavalry commands of Diaz and others.

In a moment everything was confusion; the infantry and horseless troopers ran hither and thither, seeking a road leading away from the enemy. So fierce was the constant fire, that horses, arms, and all articles that would impede their passage through the bush were abandoned, and the shrieking, cursing, yelling, panic-stricken mass trampled on each other as they frantically sought to escape from the supposed trap. There was only one small path that led through the jungle and woods to a clearing beyond, and it was soon choked up with the terrified patriots.

Many left the road and endeavored to make their way faster through the thick jungle, only to soon find themselves irrevocably tangled and lost, which terrified them all the more and added to the din of yells and curses.

The Spaniards now brought their artillery to play on the outposts, which were accidentally in line with the howling mob fighting to clear the woods beyond. The shell and shrapnel tore great branches from the surrounding trees and scattered the splinters in all directions. Every missile that exploded filled the panic-stricken Cubans with fresh terror and imparted a new impetus to the disgraceful rout.

The wounded were allowed to remain where they fell, and were even trampled upon by the more brutal and terrified of their comrades. Their pitiful cries for assistance were unanswered, the uppermost thoughts of many being for self, and it took the combined authority of several chiefs, who fortunately had not lost control of themselves and were still cool, to compel the fleeing Cubans to pause and shoulder the unfortunates. On three occasions the writer witnessed officers with a loaded revolver in one hand and a drawn machete in the other forcing their soldiers, under threats of death, to pick up the wounded.

Out of all that mob, I witnessed but few of the well-mounted men who would consent to carry a wounded companion. Especially was this so amongst the officers, who, having the best mounts, were constantly petitioned by some poor fellow abandoned by the rest, or by the infantrymen, who, tired of shouldering such a heavy weight without relief, justly insisted that the cavalry should stand their share.

I noticed in particular one bright young lieutenant of Banderas' infantry, whose feet were so terribly swollen that he could hardly stand. He had begged a lift of more than thirty troopers with fine mounts, and every one of them had some excuse for not taking him on. He had fallen back on the grass with a look of despair on his face when

I came along. Although my horse was in a much worse condition than many of those who had abandoned him, I could not resist the mute appeal that came from the poor fellow's eyes. I halted, and, dismounting, lifted him up to a place behind the saddle, and brought him out the woods to a place of safety. In doing so, my horse gave out under the extra strain. Not one of that selfish crew would consent to take him on their fresh horses, and the writer tramped on foot for over two leagues, to allow the poor fellow a chance to ride until a halt was made near a prefectura.

The maddened crowd rushed on through the woods without even halting to determine the exact location of the enemy, or to ascertain if they were being pursued. At last a clearing was reached, and Pedro Diaz compelled the cavalry to form a line and await the attack of the Spaniards, who were still on the Candelaria highway, now more than two miles away.

The infantry and impedimenta continued the rush across the clearing into another jungle and out again, and at last came to a halt more than nine miles from the scene of conflict.

The sounds of the rifle volleys at that distance must have been but faintly heard, but many of them never stopped, but kept "a-going," and where they finally halted is a mystery.

Perhaps they continued on till the sea was reached, and then jumped in and were drowned, and their bodies devoured by the sharks, so completely did they disappear. Two days were afterward spent in locating them, without success, and, as many were never seen or heard of again, they either perished or surrendered to the Spanish authorities.

Meanwhile, important developments had taken place at the scene of the fight. The last I had seen of Maceo when the first shots came whistling through the camp, and the panic began, he was mounted on his charger, and, with his

customary coolness, was collecting those of his staff and escort who had not already deserted him. What a contrast there was between his conduct and that of Diaz, Banderas, and others! With only about fifty men to follow him, he plunged into the woods in the direction of the enemy.

The Spanish battalion of Tarifa was in the vanguard, the pack-train, cavalry, artillery, and general staff in the center, while the Luchana Regiment closed up the rear.

Maceo took in the situation at a glance, and by a circuitous route he gained the other side of the highway unobserved by the Spaniards. So occupied were they in storming away at the few Cubans in their front that the sudden appearance of Maceo in the rear came like a complete surprise. Without waiting for them to recover, Maceo ordered a charge. With a swift rush, this handful of Cubans bore down on the Spanish center. Their yells of "Viva Maceo!" "Al machete!" fell on the ears of the astonished Spaniards, who thought they were to be attacked on all sides at once. The pack-train and impedimenta did not wait to make a front, but turned and fled, bearing down on the vanguard, who very naturally supposed that the rear was being worsted, and they in their turn started to retreat. It must be remembered that dense thickets and woods were on either side of the road, except in the one small clearing where Maceo had emerged from, and it was impossible to see just where the enemy was located, and what his strength might be.

One half of the column was soon in full retreat down the road toward Candelaria. The Spanish soldiers in charge of the pack-train killed their animals to prevent them from falling into Maceo's hands, and to facilitate their own escape from the mad charge of the Cubans, who were now upon them and dealing blows right and left with their machetes.

Maceo urged his men to cut through and capture the artillery, and the shrill rebel yell of "Viva Maceo!" and

the sight of him, with his death-dealing machete upraised, was sufficient to cause the Spanish impedimenta to spur on their foaming horses in vain attempts to clear his path.

The wild rout of the Cubans came nearly finding a counterpart in that of the Spaniards.

But in bringing all his men on the road at once, the exact number of his little band was exposed, and the Spaniards were quick to notice his weakness. The Luchana Regiment, headed by its commanding officer, the lieutenant colonel, now came charging down the road to the rescue, and the Cubans had to make a live flank move into the "manigua" to escape being caught between the two forces and annihilated. Taking up his position at the edge of the woods, Maceo continued to fight and hold the enemy from advancing, until his ammunition ran out, causing him to retire. Several times he had dispatched aids with orders to summon Banderas and others, but, as we have seen, these "valiant" soldiers were disgracefully flying panic-stricken in the opposite direction.

If Maceo only had had the support of all his men when the Spanish vanguard and center turned to retreat, there is no doubt but that he would have won a splendid victory.

A laughable incident connected with Maceo's charge came about in this manner. A few days previous, two dozen three-inch shell and shrapnel captured from a train were brought into camp. Maceo had distributed them among his staff and escort for safe-keeping. He had threatened to thrash any one who deliberately lost or threw one away.

The projectiles were all fitted with "time" fuses, but the men got it into their heads that they were percussion ones, and only needed to be roughly handled or dropped to cause an explosion. It is needless to state that on the march they were handled with as much care as a mother

holding her infant. When the fight commenced, those of his staff who had one intrusted to their custody, were in a quandary; but three of them settled the question by rushing to the "front," holding the dreaded infernal machine in one hand and swinging their machetes in the other.

As they were about to charge, one of the aids addressed Maceo, saying:

"General, let's throw these at them and blow them to ——!"

"But don't you know, you thundering idiot, that you will have to get up very close and will run the risk of being killed yourself?" answered Maceo.

"Al demonio with your explosives; to the charge!" shouted the dusky rebel.

But, nevertheless, that aid finally gathered up courage, and in the middle of the charge he threw his shell at the fleeing impedimenta. There was an instant reining in of horses; but as the missile struck the ground and failed to explode, and the Cubans saw there was no danger, they swept on again.

Several mules laden with provisions were captured by Maceo's men in this short charge, and the official Spanish report gives their loss as sixty-six between killed and wounded.

Maceo was mad clear through when he was advised of the true facts concerning the conduct of his men, and on the following morning he issued a circular of reprimand that is the most striking document of its kind that can be found in modern history.

The Cubans lost about as many as their enemies, but many members of the terrified impedimenta and infantry were never accounted for. Two days after, Maceo reprimanded Banderas, and deprived him of his command, turning it over to the Ducasse brothers. The following is a literal translation of Maceo's famous order:

“ General Order for the 17th of March, 1896.

“ This head-quarters finds itself forced to dictate dispositions that make it ashamed, for they deal with the army under my command.

“ The chief, officer, or soldier who in combat fails to occupy his post of honor will be dishonored with the loss of his station; also authorizes any individual of the army to kill in the act any one who fails to comply with such a sacred duty, or who runs away or hides during the fight, or who evades it in any manner under the pretext of other business foreign to his obligation, contributing in this manner to the demoralization of the troops who witness and afterward commit such degrading acts—above all, when committed by chiefs and officers.

“ Those who in virtue of this disposition fulfill or carry out any of its requisites will be rewarded by promotion on the same field of battle.

“ It will be a case of degradation for those who abandon their arms.

“ With the formalities of the occasion, these dispositions shall be read at the successive roll-calls.

“ San Julian de Frio and highway of San Cristobal and Candelaria. ‘ Country and Liberty.’

“ The Brigadier Chief of Staff,

“ MIRO.”

It is only just to add that three days afterward, at Nueva Empresa, La Gloria, and Cayajabos, the rebels fought so well that they regained the confidence of their valiant leader, and were complimented for it in the order of the day.

CHAPTER XVI.

MACEO'S DEFEAT AT LA PALMA.—STORY OF A MIDNIGHT RAID.

It was the night of March 30th, 1896. The light from a full, bright tropical moon fell upon the peaks and hill-tops of Pinar del Rio. Down in the deep shadow of the gorges and valleys, screened from discovery by the heavy foliage of the jungles and trees, 4,000 men, in Indian file, were silently winding their way along the zigzag and treacherous trail leading from the insurgent camp at Cai-mito to the rich and fertile valley of La Palma, three leagues to the westward.

At the head of this silent and phantom column rode the dusky form of the dashing Cuban leader, Antonio Maceo. Beside him were the four trusted lieutenants of his own race—Pedro Diaz, Quintin Banderas, and the brothers Juan and Vidal Ducasse, who always accompanied him on any important venture—completed the quintet of dusky warriors. For a number of miles they rode ahead, intently discussing their plans for the work previously mapped out for the night.

Silently the faithful followers rumbled and stumbled along the stony paths, emitting sulphurous and choice Spanish oaths as some one of the fagged-out steeds slipped and fell on the soft soap-stone slabs that were continually cropping up through the mud that lay thick in the depths of the gorges. But the majority of the motley force were on foot, as more than half the horses gave out, and were abandoned during the heavy marches of the two previous days.

At last the hills were cleared, and the Sixth Army Corps

emerged into the bright moonlight of the open country. A narrow lane, deeply shaded by a double row of trees, was entered, and the leaders suddenly reined in their steeds, and the order to halt was whispered along the line.

Maceo and his lieutenants drew off to one side, where they received their last instructions. The rank and file of the army were greatly perplexed as to his object for this peculiar march, and every one was asking some one else in an under-tone: "Where are we going? What is the old man up to to-night? Carramba! we are going to have some kind of fight soon!"

After another brief consultation, the four "generals" (Diaz, Banderas, and the Ducasse brothers) galloped down the broken and irregular line to their respective commands. The anxiety of the "boys" to know where they were going was soon satisfied, for the intelligence contained in the whispered words, "A la Palma!" gave them all to understand that a hot night's work lay before them.

La Palma was to be attacked and captured. The leaders went through the ranks admonishing their men to burn, loot, and destroy every building in the town. According to the advices received by Maceo, this prosperous center was defended by only fifty volunteers, who could be readily defeated. The victory seemed certain and sure, and visions of new clothes, boots, provisions, and agüadiente flitted through the imaginations of the poor, half-nude and half-starved blacks, who had been told that, once with Maceo, many towns would be captured, and the rich loot and booty would be distributed amongst the needy ones. How they longed for the hour to arrive when they could commence their favorite pastime of destruction!

Even the unarmed impedimenta grew enthusiastic over the prospects of such an easy victory, and requested to be allowed to join the storming party. These poor devils, whose only article of wearing apparel consisted of a sugar sack tied around the loins, and whose feet were incased by

a piece of raw hide tied around in the form of a moccasin, joyfully hailed the opportunity to procure a change of clothing without having to fight for it.

At last the instructions were concluded, and once more the column moved noiselessly along the country road. From a thousand lips the joyful whisper, "A la Palma! A la Palma!" seemed to come like a far-away refrain, until Maceo halted and gave orders that the first man who uttered a word aloud would be summarily dealt with. As the phantom line drew near the hill that overlooks the town, the silence was abruptly broken by the quick, nervous, half-frightened Spanish challenge, "Alto Quien Vive!" As the defiant answer, "Cuba-a-a!" went ringing back from Lieutenant Bazar, who was in the vanguard, he spurred his horse to a gallop toward the small palm-thatched cottage from whence the hail seemed to come.

"Cuba! Cuba! What do you mean?" responded the lone guerrillero in a tone that clearly indicated he took the answer for a huge joke.

The serious side of the affair soon appealed to him, as Bazar, with upraised machete, dashed down on him, crying:

"Yes, Cuba! Carramba!"

The doomed Spaniard fired one wild shot into the air from his short carbine, and turned to flee; but the Cuban was soon upon him. As he felt the first cut of the keen-edged machete, he turned and begged for his life.

"I surrender! Don't kill me! Don't mur—"

His appeal ended in a gurgle, for the next terrible back-hand stroke delivered by the muscular Cuban nearly severed the head from the shoulders. The column moved on toward the hill overlooking the town. But the damage was done; the one report that broke the stillness of the night seemed to put the garrison on the alert, for as Maceo and his staff reached the summit and gazed down on the compact little town, with its whitewashed houses glittering like silver beneath the shimmering rays of the moon, they

could see a number of small lights flitting about the streets like so many Jack-o'-the-lanterns, that too plainly indicated that some unusual excitement was taking place. Presently the moving lights disappeared, and only the lanterns illuminating the forts remained burning. The insurgents were by this time all assembled a little below the crest of the hill, to screen them from the vigilant Spanish sentries.

On the summit stood a small knot of officers intently watching the town from behind a clump of trees. Presently the deep-toned bell in the church tower broke the solemn hush and silence by clanging out the hour. "Ten o'clock, and all's well!" The far-away echo of the Spanish cry, "Sentinela Alerta! Alerta! Alerta!" was wafted to the ears of the group on the hill-top still gazing on the peaceful scene below.

"Carramba! El diablo take them!" says Maceo in an under-tone. "Those infernal 'Panchos' seem to be very much awake to-night. But I will fix them soon! Here, Juan! Take your brigade, and approach the town from the north. Vidal, you will attack from the east, Diaz from the west, and Quintin from the front. Remember, that the attack must be made from all sides simultaneously, and the signal will be a single shot fired from the brigade that has the longest détour to make in order to arrive in position."

After a few minor instructions had been communicated, the leaders rejoined their commands, and each took a different path leading into the valley below. The men crept through the underbrush and in the shadow of the wild pineapple hedges, and were soon invisible to the group that accompanied Maceo. The intervening country was dotted with small farm-houses, whose owners retired to the shelter of the town after nightfall, leaving their watch-dogs to stand guard over the property, and by their barking call attention to the presence of intruders.

As the minutes passed, the deep barking of a dog sent the echoes reverberating once more, and the yelp was taken up by every cur, until the valley resounded with the unearthly chorus. If the garrison had been off their guard, this incident was more than sufficient to arouse them to a sense of danger, for when dogs bark in that manner it invariably indicates that something unusual is transpiring.

Maceo was exasperated at this unlooked-for occurrence; but it was too late to alter his plans. He could only hope that the attack would be successful.

“Sotomayor, bring up the artillery and train it on the church!” ordered Maceo.

The Cuban army in Pinar del Rio actually counted on a battery of artillery—at least, that is what they termed it. And why not? For although the battery consisted of two antiquated smooth-bore, muzzle-loading, four-pound saluting-cannon, did not the renowned Sotomayor have his saddle-cloth decorated with cross cannons made of brass, that proclaimed to the bewildered Cubans that he was the Brigadier-General, Chief of the Cuban Artillery Corps? His formidable engines of destruction merit description.

One of the pieces was an old four-pounder that had seen service in the ten years’ war, and had been afterward buried in some place in Las Villas. The rusty, scaly old gun was resurrected and again pressed into service by Quintín. During the night attack on Batabano it had been loaded to the muzzle to fire on a train, but was not used. Instead of extracting the charge, it was left inside, and the two weeks of exposure to the rainy, dewy atmosphere of the Cuban nights had effectively rusted the charge in place, and now at La Palma it was expected to create great havoc amongst the inhabitants of the sleeping town. The other piece, “the pride of Pinar del Rio,” was of the same pattern. It was in a little better condition than its companion, but lacked sight-bars, and was minus a trunnion.

Great things were expected of these weapons, and the

Cubans were not disappointed in their wishes, as the events of the night proved.

The old relic of Banderas was placed in position and trained on the church; the fuse was attached, and the Cubans waited for the signal below. The minutes dragged along, and seemed like hours. "What can be the trouble?" was the thought uppermost in every one's mind. A thousand flashes and a deafening rattle of rifle volleys startled the watchers. "El diablo! El demonio!" and a hundred oaths are emitted from the force in the hills; for the flashes come from the forts, and not from the attacking party. "We were betrayed! They were expecting us! To the town—to the town!" shouted the exasperated Cubans.

The answering volleys of the insurgents are now seen and heard, as with a wild yell they break from the cover of the hedges and make for the barbed-wire fences surrounding the town. The shrill cries of the women and children, and the hoarse commands and oaths of the men roused from their sleep, can be heard amidst the crackle of the rifles.

"Why in thunder don't you fire off that cannon?" shouts Maceo to Mr. Ulrich, who had taken charge of the old affair of Banderas.

"It's liable to explode, sir!"

"Fire it! and let her explode!"

"All right," said Ulrich, as he hobbled over and touched off the fuse.

"Stand clear—everybody!"

A lively scramble was made for cover. And none too soon, for the gun exploded into a thousand pieces, wounding two men who were near. Only a few splinters of the carriage was all that could afterward be found. The Spaniards in the forts, attracted by the explosion, very naturally sent several volleys in that direction, and as the astonished Cubans rushed to see the effect, they once more drew back

as the whistle of the rifle-balls warned them they were discovered.

Volley after volley was fired in our direction, and three soldiers were wounded.

The attacking party have cut their way through the wire fences and are now in the town, and as the bright glare of the burning houses lights up the picture, the rebels are seen running hither and thither through the streets carrying blazing palm branches with which they fire the tinder-like roofs of the poorer classes of dwellings or "bohios."

Pandemonium reigns supreme; the women and children are running to reach the church, whose thick walls are a safe protection against fire and bullets; some are nude, and the piteous spectacle of these poor creatures hugging their infants to their breasts as they dash through the streets of blazing houses, scorched and burned by the intense heat, and exposed to the bullets of both sides, is a scene that should excite pity and compassion from the hearts of any soldiery that profess to be civilized.

The inhabitants are thoroughly aroused, and as the imps of destruction dash through the streets, they are subjected to a fire from nearly every edifice. Up in the belfry of the church are stationed some half a dozen sharp-shooters, and their effective work is clearly seen from the hill-top. One by one the marauders drop before their unerring aim; all attempts to approach the church are completely foiled, for the steady rain of Mauser bullets tumble over the insurgents like nine-pins.

Maceo orders Sotomayor to fire on the church tower, in the hope of driving out the soldiers.

The gun is trained, and as the fuse is ignited, the order to stand clear was entirely superfluous, for the men quickly ran to safe shelter.

Unlike its companion piece, it did not explode and inflict any damage on those in the immediate vicinity, neither did the charge cause any havoc amongst the defenders of the

church, but the old iron spikes, bolts, nuts, nails, and miscellaneous junk, hit everything in the town except the mark.

The streets of the small town were alive with insurgents, and instead of commencing to burn the houses from the center out, they began from the outskirts to burn in, and the consequence was that their retreat was practically cut off for awhile.

Subjected to a galling fire from the heroic garrison, they could not carry out their scheme of destroying the church, and, to make matters worse, the crazy old cannon scattered its charge in their very midst.

Here was a pretty predicament, and one that would have been noticed by any other military leader; but a little matter of bombarding a town, with their own soldiers inside, did not affect the Cubans. On the contrary, Sotomayor, anxious to demonstrate his prowess and ability as an artilleryman, continued to fire charge after charge, ostensibly at the church tower, but the real sufferers were the enraged Cubans imprisoned in the streets.

A couple of soldiers came staggering up the hill to where Maceo stood.

"For God's sake, general, order the gun silenced; for, between our own fire and that of the 'gringos,' the streets are full of wounded men."

"The streets are full of wounded men? Well, get down there again—quick, and if I see you coming back without a wounded companion, Carramba! I'll shoot you myself! Be off with you!" shouted Maceo, as he drew his sword to strike them.

Sotomayor was ordered to cease firing.

The fight in the town was growing fiercer; a pile of dead, numbering about thirty, lay in the center of the main street. Juan and Vidal Ducasse came upon the scene and ordered the bodies carried into a house, and afterward set fire to the place, to destroy the evidence of their defeat.

Three times this was repeated, and Juan admitted to me afterward that nearly fifty of the insurgent dead were thus disposed of. A line of retreat had been opened and the procession of wounded began to ascend the hill.

Capt. Grande, of Ducasse's brigade, fell mortally wounded in front of one of the forts. Juan, with fifteen men, sprung into the open to rescue the body, but so deadly was the enemy's fire that two of the party were killed and eight wounded.

It slowly dawns on the bewildered insurgents that they were deceived as to the strength of the garrison, and disheartened by their losses, they retire once more to the hill.

The bugler sounded the retreat for more than an hour before they were all outside the town.

The insurgents were exasperated, for instead of the easy victory and the rich loot they anticipated, they caught the worst thrashing received in the entire war.

The official report of Miro states that there were eighty-four wounded and fifteen killed; but it is evident that the bodies disposed of in the fires and the thirty the Spaniards claim to have found the next morning were not included.

The majority of the farmers of the district were Canary Islanders, belonging to the volunteer corps, and aided in defending the town during the attack. As the insurgents entered house after house scattered along the country roads and found no one inside, the torch was again applied, and the line of march was marked by a row of blazing houses and tobacco store-houses.

Early the next morning Caimito was again reached, and a hospital established for the wounded.

This defeat was a great blow to Maceo, who confidently expected to arm his large force of impedimenta with the rifles captured in the town.

CHAPTER XVII.

LAST TRIP OF THE AUTHOR TO THE CAMP OF GOMEZ.

ON the 13th of January of this year I again started to find Gomez, who was supposed to be somewhere in the province of Santa Clara. My orders from the "Herald" were short and to the point.

"See Gomez, and secure a statement over his signature expressing his views on the acceptance of autonomy as a solution to the war. Send us the exact truth in regard to the situation as you find it, and remain in the field until we recall you."

At first the "Herald" offered me a yacht for the purpose of disembarking on the coast of Cuba without having to pass through the regular ports of entry; but I preferred to take my chances through Habana, as the surest, safest, and shortest way of arriving at my destination.

Without tiring the readers with a detailed account of the many adventures on this dangerous trip, which were successfully overcome, I finally presented myself at Gomez's camp, in front of Arroyo Blanco, on the 29th of January, sixteen days from the time I received my instructions from the editor of the "Herald."

The letter from Gomez and one from Cisneros were secured and remitted to New York, and were published by the "Herald" on the 12th of February. These letters contained the first authentic news received from the field in Cuba for over six months.

I remained in his camp only twenty-eight hours, and departed for the coast to send the documents to Habana.

I again met Gen. Gomez at his camp at Barracones on



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the 12th of February, and only remained long enough to secure the necessary material for fresh news and once more return to the coast. This trip was an eventful one, for it was the means of opening my eyes to many things that I had heretofore overlooked. Before departing from the head-quarters of Gomez, I was approached by Capt. W. D. Smith, an American serving in the escort of the general, who desired to accompany me on the trip for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of his friend, the correspondent imprisoned at the time in Sancti Spiritus.

Gomez readily granted him a leave of absence to go with me, and, for myself, I was greatly pleased to have a fellow-countryman for a companion. The active campaign of Weyler in Las Villas had just commenced, and the country was literally swarming with columns and guerrilla bands, making it very unsafe to travel over the customary roads and trails employed by the rebels.

Gomez was kind enough to give me an order for an escort of two armed men; but whether his order was misunderstood by his chief of staff, or Col. Legon willfully disobeyed it, I do not know; but the fact remains, that when Smith and I reached the camp of Legon, and requested the guides, he said we would find them awaiting us a little further on. So on we plodded, and soon found two unarmed and almost naked men, whose horses looked ready to drop from fatigue and saddle sores. On seeing us, they stepped forward, and said they were the guides detailed to lead us to the force of Col. Garcia.

Now, to reach the camp of this officer, near Pico Tuerto, we had to traverse a perfectly level country about forty miles across. All the main highways, where the armies of Weyler were encamped, and along which they were continually marching, were situated in this crossing, and unless we cared to make a *détour* to the north of Cabaiguan—which was fifty miles out of our way—we had to run the gantlet across the open country between Sancti Spiritus

and the above-mentioned town. The passage to the south was no less dangerous, for from Sancti Spiritus to Tunas, the railroad line had been transformed into a veritable trocha, and the column of Col. Arminan and the local guerrilleros were making it warm for the small bands of rebels in that district.

As I thought over the situation, and looked at the two poor soldiers detailed for the dangerous task of guiding us safely across, I came to the conclusion that there was some mistake.

“Where are your arms?” I asked.

“Legon took them away from us before we started.”

“Is he in the habit of sending you around the country unarmed?”

“Oh, yes; for, you see, we wanted to reach our homes near Monte Oscuro for a change of clothing, and whenever a soldier goes away with this object in view, he has to leave his gun for some one else to use until his return.”

“Are you acquainted with the trails between here and Pico Tuerto?”

“No; we were told to conduct you and your companion through the line of ‘prefecturas’ to the north, and that will take us about a week, barring accidents, to get around to Pico Tuerto.”

“Do you know the trail from here to the pass of Las Damas over the Zaza River?”

“No, sir.”

I turned to Smith, and remarked that there must be some mistake, for I didn’t believe that Gomez would send us away with two soldiers who were ignorant of the trails, and unarmed at that. I decided to turn back to Legon; and on reaching his tent, I asked him if he was aware of the condition of the two men and of their complete ignorance of the country.

“Yes; I am well aware of the fact.”

“Then why in —— did you send them?” said Smith.

"I am only obeying the orders of Brig. Castillo, the chief of staff."

Smith and I looked at each other. Was it possible that such an order had been given, especially when Castillo knew the dangers to be encountered on the road?

Smith wanted to return to Gomez and make a complaint; but this shabby treatment made me indignant—more so when I was aware that Gomez had offered another correspondent twenty-five of his personal escort to guide him across the country. The more I thought of it, the more determined I became to be independent of the entire "outfit," and when Smith again suggested that we return to Gomez, I said:

"See here, Smith; this is an outrage, and I am not going to put up with it! Now, I have been over these trails three times, and know them well. My servant is an excellent guide from the Zaza to Trinidad, and before I return and ask any favors from these people, I'll make the trip alone. Are you with me?"

"Am I with you, old man? You just bet I am." And, like the good American that he was, he reached out his hand, saying: "Shake, Rea, and we'll stand together—cross that country or bust."

We "shook."

After my companion had carefully examined his Winchester—the only fire-arm in the party of four—he said he was ready to start.

The two "guides" were sent back to camp with our compliments, and we started out alone. Our horses were excellent, and although the prospects of running across some of the many Spanish columns were many, we felt that a good pair of hoofs would pull us through all right.

All that day we traveled through dense forests and jungles, following the narrow and tortuous trail leading out to the prefectura of Pozo Azul. The next morning we arrived at Manaca Cantera, on the banks of the Zaza, and

were about to ford the river, when the rebel challenge, "Quien Va!" rang out from behind us. A troop of cavalry came rushing down from the cover of the woods; but one glance told us that they were Cubans, and as we returned, I found my old friend, Lieut. Felix Perez, at the head of the troop.

"Halloo! Where are you going?"

"I was going to cross the river, and hoped to arrive at your house, near Caja de Agua, in time for breakfast."

"Well, my friend, I am glad I found you, for my house was burned early this morning, and the 'gringos' are encamped there at this very minute. My family is here in the woods, and if you will turn back, perhaps we can give you something to eat, although you must excuse our fare to-day, for the only thing I can offer you is some beef and sweet potatoes."

Nothing could suit us better; and soon afterward we were enjoying a very good meal, cooked by the wife and daughters of the hospitable officer. On three other occasions I had stopped at their house, and each time had been treated royally.

These poor people would be insulted if payment was offered for any of the food that they so generously gave, yet I made it a practice to never accept hospitality without giving something in return. For this purpose my saddlebags were always filled with such things as tobacco, coffee, sugar, chocolate, soap, salt, or some of the many little things that are the more highly prized because of the difficulty in smuggling them out of town.

Many a poor, neglected family, eking out a miserable existence in the hills, have had cause to be thankful and rejoice for the visit of the "Herald" correspondent, for he always had some little necessity that they were either too poor to buy, or were unable to obtain from the towns after Gomez's circular prohibiting them from holding further communication with places held by the enemy. Many

dollars that were so liberally allowed me by the "Herald" for my private expenses went to some poor family for medicines, clothes, and other articles to lessen their distress.

I have touched on this subject because Gomez afterward informed me that the American correspondents had many things to be thankful for, for they received their food free of cost, and that if he so desired, he could fix it so we could not get a mouthful to eat from the families living in the hills. I answered him, saying, that as far as the "Herald" was concerned, he could issue the order then and there, for I did not consider myself under any obligations, either to him or to the families living in the country; for, so far, I had paid my way, and was perfectly able to keep it up, and as for horses, I had already bought three in the short space of two months, and they were in the insurgent corrals, and therefore would revert to them when I decided to leave, for there was no one in the country who had money enough to buy them, and I could hardly re-enter the towns with three horses in tow without exciting suspicion.

During breakfast, Perez informed us that it would be fool-hardy to advance any further that day, or, at least, until he reconnoitered the country ahead. Four columns were within a distance of ten miles on the opposite bank of the river, burning houses and destroying the crops. His information was readily verified, for we could plainly see the fresh columns of smoke that marked the march of Weyler's army. One of these divisions came advancing along the road from Caja de Agua, and as the smoke drew nearer and nearer, Perez and his men hurried to the woods near the ford to prevent their crossing; but fortunately the column turned and followed the trail that skirts the river, evidently with the intention of crossing at Las Damas, a few miles to the north.

Perez insisted that we remain in the house until he re-

turned from a scouting trip. Much against our wishes, we were forced to make the best of the day in the woods. During the early evening, an incident occurred that riled my companion, and came near causing trouble.

Smith had one failing—he would chew tobacco, and sometimes he would run short, and then the whole country would be scoured for miles around until some more was found. We laid in about two pounds the day before leaving camp, and now a new consignment was necessary. He had been foraging during the afternoon, but had poor luck, for he returned to camp quite despondent. About eight o'clock, while resting in my hammock out under the trees, I was roughly aroused by Smith.

“Get up and come inside if you want to see how these ‘majases’ are living here in the woods. Why, there are more than fourteen of them dressed in *whole* suits of clothes, and they are actually playing cards—gambling—and what do you suppose are the stakes?”

“Money?”

“No; confound them! They are playing for cigars—good cigars. Just think of it! Here I am without tobacco, and these loafers, who are afraid to fight, are dressed better than the general’s staff, and have plenty of tobacco!”

“Why didn’t you ask them for some?”

“Of course I asked them, and they refused, saying that if I wanted any cigars I could have them at three dollars a hundred. Why, do you know they have an awful cheek, and I only came over for you to get up and watch me go in and clean out the entire crowd and send them to Gomez as prisoners.”

After making him promise that if I got him some cigars he would not get into a fight, we went over to the house, and, sure enough, there sat sixteen well-dressed “pacificos” gambling away, with a huge stack of cigars in front of each one and a smoking pot of black coffee on one side,

I learned that they all lived in the woods, and were nominally insurgents, though they carried no arms, and belonged to no particular force.

"There, Rea, you see these curs; they hide away during the day, and come out of their caves at night to have a good time. Here, you fellows, do you know that if Gomez should come along this way, he would hang every one of you? Do you know that it is forbidden to gamble and sell tobacco to a soldier in the army?"

Smith was justly indignant, for this class of men were the bane of the Cuban army. Too cowardly to fight, and too lazy to work, they find a secure hiding-place in the hills or forests, and make the nearest industrious farmer give them supplies, or, failing in this, they steal whatever they can lay their hands on.

There was no use of raising a disturbance; so we bought a hundred cigars, and Smith was happy. But he did wish he could have one chance to break up that party, and it was all I could do to persuade him to bottle up his fight for later on.

Shortly afterward, Perez returned, and informed us that if we still cared to make the crossing, we would have to do it on our own responsibility, for the enemy was scattered along the roads we would have to cross. Their exact location was unknown to him, and he cautioned us to be very careful and not run into any ambuscades. He kindly offered to give us two of his men for guides, which courtesy was a great assistance.

"Come ahead," said Smith; "I'm tired of lying around here with this gang. Let us make a move, and column or no column, we'll reach the hills."

So we bid good-bye to the genial lieutenant and his family, forded the river, and struck out across the level. The night was clear, and the bright moon enabled us to see a long distance ahead. On nearing the old sugar factory Esperanza, we could see the smoldering embers of a

number of fires; but as we cautiously approached and were not challenged, we kept on, and found that the Spaniards must have camped there for supper and moved on. Our trails led the same way, and the guides decided to turn to the south; and lucky for us that we did, for, on reaching the crest of a small hill, we could see the enemy's camp-fires at the very crossing on the Guayos road that we had intended to use.

"That was 'slick' work, wasn't it?" said Smith.

The next crossing we neared, our guides suddenly reined in their horses, and placing their fingers to their lips for us to be silent, they then motioned for us to listen. Now that our horses were at a stand-still, we could hear the murmur of voices ahead on the road, and then we could make out a small light that instantly disappeared—evidently some officer lighting a cigarette.

We retraced our steps very cautiously, and when we were a safe distance away, Smith leaned over, and whispered:

"That was 'slicker,' wasn't it? I wonder if we will strike any more such snags?"

Once more the soft glow of a camp-fire warned us that we were treading on dangerous ground, and at last the guides were in a quandary, for their three usual crossings were covered, and they informed us that there was only one more chance, and that was near the town of Sancti Spiritus, and within sight of the forts; but if we cared to run the risk, they would stick by us.

"Well, Smith, what do you think of it?"

"Think of it? Why, we started out to cross this road, and we'll cross before morning. That's what I think of it. Just tell them fellows to keep a-going until we strike some place."

So we plodded along again for about a mile, until the lights in the town were plainly visible. The guides went ahead, and came back with the good news that the road at that point was clear; and we were soon on the other side,

with our horses' heads turned once more to the northwest.

The Cabaiguan road was passed in safety about three o'clock in the morning, and in another hour we were at the little Cuban "prefectura" of Maniquita Capiro. All efforts to find the officials in charge were in vain, and we threw our weary bodies on the ground to rest until day-break.

We supposed that all danger was passed; but the absence of the prefecto seemed to worry the two scouts, who insisted on standing guard while we rested. It seemed to me that I had hardly closed my eyes—though in fact it was half past five—when I was rudely awakened by the gruff voice of my companion.

"Here, get up, and get out of here quick."

"What is the matter with you? you are always waking people up at unearthly hours."

"Matter enough. There is a Spanish column encamped not half a mile away in a palm grove, and another one about three quarters of a mile toward Cabaiguan."

This soothing information caused me to spring to my feet in an instant.

"How do you know that? Have you been out foraging already?"

In answer, he called to two men who were emerging from the near by bush, and I found that they were scouts belonging to the Regiment Honorato, who had just returned from a reconnoiter and happened to pass our way.

They told us we were sleeping between the advance pickets of two Spanish columns belonging to Weyler's vanguard, who was encamped at Cabaiguan.

To pack up and clear out was the work of a minute, and as we climbed a steep hill, the reveille of the Spaniards could be distinctly heard, and on reaching the crest, the camp and the soldiers preparing to march were plainly visible.

Less than an hour after our departure, the Spaniards came and burned the prefectura.

The camp of Garcia was reached in about an hour. While here, I learned some very interesting facts concerning an insurgent "victory" that I will explain here, as I will have occasion to refer to it later.

During my first trip to Gomez's camp, I passed through this same district, and the insurgents were preparing for what they termed a grand *coup*.

The Heliograph fort, situated on the summit of Pico Tuerta, had not been provisioned for over two months, and the garrison were living on short rations. Owing to the scarcity of troops to conduct the convoy, the Spaniards had failed to replenish the provisions on time. The Cubans attributed it to cowardice, saying that the enemy were afraid to come that way, as they would be annihilated. To reach the fort, the convoy had to traverse twelve miles of open country and about three of mountain climbing. Only one trail led to the summit, and on my first visit, the insurgents were busy at work felling trees and placing barriers across this road in the woods.

So cocksure were they of victory, that a few of them requested me to remain and write the story.

The day arrived for the convoy to leave Sancti Spiritus; the insurgents were notified beforehand, and were awaiting their enemies along the trail. The Spaniards reached the hill, found the trail blocked, and despite the fact that they were subjected to a heavy fire, they actually cut a new path to the summit, and only lost two men. The much-advertised machete charge failed to occur, and the Spaniards returned in safety to Sancti Spiritus.

Garcia gave us a fresh guide to Yayabo, and from here on we relied entirely on my servant. The hills were reached, and all danger from Weyler's columns was past—for a time, at least.

Our trip from here on was uneventful, except for the constant dodging of Spaniards in the Trinidad valley.

But many little things happened that made both Smith and myself very indignant. The prefectos, or sub-prefectos, could never be found at their posts; instead of attending to their duty, they were loafing away their time, and growing sleek and fat at the expense of their comrades fighting in the field. Food was rarely obtainable at these "government deposits." A fresh mount was out of the question, and as for guides, Smith and I gave up the idea, and determined to trust to luck.

These "majases," or spurious rebels, who filled the various under-posts in the civil government, were the laziest and most worthless lot we had yet found.

Rarely could one be found who would admit any knowledge of the surrounding country; yet if a Spanish column was known to be near, they could run leagues to find their favorite cave in the hills. Notwithstanding that at every place we stopped we distributed tobacco, sugar, salt, etc., these rascals emptied my saddle-bags four different times during the trip, and even at the head-quarters of the "governor" his servants rifled Smith's bags of his precious plug tobacco, which had been sent to me from Sancti Spiritus. The Spanish columns were ransacking the hills, and there was not a single insurgent force to give them battle, though if all the pairs of armed "majases" were collected and forced to fight, quite a showing could have been made.

During our entire trip, the same utter lack of discipline and organization was apparent on all sides.

On our return, the same difficulty in finding guides was experienced, and while encamped at the prefectura of Rio Baja, we waited two days to see if some one could be found who had nerve enough to pilot us across the railroad trocha near Paredes.

Although this "prefectura" was established for the ex-

press purpose of supplying guides to cross this military line, there was not one person, from the prefecto down, but who claimed that they were ignorant of the trails.

While encamped at this place, we were startled during the night by the sound of heavy firing in the town of Paredes, about a mile away.

Toward morning, several "pacificos," who had fled from the town, and two insurgents soldiers on a mission from their chief, arrived in the camp.

All their stories were alike, and there can be no doubt as to the truth.

Paredes is a small hamlet, situated on the line of the railroad between Sancti Spiritus and Tunas de Zaza.

At the time of the attack, it was defended by three forts—two small block-houses at either extremity, and the railroad station, which had been converted into a fort. This last was a large stone building, with a line of loop-holes running around the four sides. The regular garrison had been detailed to accompany the column of Col. Arminan, who was operating to the south and east of the line, near the sugar plantation Mapos, leaving the formidable number of sixteen to protect the town.

One of the block-houses contained five, the other two; while the depôt had seven soldiers, the captain, and the telegraph operator.

Some spy evidently carried the news to Brig. Gomez (no relation to the general-in-chief), who commanded the Brigade of Sancti Spiritus, for he decided to take advantage of the opportunity offered.

At midnight the rebels crept up on all fours and surprised the garrison of five in the outlying block-house. They were put to the machete.

Another squad rushed to the station, and as the small number of defenders could not cover all the loop-holes, the insurgents had a comparatively easy time, for they poked their rifles into the extra ones and soon killed two and

wounded four. When the first volleys were fired, the two lone soldiers in the other block-house wisely barricaded their doors and awaited developments. The fight—if it can be called by that name—was practically over in ten minutes. The town was in the hands of the insurgents, and just as some one was about to apply the torch, a couple of frightened rebels came tearing down the street, crying, “The ‘Machos’ are coming! The ‘Machos’ are coming!” and without waiting to verify the information, the gallant band of 200 fled precipitately from the town, leaving their dead and wounded, amounting to five, abandoned in the center of the street, for the Spaniards to capture later on.

The officer in command reported a great victory, and boasted of the number of rifles his men had captured; but he forgot to state that his wounded were abandoned, with their arms, and that the retreat of his men was entirely uncalled for, as the nearest Spanish column was at Guasimal, nine miles away.

We afterward met with two more soldiers who took part in the fight, and they corroborated the above story.

As no one could be found with sufficient knowledge (?) of the trails to lead us across the line, Smith and I were at last compelled to return by the same route as we came.

Guides could not be found at any of the “prefecturas,” and at last Smith got so mad that he wanted to arrest every prefecto he came across and lead him to Gomez.

After several exciting adventures and various instances of stumbling on Spanish camps, riding through miles of burning grazing lands and forests, and a couple of skirmishes with the Spaniards, we once more arrived at the head-quarters of Gomez at Los Hoyos, having been absent just a month.

On dismounting, I made my way to the old chief’s tent to report our arrival and tell him the news. He was apparently very much absorbed in a newspaper. I saw him

cast several sly glances at me, and when I reached the tent, he feigned ignorance of my presence. I stood there about three minutes, until I got tired, and then turned abruptly to go away. I had only proceeded a few steps, when he called out: "Que tal, Mr. Herald? Que tal el viaje?" (Gomez could never remember my name, and called me Mr. Herald). "How are you? How did you fare on your trip?"

Seeing that he had descended from his lofty perch, I advanced and shook hands with him. After a few questions in regard to the correspondent imprisoned in Sancti Spiritus, he again asked me about our trip.

My experience during the last month had not tended to put me in a very good humor—in fact, I was indignant and resentful. I determined to tell Gomez all that had passed, so his own eyes would be opened and he could correct the abuses. As a neutral, I could safely express my views to him without fear of being insulted or ordered away in anger, and as I was well aware that none of his subordinates would dare to tell him the plain truth, I took the task upon myself.

The spirit in which he asked the question was kindly; but this soon gave way to anger when he found out that I knew too much for the benefit of the Cuban cause, and I soon saw, that instead of doing him a favor, my story was working him up to one of his passionate fits of anger. But I was mad clear through myself, and did not stop with my story until the last detail had been explained. The story of the two guides, followed by a relation of our experience with the "majases," prefectos, sub-prefectos, guides, and other insurgent dignitaries who failed to fulfill their obligations, were told. Although I could see that Gomez was boiling over with anger, he did not utter one word of comment, and when at last I explained the conduct of his men at Pico Tuerto, and the "skedaddle" of his namesake at Paredes, he turned and walked away.

I thought that he was displeased because I had dared to inform him of these occurrences, though I am charitable enough to believe that he was heart-sore over the conduct of the men he had struggled so long to imbue with his own fiery, indomitable spirit of resentment and undying hatred against Spain. Gomez had been for a long time in Camaguey and the East, where he had a continual up-hill struggle to instill some order and discipline in the insurgent army and government located in those sections.

The old chief was morally certain that he would have to contend with the same trouble in Las Villas, notwithstanding that the reports of his sub-chiefs were always favorable to themselves and to their *protégés*.

I busied myself during the day taking a few snap-shots at the various "celebrities" I found with Gomez.

The old fellow himself even condescended to pose for his picture, and, to all appearances, he was in an excellent humor; but the "weather-vane" told an entirely different story, for it indicated trouble.

About dusk, just as Gomez had finished his frugal supper, he called me over beside his tent. Several of his staff were already there, no doubt awaiting to hear his customary all-night discourse on the "blood-thirsty" Spaniards.

After awhile he turned to me, and said:

"What do you know about the conduct of Brig. Gomez at Paredes?"

I once more related exactly what I have already described.

After I concluded, he rather angrily said:

"Well, I have just received the report of this officer, and he declares that it was a great victory, and that he has a large number of rifles captured from the enemy."

"Why don't you send for the rifles and be convinced of the truth of the matter, then?"

"Do you know what I believe? I believe that you are lying to me, and that my subordinate has written the truth.

Look here; how dare you deny the reports of one of my officers?"

"Halloo!" I said to myself, "the old man has another fit on."

"I can't help what his report says. I am convinced that the people I met told me the truth, and I will believe them in preference to a one-sided report."

"And are you going to send their story to the 'Herald'?"

"Most assuredly I am."

"But it is a lie!"

"I don't think so."

"But you must accept the report that I furnish you with."

"Oh, well, I'll accept it, but I'll write a note under it, stating that it is not reliable."

"And do you intend to write to your paper the story of Pico Tuerto, and all about the conduct of the prefectos and guides, and all that you told me this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"But it is not so!"

"I beg to differ with you; it is the exact truth."

"But you mustn't write the truth."

"That is what I was sent here to do, and that is what I have done and will continue to do."

"It will hurt the Cuban cause."

"I can't help that, Gen. Gomez; the Cuban authorities have invited American correspondents to come here for the purpose of telling the truth, and if there was anything to conceal, you should not have permitted us to enter the field."

"Have you always written the truth about what you have witnessed?"

"Invariably. Though I have omitted many events that would have hurt the cause."

"What do you know that would hurt us?"

“Do you remember the last time we met at Galeon, and do you remember your words on that occasion?”

The old chief then feigned ignorance of the event recorded in another chapter, and after I had recalled his words, he quivered as though under the lash.

“Aha! young man, you have no right to publish what I said and did on that occasion. That was a matter that pertains to the records of the revolution.”

“You forget, Gen. Gomez, that I am a newspaper correspondent, and that you are a public personage, and therefore your actions and words are public property from the minute you allow me to remain in your camp.”

Gomez was getting madder; but there was no way to evade him except by putting on a bold front and giving him as good as he sent. He now turned on another tack.

“What did you come here for? What do you expect to make out of this? You have come here to make money!”

“I am paid for my work.”

“I thought so—I thought so!” And turning to his men, he said: “You see, this man came here to make money! How much money does the ‘Herald’ pay you?”

“I don’t think that is a question that concerns you in the least, Gen. Gomez, and although I receive a liberal salary, the amount of it is none of your affairs.”

“But I would like to know just how much you correspondents receive,” he persisted in a milder tone. And at last I informed him what my salary amounted to.

This was what he was angling for, and turning to his men, he shouted out:

“That’s just what I thought! This man came here for money; he writes about us to the ‘Herald’ because they pay him a salary. Just think of it!”

“What do you suppose I came here for—patriotism? What brought you here, Gen. Gomez. You’re not a Cuban. You certainly must be making something out of this.”

“This man’s insulting me! He says I came to fight for money! How dare you say such a thing to me? What right have you to couple my name with money?”

“By the same right as you couple mine. Is it strange that I should come here because I am paid by the ‘Herald’?”

The old fellow saw that he had provoked my retort, and so started on another issue.

“The ‘Herald!’ That rascally paper the ‘Herald!’ Ah! I know it well. It has always been against us. During the last war it sided with Spain, and the same policy controls it to-day. I know what is the matter with the ‘Herald.’ That Jaime Benét has bought \$2,000,000 of Spain’s bonds, and the Spanish government pays him so many thousand a year to write in their favor, and he accepts it, and writes against us for fear he’ll lose on his bonds. You can’t tell me anything about him; they are all rascals in the ‘Herald,’ and you are one of them! If you wasn’t, you wouldn’t come nosing around here and finding out the truth.”

I endeavored to explain that the paper I represented always endeavored to get the truth of both sides, and that although many articles which appeared in the news columns might contain something unfavorable to the Cubans, the editorials should be read to ascertain the opinion of Mr. Bennett on any subject.

“I don’t believe a word that you tell me. That paper is our enemy, and so are you! So be careful what you write. I am going to revenge myself on the ‘Herald!’ You don’t know old Gomez and the influence he wields, and he is going to ruin the ‘Herald!’ ”

“I guess there have been others who attempted that trick, general; but, you see, the ‘Herald’ is still in the same old place.”

“Yes; but it will be different this time! I will write to all my friends in Santo Domingo and Hayti not to buy or

read the 'Herald,' and when Cuba is free, I will prohibit its entrance into the country, and then what will become of Meester Benét?"

The gaping crowd of officials who were near were struck with admiration at the brilliant and audacious scheme of revenge outlined by their demi-god, who stood there as though the threatened calamity to Mr. Bennett was a thing of the near future, only waiting his command to bring it about.

Some awe-struck "philosopher" in the crowd audibly muttered, "Carramba! Se arruina el 'Herald!' ("The 'Herald' is ruined!") and the rest took it up, till on all sides could be heard the remark: "The 'Herald' is finished. Gomez has said so, and that settles it!"

Gomez then turned to me and spoke for some time on the duties of American correspondents to write in his favor, and then switched off on the argument of Weyler's butcheries in the province. Then he remembered what we had been talking about, and started in to lecture me where he had left off. His temperature again rose to fever heat, and mine began to suffer a slight decline—in fact, I think I caught a chill.

"Look here! Carramba! I'll not allow any such correspondents as you to go roaming around the country again. How do I know but that you have already written these facts to the 'Herald'? Why, do you know, if I thought you had, I'd kill you!"

Somebody must have dropped some cracked ice down my back, for it felt uncommonly cold for such a tropical night; yet I brazened the affair out to the end, and although the letters had already been dispatched on their way to Habana, I told him that whatever I had written was the truth.

"I tell you I won't have the truth known. Do you think I am going to allow any one to write what you have told me to-day? I don't care if it is true! If you or any

other American correspondent dares to enter my camp and write the truth concerning our condition, Carramba! I'll shoot you!"

Temperature fell about ten degrees more; but I managed to tell him that the day he shot an American correspondent, that day would end all further hope of help from the United States, and that our government would send down the entire army to arrest him, and hang him for murder.

"I don't care what the United States would think or do in the matter. I can not be held responsible for my actions, for we are only bandits in the eyes of the world; we are not recognized by any power, and therefore we will not have to answer for anything. So look out, young man, or I'll shoot you, just to raise a disturbance, and if I thought you had written anything against us, I'd do it now!"

It took me about an hour to convince the infuriated old chief that he was greatly mistaken in his ideas; for if I had cared to willfully say anything against the revolution, I would not have returned to his camp after having once been away.

I finally left him, and found Smith, who had been listening to the racket, and he was very indignant at the treatment I received.

The next morning I determined to depart, ostensibly for the coast, but really for the United States, as I did not care to be around when Gomez read my letters to the "Herald."

As the men were drawn up ready to march, Gomez again started on one of his rampages, and it was only a minute or so before he spied me, and although he said nothing to me personally, he made up for it by insulting all Americans in general.

"You Americans think that I am a fool, don't you? You would like us to believe that you are our friends,

when you are really stabbing us in the back. You are making a great disturbance about ending this war, but you are not sincere. What do you care about the poor Cuban and his ill-treatment? Nothing! You are just as bad as the Spaniards. You call them savage and barbarous for killing the natives; but they are not to be compared to the atrocities committed by the United States in their Indian wars. Your sympathy is all a farce; you care nothing for the struggling insurgents, and while your government and your people can squeeze a dollar out of us, by selling us arms and allowing expeditions to slip out of the ports, you will continue to be our friends. And when we have no more money, then your sympathy will cease.

“Your government makes such a pretense about recognizing us as belligerents; but I know the reason why it has not become a law. Your President and Secretary of State have received large sums of money from Spain to win them over to her side. They have been bribed; they are corrupt to the core! And your Senate and Congress are no better; they are in the employ of Spain also. Nothing can be done in your country without money, and as the Cubans have not enough to buy your legislators, it is only natural that they should vote for them who pays the most.

“Ah! I know the Americans well; they are afraid to interfere in this question, for then they would lose money. Your patriotism and courage begins and ends in your pocket.”

Gomez kept on in this strain for about fifteen minutes, casting insult after insult upon the President, the members of Congress, and the newspapers in general.

Smith and I were dumfounded; and we determined then and there to leave his army and return to the United States, and tell the people what kind of a man the famous liberator was.

After a stormy altercation with Gomez, in which I defended the actions of our government, I requested a per-

mit to leave camp, as I did not intend to remain and be subjected to the insults that I had been compelled to listen to during the last twenty-four hours.

Smith demanded his discharge and permission to return to the United States. This Gomez refused, but promised to send him home within the month.

As for myself, I received my pass, and with only one servant, I struck out across the wide expanse of hostile country to Trinidad, where I arrived after several exciting adventures.

In a week I was once more in the United States, and free to write the truth as I found it, without fear of being shot by the orders of the "Dictator of the Cuban Republic, Maximo Gomez."

THE END.

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